THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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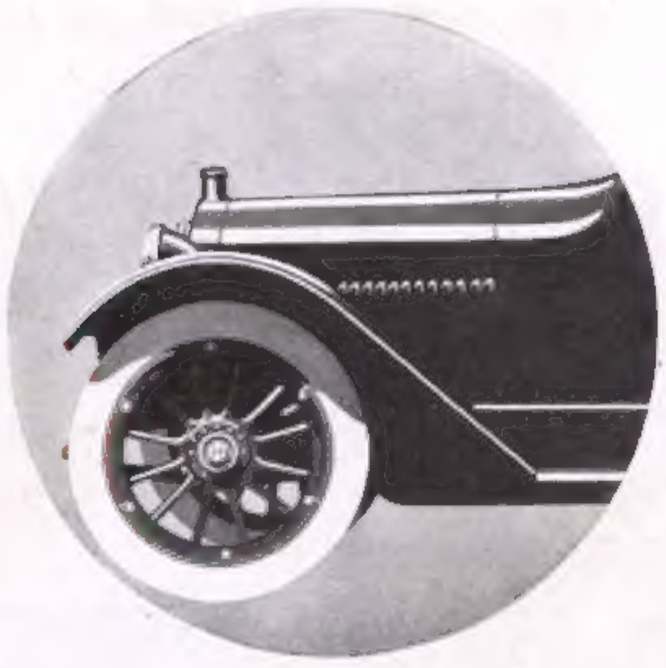
A Chapter From the Life of an Ant—By Irvin S. Cobb

Hupmobile



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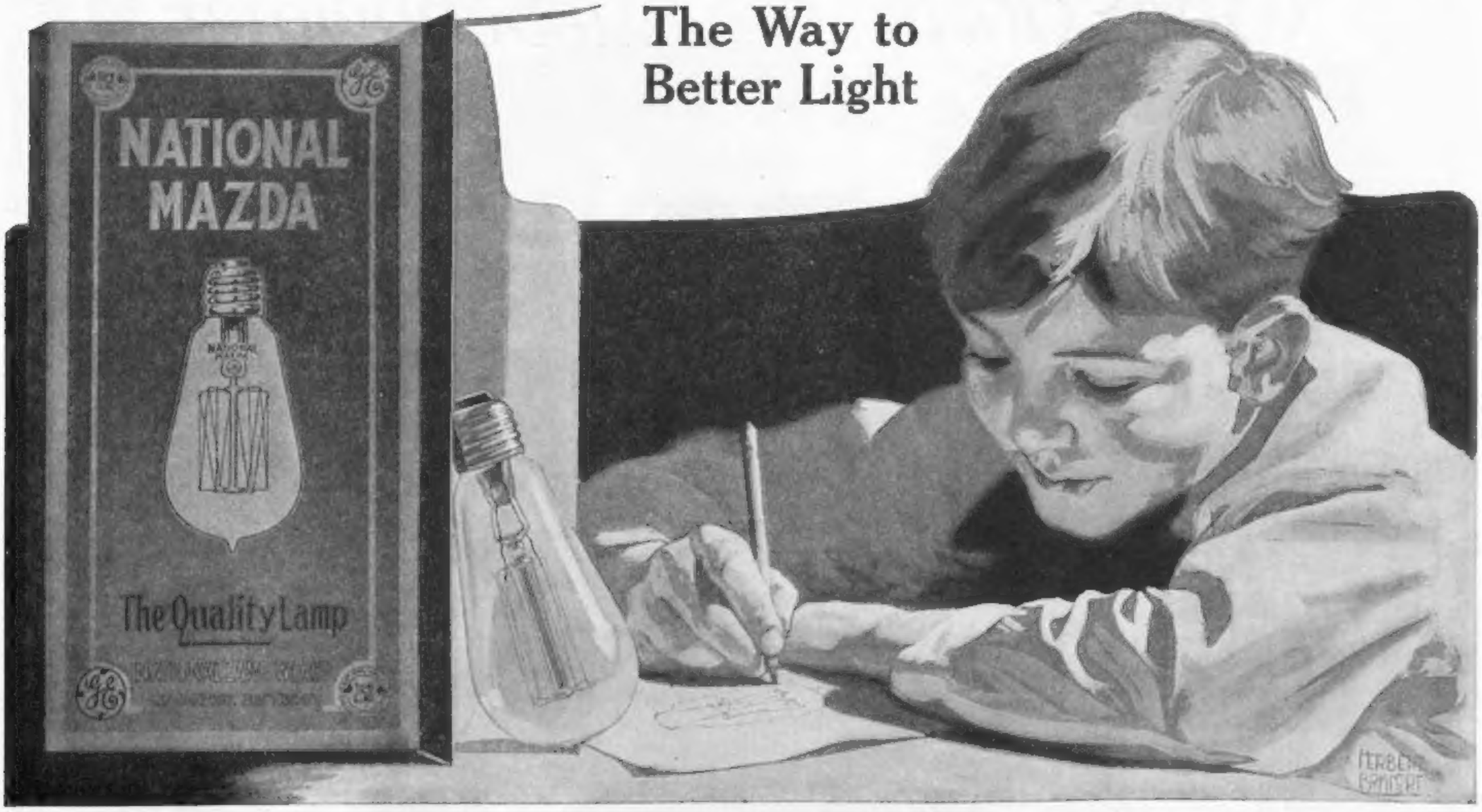

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A CHAPTER FROM THE LIFE OF AN ANT

By IRVIN S. COBB

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

SOMEONE said once—the rest of us subsequently repeating it from time to time—that this world is but an ant hill, populated by many millions of ants, which run about aimlessly or aimfully as the case may be. All of which is true enough. Seek out some lofty eminence, such as the top floor of a skyscraper or the top of a hill, and from it, looking down, consider a crowded city street at noontime or a county fairground on the day of the grand balloon ascension. Inevitably the simile will recur to the contemplative mind.

The trouble, though, with the original coiner of the comparison was that he did not go far enough. He should have said the world was populated by ants—and by anteaters. For so surely as we find ants, there, too, do we find the anteaters. You behold the ants bustling about, making themselves leaner trying to make themselves fatter; terrifically busied with their small affairs; hiving up sustenance against the hard winter; building, digging and delving; climbing, crawling, building and breeding—in short, deporting themselves with that energy, that restless industry which so stirred the admiration of the Prophet of eld that, on his heavenward pilgrimage, he tarried long enough to tell the sluggard—name of the sluggard not given in the chronicles—to go to the ant and consider of her.

The anteater for the moment may not actually be in sight, but be assured he is waiting. He is waiting around the corner until the ant has propagated in numbers amounting to an excess; or, in other words, until the class that is born every second, singly—and sometimes as twins—has grown plentiful enough to furnish a feasting.

Forth he comes then, gobbling up Brer Ant, along with his fullness and his richness, his heirs and his assigns, his substance and his stock in trade.

"If I Had to Die for it I Wouldn't Bring Suspicion on an Innocent Party"

To make the illustration concrete, we might say that were there no ants there would be no Wall Street; and by the same token were there no anteaters there would be no Wall Street either. Without anteaters the ants would multiply and replenish the earth beyond computation. Without ants, the anteaters would have to live upon each other—which would be bad for them but better for the rest of creation. War is the greatest of the anteaters—it feeds upon the bodies of the ants. Kings upon their thrones, devisers of false doctrines, crooked politicians, grafters, con men, card sharks, thimbleriggers—all these are anteaters battening on the substance of simple-hearted, earnest-minded ants. The ant believes what you tell him; the greedsome anteater thrives upon this credulity. Roughly, then, for purposes of classification, one may divide the world at large into two groups—in this larger group here the ants, in that smaller group there the anteaters.

So much, for purposes of argument, being conceded, we may safely figure Emanuel Moon as belonging in the category of the ants, pure and simple—reasonably pure and undeniably simple. However, at the time whereof I now begin to write I doubt whether it had ever occurred to anyone to liken him to an ant. His mother had called him Mannie, his employers called him plain Moon, and to practically everybody else in our town he was just little Mr. Moon, who worked in the Commonwealth Bank. He had started there, in the bank, as office boy; by dint of years of untiring fidelity to the interests of that institution he had worked up to the place of assistant cashier, salary seventy-five dollars a month. Privately he nursed an ambition to become, in time, cashier, with a cashier's full powers. It might be added that in this desire he stood practically alone.

Emanuel Moon was a little man, rising of thirty-five, who believed that the Whale swallowed Jonah, that if you swore a certain form of oath you were certain of hell-fire, and that Mr. Hiram Blair, president of the Commonwealth Bank, hung the Big Dipper. If the Bible had put it the other way round he would have believed as sincerely that it was Jonah who swallowed the Whale.

He had a wistful, bashful little smile, an air of being perpetually busy, and a round, mild eye the color of a boiled oyster. He also had a most gentle manner and the long, prehensile upper lip that is found only in the South American tapir and the confirmed clarinet player. Emanuel Moon had one besetting sin, and only one—he just would play the clarinet.

On an average of three nights a week he withdrew himself from the company assembled about the base-burner stove in the parlor if it were winter, or upon the front porch of Mrs. Teenie Morrill's boarding house if it were seasonable weather, and went up to his room on the third floor and played the clarinet. Some said he played it and some that he merely played at it. He knew Annie Laurie off by heart and for a term of years had been satisfied in that knowledge. Now he was learning another air—The Last Rose of Summer.

He prosecuted his musical education on what he called his off evenings. Wednesday night he went to prayer meeting and Sunday night to the regular church service. Tuesday night he always spent at his lodge; and perhaps once in a fortnight he called upon Miss Katie Rouser, who taught in the High School and for whom he was believed to entertain sentiments that did him credit, even though he had never found words in which to voice them.

At the lodge he served on the committees which did the hard work; that, as a general proposition, meant also the thankless work. If things went well someone else took the credit; if they went ill Emanuel and his colaborers shared the blame. The conditions had always been so—when he was a small boy and when he was a youth, growing up. In his adolescence, if there was a picnic in contemplation or a straw ride or a barn dance, Mannie had been graciously permitted by common consent of all concerned to arrange with the livery-stable man for the teams, to hire the colored string band, to bargain with the owner of the picnic grounds or the barn, to see to ice for the ice-water barrel and lemons for the lemonade bucket.

While he thus busied himself the other youths made dates for the occasion with all the desirable girls. Hence it was that on the festal date Emanuel went partnerless to the party; and this was just as well, too, seeing that right up until the time of starting he would be completely occupied with last-moment details, and, after that, what with apologizing for any slip-ups that might have occurred, and being scolded and ordered

"It Stands to Reason Moon is the Thief. It Couldn't Have Been Anybody Else!"

about on errands and called upon to explain this or that, would have small time to play the squire to any young person of the opposite sex, even had there been one convenient.

It was so at the bank, where he did more work than anybody and got less pay than anybody. It was so, as I have just stated, at the lodge. In a word, Emanuel had no faculty as an executive, but an enormous capacity for executing. The world is full of him. Wherever five or more are gathered together there is present at least one of the Emanuel Moons of this world.

It had been a hot, long summer, even for a climate where the summers are always long and nearly always hot; and at the fag end of it Emanuel inclined strongly toward a desire for a short rest. Diffidently he managed to voice his mood and his need to Mr. Blair. That worthy gentleman had but just returned home, a giant refreshed, after a month spent in the North Carolina mountains. He felt so fit, so fine, so robust, he took it as a personal grievance that any about him should not likewise be feeling fit. He cut Emanuel off pretty short. Vacations, he intimated, were for those whose years and whose services in behalf of humanity entitled them to vacations; young men who expected to get along in business had best rid their thoughts of all such pampered hankerings.

Emanuel took the rebuke in good grace, as was his way; but that evening at the supper table he created some excitement among his fellow boarders by quietly and unostentatiously fainting, face forward, into a saucer of pear preserves that was mostly juice. He was removed to his room and put to bed, and attended by Doctor Lake. The next morning he was not able to go to the bank. On being apprised of the situation Mr. Blair very thoughtfully abated of his previous resolution and sent Emanuel word that he might have a week or even ten days off—at his own expense—wherein to recuperate.

Some thirty-six hours later, therefore, Emanuel might have been found on board the fast train bound for Louisville, looking a trifle pulled down and shaky, but filled with a great yearning. In Louisville, at a certain establishment doing a large mail-order business, was to be had for thirty-eight dollars, list price, fifteen and five off for cash, a clarinet that was to his present infirm and leaky clarinet as minted gold is to pot metal.

To be sure, this delectable instrument might be purchased, sight unseen, but with privilege of examination, through the handy medium of the parcel post; the house handling it was in all respects reliable and lived up to the printed promise of the catalogue, but to Emanuel half the pride and pleasure of becoming its proprietor lay in going into the place and asking to see such and such a clarinet, and fingering it and testing its tone, and finally putting down the money and carrying it off with him under his arm. He meant, first of all, to buy his new clarinet; for the rest his plans were hazy. He might stay on in Louisville a few days or he might go elsewhere. He might even return home and spend the remainder of his vacation perfecting himself in his still faulty rendition of The Last Rose of Summer.

For an hour or so after boarding the train he viewed the passing scenery as it revealed itself through the day-coach window and speculated regarding the personalities of his fellow passengers. After that hour or so he began to nod. Presently he slumbered, with his head bobbing against the seat-back and one arm dangling in the aisle. A sense of being touched half roused him; a moment later he opened his eyes with the feeling that he had lost his hat or was about to lose it. Alongside him stood a well-dressed man of, say, thirty-eight or forty, who regarded him cordially and who held between the long, slender fingers of his right hand a little rectangle of blue cardboard, having punch marks in it.

"Excuse me, friend," said this man, "but didn't this fall out of your hat? I picked it up here on the floor alongside you."

"I reckon maybe it did," said Emanuel, removing his hat and noticing that the customary decoration conferred by the conductor was absent from its band. "I'm certainly much obliged to you, sir."

"Don't mention it," said the stranger. "Better stick it in good and tight this time. They might try to collect a second fare from you if you couldn't show your credentials. Remember, don't you, the story about the calf that ate up his express tag and what the old nigger man said about it?"

The stranger's accent stamped him as a Northerner; his manner revealed him indubitably as a man of the world—withal it was a genial manner. He bestowed a suit case alongside in the aisle and slipped into the seat facing Emanuel. Emanuel vaguely felt flattered. It had promised to be rather a lonely journey.

"You don't mind my sitting here a bit, do you?" added the man after he was seated.

"Not at all—glad to have you," said Emanuel, meaning it. "Nice weather—if it wasn't so warm," he continued, making conversation.

It started with the weather; but you know how talk runs along—from one thing to another and from that to still others. At the end of perhaps ten minutes it had somehow worked around to amusements—checkers and chess and cards.

"Speaking of cards now," said the stranger, "I like a little game once in a while myself. Helps the time to pass away when nothing else will. Fact is, I usually carry a deck along with me just for that purpose. Fact is, I've got a new deck with me now, I think." He fumbled in the breast pocket of his light flannel coat and glanced about him. "Tell you what—suppose we play a few hands of poker—show-down, you know—for ten cents a corner, say, or a quarter? We could use my suit case for a card table by resting it on our knees between us." He reached out into the aisle.

"I'm much obliged," said Emanuel with an indefinable sense of pain at having to decline so friendly an invitation; "but, to tell you the truth, I make it a point never to touch cards at all. It wouldn't do—in my position. You see, I'm in a bank at home."

With newly quickened alertness the stranger's eyes narrowed. He put the cards back into his pocket and straightened up attentively. "Oh, yes," he said, "I see. Well, that being the case, I don't blame you." Plainly he had not been hurt by Emanuel's refusal to join in so innocent a pastime as dealing show-down hands at ten cents a side. On the contrary he warmed visibly. "A young man in a bank can't be too careful—especially if it's a small town, where everybody knows everybody else's business. You let a young fellow that works in a bank in a small town, or even a medium-sized town, play a few hands of poker and, first thing you know, it's all over the place that he's gambling and they've got an expert on his books. Let's see now—where was it you said you lived?"

Emanuel told him.

"Well, now, that's a funny thing! I used to know a man in your town. Let's see—what was his name? Parker? Parsons?" He paused.

Emanuel shook his head.

"Perkins? Perkins? Could it have been Perkins?" essayed the other tentatively, his eyes fixed keenly on the ingenuous countenance of his opposite; and then, as Emanuel's head nodded forward affirmatively: "Why, that's the name—Perkins," proclaimed Mr. Caruthers with a little smile of triumph.

"Probably J. W. Perkins," said Emanuel. "Mr. J. W. Perkins is our leading hardware merchant. He banks with us; I see him every day—pretty near it."

"No; not J. W. Perkins," instantly confessed his companion. "That's the name all right enough, but not the initials. Didn't this Mr. Perkins have a brother, or a cousin or something, who died?"

"Oh, I know who you mean, now," said Emanuel, glad to be able to help with the identification. "Alfred Perkins—he died two years ago this coming October."

"How old was he?" The Northerner had the air about him of being determined to make sure.

"About fifty, I judge—maybe fifty-two or three."

"And didn't they use to call him Al for short?"

"Yes; nearly everybody did—Mr. Al Perkins."

"That's the party," agreed the other. "Al Perkins! I knew him well. Strange, now, that I can't think where it was I met him—I move round so much in my business, being on the road as a traveling man, that it's hard keeping track of people; but I know we spent a week or two together somewhere or other. Speaking of names, mine is Caruthers—John P. Caruthers. Sorry I haven't got a card with me—I ran out of cards yesterday."

"Mine," said our townsman, "is Emanuel Moon."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Moon," said Mr. Caruthers as he found Emanuel's right hand and shook it heartily. "Very glad indeed. You don't meet many people of your name —— Oh, by Jove, that's another funny thing!"

"What?" inquired Emanuel.

"Why," said Mr. Caruthers, "I used to have a pal—a good friend—with your name; Robert Moon it was. He lived in Detroit, Michigan. Fine fellow, Bob was. I wonder could old Bob Moon have been your cousin?"

"No," said Emanuel almost regretfully; "I'm afraid not. All my people live South, so far as I know."

"Well, anyhow, you'd enjoy knowing old Bob," went on the companionable Mr. Caruthers. "Have a smoke?"

He produced both cigars and cigarettes. Emanuel said he never smoked, so Mr. Caruthers lighted a cigar.

Up to this point the conversation had been more or less general. Now, somehow, it took a rather personal and direct trend. Mr. Caruthers proved to be an excellent listener, although he asked quite a number of leading questions as they went along. He evinced a kindly curiosity regarding Emanuel's connection with the bank. He was interested in banks, it seemed; his uncle, now deceased, had been, he said, a very prominent banker in Springfield, Massachusetts.

Emanuel had a rôle that was new to him; a pleasing rôle though. Nearly always in company he had to play audience; now he held the center of the stage, with another listening to what he might say, and, what was more, listening with every outward indication of deep attention. He spoke at length, Emanuel did, of the bank, its size, its resources, its liabilities, its physical appearance and its personnel, leading off with its president and scaling down to its black janitor. He referred to Mr. Blair's crustiness of manner toward persons of lesser authority, which manner, he hastened to explain, was quite all right if you only understood Mr. Blair's little ways.

He mentioned in passing that Herb Kivil, the cashier, was addicted to tennis, and that on Tuesdays and Fridays, when Herb left early to play tennis, he, Moon, closed up the vault and took over certain other duties which ordinarily fell to Herb. From the bank he progressed by natural stages to Mrs. Morrill's boarding house and from there to his own individual tastes and likings. In this connection it was inevitable that the subject of clarinet playing should obtrude. Continuing along this strain

"When You Took the Count All of a Sudden, I Figured the Best Thing to Do Was to Let You Sleep it Off"

Emanuel felt moved to disclose his principal object in journeying to Louisville at this particular time.

"There's a store there that carries a clarinet that I'm sort of interested in," he stated—but got no farther, for here Mr. Caruthers broke in on him.

"Well, sir, it's a mighty little world after all," he exclaimed. "First you drop your punch check out of your hat and I come along and pick it up, and I sit down here and we get acquainted. Then I find out that I used to know a man in your town—Abner Perkins."

"Alfred," corrected Mr. Moon gently.

"Sure—Alfred Perkins. Then you tell me your name, and it turns out I've got a good friend that, if he's not your own cousin, ought to be on account of the name being the same. One coincidence right after another! And then, on top of all that, you tell me you want to buy a new clarinet. And that's the most curious part of it all, because —— Say, Moon, you must have heard of Gatling & Moore, of Boston, New York, and Paris, France."

"I can't say as I ever did. I don't seem to place them," admitted Emanuel.

"If you're interested in a clarinet you ought to know about them, because Gatling & Moore are just the biggest wholesale dealers in musical instruments in the United States; that's all—just the whole United States. And I—the same fellow that's sitting right here facing you—I travel this territory for Gatling & Moore. Didn't I say this was a small world?"

A small world indeed—and a cozily comfortable one as well, seeing that by its very compactness one was thrown into contact with so pleasing a personality as this Mr. John Caruthers betrayed. This was the thought that exhilarated Mr. Emanuel Moon as he answered:

He Played Annie Laurie All the Way Through, and Essayed the First Bars of The Last Rose of Summer

"You sell clarinets? Then you can tell me exactly what I ought to pay ——"

"No; don't get me wrong," Mr. Caruthers hastened to explain. "I said I traveled for Gatling & Moore. You see, they sell everything, nearly—musical instruments is just one of their lines. I handle—er—sporting goods—playing cards, poker chips, guns, pistols, athletic supplies; all like that, you understand. That's my branch of the business; musical goods are another branch.

"But what I was going to suggest was this: Izzy Gottlieb, who's the head of the musical department in the New York office, is one of the best friends I've got on this earth. If I was to walk in and say to Izzy—yes, even if I was to write in to him and tell him I had a friend who was figuring on buying a clarinet—I know exactly what old Izzy would do. Izzy would just naturally turn the whole shop upside down until he found the niftiest little old clarinet there was in stock, and as a favor to me he'd let us have it at just exactly cost. That's what good old Izzy would do in a blooming minute. Altogether it ought to come to about half what you'd pay for the identical same article out of a retail place down in this country."

"But could you, sir—would you be willing to do that much for a stranger?" Stress of emotion made Emanuel's voice husky.

"If you don't believe I would do just that very thing, why, a dime'll win you a trip to the Holy Land!" answered back the engaging Caruthers beamingly and enthusiastically.

Then his tone grew earnest: "Listen here, Moon: No man that I take a liking to is a stranger to me—not any more. And I've got to own up to it—I like you. You're my kind of a man—frank, open, on the level; and yet not anybody's easy mark either. I'll bet you're a pretty good hand at sizing up people offhand yourself. Oh, I knew you'd do, the minute I laid eyes on you."

"Thank you; much obliged," murmured Emanuel. Practically he was overcome.

"Now, then," continued his new-found friend warmly, "let me suggest this: You go ahead and look at the clarinet that this piking Louisville concern's got for sale if you want to, but don't buy. Just look—there's no harm in that. But don't invest.

"I'm on my way back to New York now to—to lay in my fall lines for the trade. I'll see old Izzy the first thing after I blow in and I'll get the niftiest clarinet that ever played a tune—get it at actual cost, mind you! I'll stick it down into one of my trunks and bring it back with me down this way.

"Let's see"—he consulted a small memorandum book—"I ought to strike this territory again in about ten days or two weeks. We'll make it two weeks, to be sure. Um—this is Wednesday. I'll hit your town on Tuesday, the twenty-ninth—that's two weeks from yesterday. I ought to get in from Memphis sometime during the afternoon. I'll come to your bank to find you. You're always there on Tuesdays, ain't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Emanuel. "Don't you remember my telling you that on Tuesdays Herb Kivil always left early to play tennis and I closed up?"

"So you did," confirmed Mr. Caruthers. "I'd forgotten your telling me that."

"For that matter," supplemented Emanuel. "I'm there every day till three anyhow, and sometimes later; so if ——"

"We'll make it Tuesday, the twenty-ninth, to be sure," said Mr. Caruthers with an air of finality.

"If you should want the money now ——" began Emanuel; and he started to haul out the little flat leather purse with the patent clasp wherein he carried his carefully saved cash assets.

With a large, generous gesture the other checked him.

"Hold on!" counseled Caruthers. "You needn't be in such a hurry, old boy. I don't even know what the thing is going to cost yet. Izzy'll charge it to me on the books and then you can settle with me when I bring it to you, if that's satisfactory."

He stood up, carefully flicking some cigar ashes off the trailing ends of his four-in-hand tie, and glanced at a watch.

"Well, it's nearly six o'clock. Time flies when a fellow is in good company, don't it? We'll be in Louisville in less than an hour, won't we?—if we're on time. I've got to quit you there; I'm going on to Cincy to-night. Tell you what—let's slip into the diner and have a bite and a little nip of something together first—I want to see as much of you as I can. You take a little drink once in a while, don't you?"

"I drink a glass of light beer occasionally," admitted Emanuel.

Probably in his whole life he had consumed as much as five commercial quarts of that liquid, half a pint at a time.

"Fine business!" said Caruthers. "Beer happens to be my regular stand-by too. Come on, then." And he led the way forward for the transported Emanuel.

They said at the bank and at the boarding house that Moon looked better for his week's lay-off, none of them knowing, of course, what had come into the little man's dun-colored life. On the twenty-eighth of the month he was so abstracted that Mr. Blair, desiring his presence for the moment in the president's office, had to call him twice, a thing which so annoyed Mr. Blair that the second time he fairly shouted Emanuel's name; and when Emanuel came hurrying into his presence inquired somewhat acidly whether Emanuel was suffering from any auricular affection. On the morning of the twenty-ninth Emanuel was in quite a little fever of anticipation. The morning passed; the noon or dinner hour arrived and passed.

It was one-thirty. The street drowsed in the early autumnal sunshine, and in front of his bookstore, in a tilted-back chair, old Mr. Wilcox for a spell slumbered audibly. There is a kind of dog—not so numerous since automobiles have come into such general and fatal use—that sought always the middle of the road as a suitable spot to take a nap in, arousing with a yelp when wheels or hoofs seemed directly over him and, having escaped annihilation by an eighth of an inch, moving over perhaps ten feet and lying down again in the perilous pathway of traffic. One of this breed slept now, undisturbed except by flies, at the corner of Front and Franklin. For the time being he was absolutely safe. Emanuel had been to his dinner and had returned. He was beginning to worry. About two-thirty, just after the cashier had taken his tennis racket and gone for the day, Emanuel answered a ring at the telephone. Over the wire there came to him the well-remembered sound of the blithe Carutherian voice:

"That you, old man?" spake Mr. Caruthers jovially. "Well, I'm here, according to promise. Just got in from down the road."

"Did—you—bring—it?" inquired Emanuel, almost tremulously.

"The clarinet? You bet your life I brought it—and she's a bird too."

"I'm ever so much obliged," said Emanuel. "I don't know how I can ever thank you—going to all that trouble on my account. Are you at the hotel? I'll be over there just as soon as I can close up—I can't leave here till three."

"Stay right where you are," bade his friend. "I'll be over to see you inside of fifteen or twenty minutes."

He was as good as his word. At ten minutes before three he walked in, the mold of city fashion in all his outward aspects; and when Emanuel had disposed of Mr. Herman Felsburg, who dropped in to ask what Felsburg Brothers' balance was, and when Mr. Felsburg had gone, Caruthers' right hand and Emanuel's met in an affectionate clasp across the little shelf of the cashier's window. Followed then an exchange of inquiries and assurances touching on the state of health and well-being of each gentleman.

"I'd like mightily to ask you inside," said Emanuel next, anxious to extend all possible hospitalities; "but it's strictly against the rules. Take a chair there, won't you, and wait for me—I'll be but a few minutes or so now."

Instead of taking one of the row of chairs that stood in the front of the old-fashioned bank, Mr. Caruthers paused before the wicket, firing metropolitan pleasantries across at the little man, who bustled about inside the railed-off inclosure, putting books and papers in their proper places.

"Everybody's gone but me, as it happens," he explained, proud to exhibit to Mr. Caruthers the extent and scope of his present responsibilities.

"Nobody on deck but you, eh?" said Caruthers.

"Nobody but me," answered back Emanuel; "and in about a minute and a half I'll be through too."

The cash was counted. He carried it into the depths of the ancient and cumbersome vault, which blocked off a section of the wall behind the cashier's desk, and in their appointed niches bestowed, also, certain large ledgerlike tomes. He closed and locked the inner steel door and was in the act of swinging to the heavy outer door.

"Look here a minute!" came sharply from Mr. Caruthers.

It was like a command. Obeying involuntarily, Emanuel faced about. From under his coat, where it had been hidden against his left side, Mr. Caruthers, still standing at the wicket, was drawing forth something long and black and slim, and of a most exceeding shininess—something with silver trimmings on it and a bell mouth—a clarinet that was all a clarinet should be, and yet was a half brother to a saxophone.

"I sort of thought you'd be wanting to get a flash at it right away," said Mr. Caruthers, holding the magnificent instrument up in plain sight. "So I brought it along—for a surprise."

With joy Emanuel Moon's round eyes widened and moistened. After the fashion of a rabbit suddenly confronted with lettuce his lower face twitched. His overhanging upper lip quivered to wrap itself about that virgin mouthpiece, as his fingers itched to fondle that slender polished fountain of potential sweet melodies. And he forgot something else.

He came out from behind the counter and almost with reverence took the splendid thing from the smiling Mr. Caruthers. He did remember to lock the street door as they issued to the sidewalk; but from that juncture on, until he discovered himself with Caruthers in Caruthers' room on the third floor of the hotel, diagonally across the street and down the block from the bank, and was testing the instrument with soft, tentative toots and finding to his extreme gratification that this clarinet bleated, not in sheeplike bleats, as his old one did, but rather mooed in a deep bass voice suggestive of cows, all that passed was to Mr. Moon but a confused blur of unalloyed joyousness.

Indeed, from that point thenceforward he was not quite sure of anything except that, over his protests, Mr. Caruthers declined to accept any reimbursement whatsoever for the initial cost of the new clarinet, he explaining that, thanks to the generosity of that kindly soul, Izzy Gottlieb, the requisite outlay had amounted to so trifling a sum as not to be worthy of the time required for further discussion; and that, following this, he played Annie Laurie all the way through, and essayed the first bars of The Last Rose of Summer, while Mr. Caruthers sat by listening and smoking, and seemingly gratified to the utmost that he had been the means of bringing this pleasure to Mr. Moon.

If Mr. Caruthers was moved, in chance intervals, to ask certain questions touching upon the banking business, with particular reference to the methods employed in conducting and safeguarding the Commonwealth Bank, over the way, Emanuel doubtlessly answered him fully and truthfully, even though his thoughts for the moment were otherwise engaged.

In less than no time at all—so it appeared to Emanuel—six o'clock arrived, which in our town used to mean the hour for hot supper, except on Sunday, when it meant the hour for cold supper; and Emanuel reluctantly got up to go. But Caruthers would not listen to any suggestions of their parting for yet a while. Exigencies of business would carry him on his lonesome way the next morning; he had just stopped over to see Emanuel, anyway, and naturally he wished to enjoy as much of his society as was possible during a sojourn so brief.

"Moon," he said, "you stay right where you are. We'll have something to eat together here. I'll call a waiter and we'll have it served up here in this room, so's we can be sort of private and sociable, and afterward you can play your clarinet some more. How does that little program strike you?"

It struck Emanuel agreeably hard. It was rarely that he dined out, and to dine under such circumstances as these, in the company of so fascinating and so kindly a gentleman as Mr. John P. Caruthers, of the North—well, his cup was simply overflowing, that's all.

"I'd be glad to stay," he said, "if you don't think I'm imposing on your kindness. I was thinking of asking you to go to Mrs. Morrill's with me for supper—if you would."

"We can have a better time here," said Caruthers. He stepped over to the wall telephone. "Have a cocktail first? No? Then neither will I. But a couple of bottles of beer won't hurt us—will it?"

Emanuel was going to say a small glass of beer was as much as he ever imbibed at a sitting, but before he could frame the statement Caruthers was giving the order.

(Continued on Page 48)

DE-LUXE ANNIE

By Scammon Lockwood

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

THERE'S no such thing as a coincidence!"

Somebody had referred to the mutual concurrence of two unrelated and unimportant events about which he had been speaking as a coincidence, and the dogmatic-looking old fellow whom nobody knew, and who sat a little off by himself smoking endless cigarettes, had suddenly burst into dogmatic speech with the assertion that there is no such thing as a coincidence.

Most of us felt that the proposition required proof and wasn't susceptible of it. I remember thinking that I'd welcome any sort of fool argument that would distract my mind from my hunger while waiting for the announcement that we might proceed to the dining room. . . . Did anyone ever attend a public dinner that began within an hour of the time advertised?

I don't think any of us expected a story or there'd have been a succession of quiet retreats in the direction of the bar or the reading room. Certainly George Dibble didn't look for such a possibility. Story-telling as a means of proving abstract propositions has certainly gone out, as the saying is. It isn't being done. So probably George felt perfectly secure in saying:

"I suppose you mean that two events never happen to fall together; that they're all a part of an endless chain of cause and effect of which we see only a few, if any, of the connecting links."

We were down in the basement smoking room of the American Arts Club, Washington Square, West, and, as everyone knows who's been there—and a good many who haven't—the room has unusual acoustics. A man sitting in any corner and merely whispering can be heard distinctly by a group about the center table. Only his voice seems to come down out of the low, vaulted ceiling. Well, the dogmatic-looking old fellow was over in one corner and the rest of us were sitting about the center table. And before he got through it sometimes seemed as if the old fellow was really speaking with the voice of omniscience, and that it was quite fitting his words should descend upon us from above.

"Yes, I suppose I mean that, but I'd never put it that way," the old chap answered. "Sounds too much like preordination. And when you happen to see all the links of the chain, instead of just a few, it makes you somehow realize that the chain itself is too wonderful a thing to be merely part of some huge cosmic machine. But let me tell you as briefly as possible just what did happen. Let's take it in a series of pictures. Let's look at events that appear like the craziest and most utterly preposterous coincidences, and then let us suddenly pour some wonderful developing fluid on these pictures so that every connecting link between these events shall stand out clear and distinct. Then we can realize how absurd it is to talk of chance.

"Turning, She Saw a Man Eying Her Curiously"

"Let's picture to ourselves Fifth Avenue, between Thirty-third and Forty-first Streets, on a clear, snappy December afternoon. You know what it is—street jammed with motors, sidewalk jammed with beautifully gowned women all trying to find more beautiful and costly things for their adornment.

"Here comes a woman who is the peer of any. She is elegantly though quietly gowned; she carries herself like a reigning princess. Men and women alike turn as she passes—the first to admire; the second to envy. Had you gentlemen been there every last one of you would have given a dinner at Sherry's to meet her. Permit me to introduce you. She is De-Luxe Annie, alias Silky Ann, chiefly famed for her ingenious edition-de-luxe confidence game, most successfully worked on elderly married men who are prominent in small communities. Annie makes from twelve to fifteen thousand a year. The police know all about her and her operations, but can't touch her, because she is always smart enough to pick victims who crumple up in deadly fear at the mere thought of the publicity of a prosecution. Annie, like most of the other women on Fifth Avenue this afternoon, is shopping. She is on pleasure bent and she hasn't the least bit of a frugal mind. She hasn't a thought of business.

"But suddenly her whole aspect changes. She wheels and follows a rather large, showy woman who has just passed her. The woman hesitates a moment before a shop window. Annie hesitates. The woman goes into the store, Annie at her heels. Just inside the entrance there is quite a jam. Suddenly the crowd is startled by a scream. The woman clutches at Annie and yells: 'Stop thief!' Annie eludes her, worms her way through the crowd and vanishes. People say: 'She went that way.' Others say: 'No; she went down this aisle.' Several ask the large, showy woman what she has lost. 'A diamond sunburst! She snatched it right off my dress and just disappeared in the crowd!' is the frenzied reply.

"At this juncture the chief store detective, who had been on a gallery overlooking the main floor and had seen the whole business, arrived on the scene.

"'Don't worry, madam,' he said reassuringly. 'I saw her take it and I know her. She will be arrested inside of three hours. Let me have your name and address.'

"The woman hesitated and then asked to be taken to a private office. There she revealed the fact that she was the wife of Police Inspector Michael McCoy, and that the diamond sunburst of which she had just been robbed was not hers, but part of the plunder taken from a noted fence, which her husband was holding until it should be claimed by the owner. She had seen no harm in wearing the bauble; but she was now very contrite.

"Her husband was immediately communicated with. He was angry when he heard that she had taken the jewel, and still more angry when he learned that it had been taken from her. But when the store detective informed him that the thief was De-Luxe Annie, his anger changed to a most righteous satisfaction. He had been trying to 'get something' on Silky Ann for some time. Now he had it. It would only be a matter of hours before he would have the jewel for which he was responsible and, in the bargain, a crook whose capture would bring him at least a day's delicious notoriety.

"As soon as he had hung up the receiver he called some members of the plain-clothes squad and instructed them to go to Annie's apartment—she kept up a very nice one on Ninety-second Street—and wait for her.

"But Inspector McCoy was acting on the assumption that Annie did not know she had been seen and recognized, which was all wrong. Just as she grabbed the diamond sunburst Annie had seen the store detective out of the corner of one eye, and realized that he had seen and recognized her. So she knew better than to go home. Instead she hiked over to Sixth Avenue and took the Elevated down to Eighteenth Street. There, in a cheap department store, she bought a cheap yellow suit case and a few little feminine necessities for a stay out of town. Then she walked over to Seventh Avenue and took a car, intending to go to the Pennsylvania Station. But as she approached its Doric portals she saw some men she thought bore the unmistakable stamp of plain-clothes operatives. It was Annie's instinct rather than her reason that told her this. She did not work it all out as I've told it. She just had a feeling that she didn't want to alight from that car at Thirty-second Street, and she didn't.

"But she had to alight somewhere, and that soon, because the car only ran to Central Park and she certainly didn't want to get off there. Then it was that she thought of the new Steinway Tube over to Long Island City. She couldn't tell just how she happened to think of it, but as soon as it did come into her mind she remembered having noticed in the papers that it had only recently been opened. She was willing to stake her liberty on it that the police would forget to watch that.

"So she changed cars at Forty-second Street and rode over to Third Avenue, politely inquired from a crossing cop where the tube entrance was and entered without interference. From Long Island City she took a trolley car to Jamaica and went to an old hotel of which an ancient and obliging hackman told her. Who'd think of looking for her there? And she knew what she'd do in the morning.

"She retired early, very much disgusted with herself for having given way to her unaccountable impulse to snatch the diamond sunburst. I say unaccountable advisedly. 'Snatching ice,' as this particular sport is called in the most authentic criminal fiction, was not Annie's line of work at all. She scorned it. Never before had she done anything that remotely resembled it. And so, between her irritation at having done it and her curiosity as to how she came to do it, she presently fell asleep.

"In the morning she carried out her plan, which was to take a trolley car up to Sea Cliff and the ferry over to New Rochelle. It was a good plan, too, when you come to think about it. I happen to know that the police thought they had Annie sewed up on Manhattan Island. They were watching every ferry and bridge and every tube station, but they had clean forgotten the new Steinway Tube over to Long Island City. And, of course, they never dreamed of their quarry getting over to New Rochelle via the Sea Cliff Ferry. But they didn't have Annie's imagination, and for an excellent reason, as you shall presently see.

"As I have said, Annie had given way to an unaccountable impulse to do something entirely out of her regular line of work. And that act had placed her in a position where she must immediately resume activities. She had money in the bank, but she feared making any attempt to get it. She had the diamond sunburst, worth perhaps a thousand dollars, but she promptly realized that any attempt to turn it into cash would almost certainly land her in jail.

"And the gaud was assuredly not edible. She had in cash only about twenty dollars.

"But fortunately she had in her hand bag some of the ingeniously worded promissory notes that she used in her edition-de-luxe confidence game, and so she resolved to visit some prosperous town in Connecticut and perform one of her usual operations on some married and plethoric pocketbook.

"As she crossed the Sound from Sea Cliff to New Rochelle, she laid out her plan. Bridgeport, Connecticut, was a good, thriving town, just then fat with orders for war munitions. She would go there.

"'Well, I Simply Broke In. I Was Cold and Had Lost My Way'"

"A taxi conveyed her swiftly from the ferry landing to the New York, New Haven and Hartford depot; she inquired about trains, bought her ticket and sat down to wait.

"When the train arrived she approached the conductor standing in front of a day coach, and presented her ticket, saying as she did so:

"'Bridgeport train?'

"The conductor nodded and replied:

"'Yes; New Canaan coach at the rear.'

"'But I don't want to go to New Canaan!' Annie objected.

"The conductor indicated her ticket and replied:

"'Your transportation reads to New Canaan.'

"'Well, then that stupid man made a mistake,' retorted Annie, feeling very much irritated. 'Have I time to change it?'

"'No,' said the conductor; 'but I'll give you a refund slip.'

"'Now?' asked Annie.

"'No; on the train,' replied the conductor. 'We're keeping the others waiting.'

"And, sure enough, quite a crowd of passengers had accumulated behind her as Annie was having this mild little altercation. It brought her for the moment quite into the limelight and attracted the attention of one Timothy Corning, a city detective, who had been away on leave and was just then waiting for a train to the city. He pushed his way through the crowd and asked the conductor what the trouble was. The conductor wearily told him that it was merely a woman who had been given a ticket to New Canaan when she wanted one for Bridgeport.

"But Corning walked through the car and took another look at Annie, not because he realized who she was, but merely because he knew he'd seen her somewhere; and the people whose faces were most indelibly engraved upon the leaves of his brain were all, or nearly all, wanted or likely to be wanted. It was not until he reported at headquarters that he learned of the dragnet out for De-Luxe Annie, refreshed his memory by looking at her picture, and realized that he had only that morning seen her on a train for Bridgeport, with a ticket to New Canaan. But the clew, though slight, was sufficient to set considerable machinery in motion. He telegraphed to the chiefs of police, at both Bridgeport and New Canaan, a full description of Annie, with orders to hold her. And then, under orders from the chief, he arranged to transfer the dragnet from New York to Bridgeport and New Canaan.

"But let's get back to Annie. As she got into the day coach, she was, as I have said, irritated at having been given the wrong ticket. But after she had been seated a moment she distinctly remembered that she had, in a moment of absent-mindedness, asked for a ticket to New Canaan instead of to Bridgeport as she had intended. At once she forgave the ticket agent and found that she was very much irritated at herself. Her conscious mind had determined to go to Bridgeport and then her subconscious mind, momentarily getting the upper hand, had made her buy a ticket to New Canaan.

"'Well,' she suddenly said to herself, 'I'll just go to New Canaan.'

"Now you perhaps know that Bridgeport is a city with a population of over one hundred thousand, and New Canaan a town of about two thousand. And those of you who are mathematicians can figure that it would be just about fifty times as hard to find Annie in Bridgeport as in New Canaan; so you can see that her absent-minded error and her impulsive resolution made it much easier for Mr. Timothy Corning and his *confrères*. All of which looks to you like the purest accident; but wait.

"Arrived at New Canaan, Annie followed her usual tactics. She interviewed the ticket agent as to the possibilities of obtaining respectable board and lodging, took the addresses of several possibilities, visited them, gossiped about the people of the town, and finally hit upon Mr. Cyrus Hancock as a promising prospect. He was one of New Canaan's prominent citizens and a prosperous dealer in hardware and manufacturer of wire screens, and, rumor had it, was usually in his office and accessible to visitors shortly after one o'clock.

"Consequently at one-fifteen Annie was in Mr. Hancock's office, at the rear of his hardware store, earnestly urging on him the desirability of his possessing a special de-luxe set of Turning Points in World History, a publication that was marvelously illustrated and described in some printed matter Silky Ann carried, but which publication, as a concrete fact, did not yet exist. Names of well-known public men and historians and college professors of international prominence were scattered all over the prospectus and all through Annie's 'canvas' as freely as the dots on dotted Swiss. The twenty volumes offered were assuredly a bargain at fifty dollars. And when you took into consideration the hand-tooled levant de-luxe binding, the fancy deckle-edged, watermarked paper—made especially for this edition—the gold tops, the illuminated chapter heads, the two hundred photogravures on handmade Japanese vellum, and so on, and so on, it looked like the plainest sort of folly for any gentleman of even the most limited intelligence to refuse an order.

"And when it was finally revealed that nothing need be paid until the books were delivered, at some vague and remote future date; that they might be carefully examined for a period of ten days before being accepted, and then paid for in easy monthly installments—'Less than the cost of your daily newspaper,' Annie put it—the matter was settled. Cyrus Hancock signed the order without reading it. Aha! You elevate your eyebrows incredulously. Well, smarter men than New Canaan hardware merchants have committed this folly under the hypnotic spell of an attractive and handsomely gowned woman.

"Of course the so-called order was a promissory note. It was only for fifty dollars, but this was a precaution in case Annie's victim did insist on reading what he was about to sign. In these unusual circumstances Annie always blandly explained that the company required its orders in such form. Then if the victim still remained obdurate she merely promised that the head office would write about it; and so made a graceful exit.

"But when she got the desired signature, as in this instance, she merely added an insignificant zero to the fifty and made a few other trifling alterations, thus putting herself in possession of a perfectly negotiable demand note for five hundred dollars.

"Her next move was to call up her victim from a corner drug store, or any convenient phone, and say that she was in her rooms at the hotel, that a new set of the books had just arrived and she'd love to show them if he'd hurry right over.

"That was another lure that few resisted. I'm no cynic about the morals of our middle-aged small-town merchants. I'm only saying that few saw the harm and many the pleasure in a call on an attractive woman who had, a short time previously, departed all too hurriedly.

"Hancock, like the rest, responded that he'd be over immediately. Annie waited five minutes and then called up again to make sure that nothing had detained him. Being assured that he had departed and left no word as to his destination, she hurried over to the bank and asked to have his note discounted. The bank called him up; but he, of course, wasn't in. However, since every official knew and recognized his signature and since Annie urged that she must catch the next train, due, as part of her previous calculations, in exactly seven minutes, not much difficulty was made in the matter and the cash was paid to her.

"Annie then quite calmly proceeded toward the depot, sustained by the two-ply confidence that she had plenty of time to get out of town before Hancock would return to his office and that, even should he discover his loss sooner than was probable, he was pretty certain to keep quiet about it. Not more than once or twice in all of De-Luxe Annie's experience had her victim risked publicity by making a fuss.

"So, as she approached the depot it was quite a jar to Silky Ann to see Cyrus Hancock and a man who couldn't be anything but a country constable, at the head of a fair-sized mob of village loafers, all very much excited. Annie had just reached a crossing when she saw them coming down another street. She quickly shrank back behind the corner building; but it was too late. Hancock had seen her and he promptly raised the alarm. Annie turned and fled, dodged down a side street, quickly turned another corner, popped into the tonneau of an empty automobile that stood conveniently at hand, and snuggled down among the robes on the floor. About three seconds later the mob turned the corner and streamed past Annie's temporary refuge. So sure were these villagers of their quarry that they had grown careless, and it looked as if the fugitive had a slim chance of escape."

At this point in the old fellow's narrative we began to grow really interested, so that when George Dibble asked how Hancock came to get after Annie so promptly, we felt that he had spoken for the whole crowd.

"Well," came the narrator's deep bass tones down out of the vaulted ceiling, though he was sitting four feet across the room from us, "I'll leave Annie for a moment hiding under the rugs in the tonneau of that car. She's nice and warm, despite the cold day; and for the time she's safe.

"In the course of her talk to Hancock, Annie had made a remark that had roused his suspicions concerning her; not suspicions about the book deal, for he was completely fooled in that, but suspicions about an entirely different matter of which he had full knowledge. So, when Annie had left his office, he had sat a few moments meditatively looking at the rug. And then he had finally noticed a glitter. At that moment Annie's telephone message had come; but, after he had promised her to go over immediately and hung up the receiver, he stooped over and picked up the pear-shaped diamond-studded pendant of the trouble-making brooch that Annie had snatched only the day before from the wife of a New York police inspector.

"Hancock examined it carefully and noted that it was deeply engraved with the letters J. G. S. Then he put on his fur hat and fur overcoat and hurried over to the office of his friend, the chief of police. This functionary had only a moment previously hung up the telephone receiver after a long talk with detective headquarters in New York. While he had been talking word had gone forth that a notorious criminal had taken refuge in New Canaan and quite a crowd of village loafers had gathered. So, when the chief saw the trinket Hancock carried and heard Hancock's story and started for the depot in the hope of catching Annie before the train departed, he had quite a mob at his heels.

"This was the mob that streamed past the car in which ——"

But this time I broke into the narrative.

"Pardon me," I said; "but we're all mighty curious as to just what it was that Annie said to Hancock which roused his suspicions."

"I know you are," was the prompt response. "I've got to create a little suspense or you'd all drift away to the bar. You'll find out soon enough what she said if you only listen carefully."

He said it with such a dryly humorous twist to his words and his face that we all laughed good-humoredly and let him proceed. We had actually forgotten that we were hungry.

"Now as soon as the mob was safely past that car Annie raised her head until her eyes were on a level with the rim of the front seat and peered about. Then she opened the door, stepped down to the sidewalk and confidently approached the house in front of which the automobile stood. She took note of the name above the letter box on the doorjamb and then pressed the electric button. An amiable-faced, middle-aged woman answered the ring.

"'My dear Mrs. Bigelow!' cried Annie, effusively pressing forward and implanting a kiss on the astonished woman's face. 'Let me close the door or your house will be filled with the cold air.' At this Annie acted on her own suggestion and felt much easier as the latch clicked. At least she could no longer be seen from the street.

"'But I'm not Mrs. Bigelow,' stammered the woman.

"Now this may look like a difficult situation, but that is only because you don't know Annie. It was by being mistress of just such situations that Silky Ann had earned her name and her fame. Right here I had better tell you that she had entered and darted across the world of crime like a rocket; and that one reason for her almost invariable success was that she could think just about twice as fast as the ordinary individual. Perhaps it was because she had lived by her wits for so long a time that her wits were in that perfect working order which is the result of constant use. Whatever the explanation may be, the fact is that when the woman at the door protested that she was not Mrs. Bigelow, Annie was ready in a flash.

"'Of course you're not,' she promptly replied. 'I haven't set eyes on her for ten years and I might have made a mistake in broad daylight. But no one ever sees clearly coming in out of the light.' If the woman really had been Mrs. Bigelow—or Potiphar's wife for that matter—Annie would have been just as ready. The situation was not in the least a tax upon her ready invention.

"'You must pardon me for such an absurd mistake,' she added, and then, with perfect ease, waited for the woman to make the next move.

"The woman made it with this remark:

"'Why, Mrs. Bigelow's over at the Claypools'. She'll most likely be back in less'n half an hour. Won't you set down and wait?'

"'Why, thank you,' Annie readily replied; 'and if you don't mind I'll just take my hat off.'

"'Of course; make yourself at home. Won't you step into the parlor?'

"Things couldn't have been better. Annie nodded pleasantly—with just the right amount of reserve—and went into the room indicated, unpinning her hat at the same time. 'I believe I'll take off my coat,' she continued as she seated herself near the window, though not so near but that she was invisible to any persons in the street or on the sidewalk. 'I am dressed very warmly for this cold weather and it's quite comfortable in here.'

"By taking off her hat and her coat, Annie created about herself an air of belonging in the place; so, for the moment at least, she was safe.

"And then she made a disturbing discovery. She was just about to sit back and calmly await developments when flashes from the diamond sunburst, which was pinned inside of her jacket, reminded her that the gaud was not very carefully fastened. She was about to take it out and secure it in a safe manner when she noticed that the pendant was missing. Very much annoyed, she examined more closely the gold swivel ring, which had spread open and released the missing part. She was very much irritated at her loss—so irritated that it surprised her. The pendant was by far the least valuable part of the brooch; yet Annie found that its loss distressed her tremendously.

"But at that moment the question of making good her escape again came sharply to the fore and distracted her from all thoughts of her loss. Glancing out of the window she saw that several members of the mob had given up the chase and were returning. At the same moment the woman who had admitted her to the house came into the room and noticed the unusual number of people in the street.

"'Why, what can have happened?' she exclaimed. Annie remained silent. 'There's Tim Preston,' continued the woman, going to the window and parting the curtains, 'I'll ask him.' Whereupon she raised the sash and called: 'Tim! Tim, come here a minute, will you?'

"As the youth turned and started from the sidewalk she left the window, in her hurry forgetting to close it, and went to the front door.

"'What's all this crowd about?' was the first question.

"'They're chasing a female bandit,' answered the youth.

"'For the land's sake! Did they git her?'

"'No; she ran this way and then sort of disappeared. Who is that in there?' he added in a lower tone as he caught sight of Annie through the window.

"'Oh, just a friend of Mrs. Bigelow. Where are they going now?'

"'Back to git the dogs.'

"'For the land's sake!'

"'Yes; she left something in Cy Hancock's office, and after them pet dogs of his have had one sniff of it they'll trail her, no matter where she's hid—unless she gets an areyoplane.'

"I must interpolate here that the dogs were the sheriff's own personal property and that he pined for opportunities to use them.

"Annie, on hearing that dogs were to be put on the trail, began to get somewhat discouraged. She rose and put on her jacket, thinking that perhaps she might get an automobile somewhere, or somehow elude the crowd and get to the depot. At any rate, she felt that it was very dangerous to remain where she was. Just as she was ready to leave, her temporary hostess returned and gave her, much embroidered, the story of the female bandit for whom the whole town was now said to be searching.

"Annie listened patiently, but departed as quickly as possible, explaining that she had thought of an errand that required about five minutes, after which she would return in the hope that Mrs. Bigelow would then be at home.

"But as she passed out something her quick eye observed lying on the porch caused her instantly to see what looked like a means of escape. I don't tell you what it was, because I know I have got to keep your curiosity properly spiced up.

"Annie continued toward the street, however, until within a few steps of the sidewalk. Then she suddenly wheeled and walked quickly back to the same house and rang the bell, very much as a departing visitor who had forgotten something would do. But, before the door was opened, there elapsed a short period during which Annie was sure she could not be observed. During that instant she snatched from the porch floor a pair of child's ice skates, dexterously drew them up under her skirt and held them through the folds of the cloth. Then she straightened up and stood, to all appearances, as if merely raising her skirt slightly from contact with the floor. When the door

"Perhaps it Was the Child More Than Its Mother That Affected Silky Ann So Powerfully"

"The Woman Hesitates a Moment Before a Shop Window. Annie Hesitates"

was opened she left some other trifling message for Mrs. Bigelow, whom she had never seen and probably hoped she never would see, and again hurried away.

"In thirty seconds she was out of sight of the house; and then she just let the skates drop to the ground, picked them up, and carried them in the ordinary manner. By this time the street was again abandoned, as everyone had hurried away to be in at the unleashing of the hounds. But, as Cyrus Hancock was the only man in the whole town who had really had a good sight of Annie, there was not much danger of her being noticed by any stragglers.

"Straight toward the river Annie hurried; guided perhaps by some atavistic amphibian instinct. If she had thought about it at all she would have wondered how she knew in which direction the river lay. She didn't wonder about it, but I will let you. Ten minutes' brisk walk took her well out of the town, and then, as she reached the crest of the hill, she saw the river, covered from bank to bank with a sheet of gray, almost illuminous ice.

"Winding away in the distance, and vanishing in the cold unity of wintry gray that reigned over the entire landscape, it looked like some huge, torpid phosphorescent reptile of mythology. And it was as treacherous as a reptile, too, for underneath that glassy covering the water still flowed on and on forever, just as if it was Tennyson's brook grown up; and there were many deceitful stretches of thin ice through which a person might break to certain death.

"Here and there along the margins there were a few timorous skaters. The ice had just formed and word had not gone forth that the river was safe. But Annie knew naught of this.

"A moment more and she sat down on a log that was half imbedded in the ice and proceeded to fit the skates to her low-heeled walking boots.

"Then she stood up and unhesitatingly loosened the waistband of her skirt and let the garment fall to the ice, revealing her nether limbs, clad only in black silk stockings and pink silk knickerbockers."

"And forty miles from the Winter Garden!" came a voice from among us. Our narrator looked stern.

"She was an odd figure for that time and place," he continued, with a note of dignity that was almost reproach; "but there was good, plain common sense back of what she did. She knew that skating was impossible in the skirt she wore, and so she took it off, not considering or caring whether she looked like a chorus girl or an underwear advertisement.

"So she picked up her skirt from the ice, threw it over her arm and started downstream without even considering which way to go. She had no idea that she could outstrip the dogs and so she took a leisurely pace."

"But, then, why the skates at all?" I asked.

"Because it had come to her as a probability that if she wore skates the dogs could not follow her. She wasn't sure that this was the case, but she thought it was worth trying. And apparently the dogs could not follow. At first she heard that baying which has struck mortal terror into the heart of many a fugitive, but it rapidly grew fainter.

"Yet she soon realized that, even if she had thrown her pursuers off, she faced what was perhaps a worse danger. The early darkness of midwinter was falling and it promised to be a very cold night. She saw houses at intervals along the river's high banks, but she feared to apply at any of them for shelter. She knew that rural telephone lines ramified the whole country and that it was quite probable every house within a radius of forty miles had been requested to report the appearance of any strangers.

"On and on she skated with slow, measured strokes, for she knew that she must conserve her strength and her wind. The darkness and the silence closed about her until she seemed to be plunging through a black void, with only blacker walls to guide her. A sudden flaw of zero wind lashed her across the face and chilled her to the bone. But all she could do was to wrap her skirt, mufflerlike, round her throat as a sort of reënforcement to her furs, and skate a trifle faster.

"And now she began to realize that she was not only very cold and very tired but that she was ravenously hungry—almost fainting for want of food. She had taken a late and light breakfast, and no luncheon because of her one-fifteen call on Cyrus Hancock. And now it became apparent that somewhere, somehow, she must find food and fire and shelter, or she would surely be dead by morning. Yet in all that wide country of prosperous farms and comfortable summer cottages she knew there was no human habitation at which it would be safe to stop.

"So finally the idea of even a police station, provided it was warm, appealed to her. But the woman who had taught Annie the edition-de-luxe plan had spent a term or two in jail, and had told some stories which made Annie resolve that she would much rather die than be captured.

"And then suddenly it seemed probable that she would die. Just as she was feeling utterly discouraged and exhausted, the runner of her right skate struck a twig that was bedded in the ice and sent her sprawling. Though hurt hardly at all she did not try to rise, but lay there for a moment, dully pleased that the accident had occurred. She was numb with the cold. In a moment more she would lose consciousness and all would come to a painless end."

The speaker paused a moment to take a cigarette from a worn, old silver case and light it at one of the half dozen flaming matches that were almost instantly proffered him. It looked as if several of us were so interested in his story as to be jealous of the slightest interruption.

"There is opportunity here to do a great deal of philosophizing on a human being's singular tenacity of life. But Annie didn't get up and stagger blindly, doggedly onward by reason of any desire for life. She wanted to quit, and some mysterious power wouldn't let her—that was all. She was going somewhere and she couldn't die until she got there.

"The moon's last quarter peered over some low bluffs and then vanished behind higher ones as if discreetly throwing a cloak of darkness about Annie's odd appearance.

"But a mile or so farther along it again offered illumination and Silky Ann saw that she was approaching a boathouse, standing upon the end of a long pier that stretched out into the river like the arresting arm of a crossing cop with outspread hand. There had been plenty of these boathouses along the banks, but something about this one seemed to catch the fugitive's attention. Still, she was for skating past; but a hundred feet beyond the landing, without conscious volition, she turned suddenly, skated back, sat down on the edge of the pier and, with numb fingers, pulled off her skates. Even in her exhaustion, she had the forethought to take her skirt from about her neck and put it on as skirts are made to be worn, for she was now determined to face the inmates of the house that must be on the bank above.

"Mechanically she then started toward the foot of the stairway which zigzagged quaintly up the bank in pleasing harmony, it seemed, with the general design of the boathouse. She carried the skates lest they prove a clew to her enemies, should any of them persist in the pursuit.

"As she gained the top of the bank she saw a double row of elms, graceful as elms are even in their winter bareness, a spacious lawn flecked with snow, and beyond, dim in the moonlight, a low, broad house, with a comfortable-looking wide veranda. The many windows on the second floor were close-shuttered and dark, while those on the main floor were boarded up. Nowhere about the premises was there a glimmer of light.

"Annie went boldly to the front door and pushed the electric button, thinking that in all probability the house sheltered a caretaker. Quite distinctly she heard a bell respond, but it seemed to her that its ring echoed through a house which harbored no human creature. Nevertheless, she waited a minute, two minutes, and then rang again. Then, when there was no response, she went to a window on the east side and boldly pried off several of the boards, using the runner of one skate. With this improvised burglar tool she then attempted to raise the sash. It lifted easily, for the catch was missing. And I shall further astonish you with the information that it was the only window in the house which did lack a catch.

"Did this astonish Annie? Not at all. Does it astonish any one of you when you want to do something and the right way instantly pops into your mind you know not from where? No; you merely reflect on how smart you are.

"Wearily and warily De-Luxe Annie climbed in and drew down the sash. Though the air of the house was clammy, it was not so cold as out-of-doors, and she was glad of the shelter. Turning, she began to walk cautiously through the darkness. After perhaps six or seven steps she thrust out her hand and, without the least groping, encountered a wall matchsafe, half full."

Somebody in the background snorted at this. The storyteller paused a moment and smiled.

"I remember having just that sensation the first time I read Swiss Family Robinson," he remarked. "They seemed to discover everything they needed with such readiness just at the right moment. I know it seems queer that Annie found the matches. Yet does it strike you as strange that you said just the right things instead of any of the millions of wrong things in that discussion you had with X. Y. Z. last week? Annie merely gave voice to some such expression as 'What luck'! Then she took all the matches.

"She lit one and looked about. She was in a big, inviting living room, which appeared very much as if its owners had quitted it for their night's slumber not an hour before, except for the fact that there was a film of dust over everything, and that in the broad fireplace there was cordwood laid on top of chips and kindlings. The latent warmth of those fat, dry logs, waiting to be released by the touch of a match, tempted Annie past careful considerations of safety. But she took the precaution to go out on the veranda by the front door, round to the window by which she had entered, and carefully replace the boards she had pried off.

"Then she returned, closed and locked the door and lit the fire. While it was getting under way she sought the kitchen pantry and inspected the shelves, still cautiously using her matches. In one corner she found several bottles of sweet Catawba. Once more she exclaimed: 'What luck!' She was very fond of sweet Catawba, though at that moment a stimulating drink of any sort would have been most welcome. She also found a tin of zwieback and in one of the drawers a corkscrew. A plate, a wine glass and some napkins completed her discoveries. With them she returned to the fire, which was now burning beautifully,

(Continued on Page 33)

RAISING OUR WAR BABIES

WEAR WHITE—By JAMES H. COLLINS

THE very first war baby left on Uncle Sam's doorstep was our dye industry. It sent up the first lusty yell for attention and has been yelling ever since. If good lungs and the ability to keep its nurses busy and the neighbors awake are any indication of vitality this infant industry ought to grow up.

Almost before the great war got under way, while housewives were raiding grocery stores for flour and sugar in the first apprehension of coming change, and long before the munitions question was dreamed of, American textile manufacturers foresaw a scarcity of dyes. That was one of the most obvious issues in sight. For years all the big textile countries had been getting their dyes from Germany. Coal-tar colors lay right in the German industrial genius. An English chemist had extracted the first aniline color, but it took the German gift for research and organization to develop aniline dyes into a great business. Backed by the German system of government-supported trusts they drove out all the older dyestuffs and conquered the markets of the world.

When the danger of shortage was seen in this country steps were taken to secure an ample supply of dyes for our mills. Washington entered into some diplomatic dealings and, with the consent of other governments, the German color factories were permitted to send us a cargo of dyes on a neutral ship.

But just at this point politics entered. The Germans started it. They undertook to play politics with that cargo. Instead of sending over enough dyes to last us a year or more, they shipped less than the usual quantities needed here in times of peace. Their idea was to help our mills run comfortably on textiles for our home trade, but prevent the making of goods with which to capture their own textile trade in foreign lands. The Germans are very capable people in many ways, but some malicious jinx seems to tangle up their political schemes—the result was merely to advertise our pressing need for dye factories here at home. By and by the special shipments from Germany stopped altogether.

We had a dye factory here and there in the United States, making a very limited range of coal-tar colors. Everybody urged, in a general way, that these factories make more colors, increase their output, and so on; and that other factories be started. The American dye makers explained that this would take time and capital. Before investors put their money into such a new industry they must be certain that there would be protection against the Germans when the war stopped. That meant tariff and brought the issue into politics. The textile manufacturers got behind the dye makers and went into politics too. Then the Administration at Washington began to consider the matter of dyes.

The Administration is against protection as a policy. It produced figures and lists of factories to show that our dye industry was really in a thriving state, and announced some new processes discovered by our inventors which would presently yield a bountiful supply of dyes so cheaply that even the Germans could not compete. People who understand the dye business say there has been considerable juggling as well as publicity seeking by the Washington authorities. All this agitation made fine advertising, and, of course, the questionable promoter followed it up closely with new dye companies in which the innocent investor could place money and get rich.

The Growing Shortage of Colors

AND so it went. If a baby yells just for exercise, then this dye baby is surely going to have wonderful lungs if it never has anything else.

Last summer you wore white socks and stockings, because they seemed to be the fashion and were clean and a novelty. That was really the first effect of the dye shortage upon you as a consumer.

This summer you will probably wear white hosiery again, and also white shirts and frocks. If the war lasts another year white may be the prevailing thing in many other articles. Or, if your shirt or frock has a colored pattern, the dye may be neither permanent nor of a very attractive shade.

Do you like a dash of color in neckties and ribbons? Perhaps you buy these things impressionistically, as they strike your fancy in the shop windows—certain novelties reach out and attract you by their color schemes, and you take them home. Have you noticed how, lately, the neckties and ribbons are becoming less interesting? Not so many of them speak up and ask you to take them home. This is due to dye shortage—the range of colors is narrowing down every day. Are you finicky about matching fabrics to get the exact shade in some harmonious color? Before the year ends, newspaper jokes about matching colors will rest largely on tradition, because there will be a limited choice in most fabrics.

Look at your daily paper, which used to be so white and crisp. Is it not yellowish and mottled? That is color shortage. Paper is "blued" white, like clothes, and there is very little blue tint left to mix with paper pulp. Do you admire the fine color printing in magazines? Color shortage will soon affect that, limiting the range; for German aniline products enter widely into printing inks. Have you noticed any fading in the red of the two-cent postage stamp? It is not so good a red as it used to be, on account of color shortage, and Uncle Sam wonders whether he might not get a little shipment for this purpose from Germany through diplomatic channels.

You will see the same changes in paints, leather, cardboard, cover papers, pasteboard boxes, lithographed tin articles, books, wall paper, wall tints, typewriter ribbons, carbon paper, and everything into which color enters. Even trifles like shoeblacking will be affected in quality or price. Even the leopard may now have to change its spots.

These things will touch you in two ways—as a consumer and as a producer. From the consumer standpoint probably you can take them philosophically, like a certain importer who was complaining about the war difficulties in his line, one that has nothing to do with color. Materials were scarce and outrageously high, he said; ships almost unobtainable, foreign sellers holding off for speculative profits. His particular hardships filled his mind, and by way of consolation the situation in the woolen trade was outlined.

"Some of the woolen mills are reducing their output because it is impossible to get dyes."

"Oh, well," said the importer easily, "that ought not to make much difference. If people can't get colored clothes let them wear wool in its natural color. Why, the color of a sheep's wool is very pleasing in itself!"

Thus saith the consumer, and that is his general attitude. But when dye shortage touches you as a producer it will quickly pass beyond fashion and whim. Already it is taking wages out of pay envelopes, reducing factory output and limiting the merchant's sales. All through our textile centers there is machinery standing idle, and mills are working part time. Right at the door waits a demand almost without precedent for fabrics, for our domestic trade is booming and other nations are turning to us for goods. There are raw wool, cotton and silk to make cloth—somewhat high in price, to be sure, yet fairly plentiful. There are workers ready to run the machines and glad to have employment; but there are hardly any dyes with which to finish fabrics after they have been woven, and in many cases there seems to be no way of getting along without dyes.

It is hard to make the man in the street understand that such an apparent trifle can stop production. All sorts of rough-and-ready solutions are offered to meet the problem; but, as the horse was lost for want of a single shoe-nail, so industry is checked by this lack of a single essential.

The Dyes of Old Times

"GOODNESS me!" says the man in the street. "What did we do before the Germans made coal-tar dyes? Can't we go back to old-fashioned coloring materials?"

Suppose we go back a bit in fancy and see what that suggestion leads to.

A generation ago most of the dyeing was done with vegetable and animal products. There was indigo, a plant raised extensively in India, for blues. At one time we had a thriving indigo crop in North Carolina. Maybe you wore waists or dresses of the deep, dull calico known as "Dutch cloth" when you were a child; that was indigo dye in its characteristic effect. Other vegetable dyes were obtained from madder, logwood, fustic, and so on; and in animal colors a typical material was cochineal, obtained from a tiny insect, with which the scratchy red flannel underwear of your youth was dyed. These were fast dyes, and before them our grandfathers used other things not so lasting. The "butternut" clothes of Colonial times, now only a term in books to most of us, were dyed with butternut hulls—they gave a good color; but if your Sunday suit had been dyed in that way it would not do to be caught out in the rain, because the dye ran.

The first aniline colors were conspicuous for their brightness. Nothing so brilliant had been known before. But they were also very fugitive; and, for years after the Germans made them fast to light and washing, the canny housewife, buying piece goods, regarded aniline dye with suspicion. The Germans, however, organized scientific research on a factory basis, perfecting and making fast one color after another. The early fading magentas and aniline blues were superseded by the alizarine colors first—blue, green, indigo, orange, maroon and brown being made fast between 1878 and 1888, and finally a fast alizarine black; then anthracene and indanthrene colors of greater uniformity, stability and simplicity. As the new series and shades were brought out the old dyestuffs disappeared. Among the last to go were logwood and indigo, and with the introduction of synthetic indigo the indigo industry in India quickly shrank to one-fifth of its old proportions.

Going back to the old dyestuffs is not easy to-day. When the war broke out in 1914 there were hardly half a dozen barrels of cochineal in our Eastern textile centers, and these were dug up almost as a curiosity. India's exports of indigo had shrunk to almost nothing, and so had logwood, madder, and like materials. These things require manipulation to turn them into dyes. The old plants for that work

have largely been abandoned. The color shortage has led to some revival of planting and extracting. India is raising bigger crops of indigo. Logwood is being sought in the West Indies. The few extracting plants in this country are running night and day. But it would take several years to restore these industries, and little capital is going into them, because they must simply die once more when the war ends and coal-tar dyes are available.

"Why don't our chemists develop coal-tar dyes?" asks the man in the street. "What is the matter with American chemists anyway?"

And the answer to that question involves a brief glimpse into the nature of coal-tar products. These are as complicated as a royal family tree. Let us follow the trunk and main branches with a German chemist, Doctor Hesse.

You start with coal. Every hundred parts of coal contains seventy-two parts of coke, twenty-two parts of gas, and six parts of coal tar. You put the coal through a by-product coke oven that recovers the coal tar, getting a hundred and twenty pounds of the latter from each ton of coal, in the form of liquids and solids.

Chemists have found a hundred and fifty-five distinct substances in coal tar, divided into six series: Benzol series, seventy-three; naphthalene series, fourteen; anthracene series, five; phenanthrene series, five; marsh gas series, forty-five; miscellaneous, thirteen. These substances can all be reduced to just five elements: Carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, sulphur. The chemist regroups them according to elemental combinations and gets five groups, containing ninety-two compounds. Out of these compounds he finds nine available for coal-tar dyes. They are: Benzol, toluol, xylol, phenol, naphthalene, anthracene, methyl anthracene, phenanthrene, carbazol. These compounds are called "crudes."

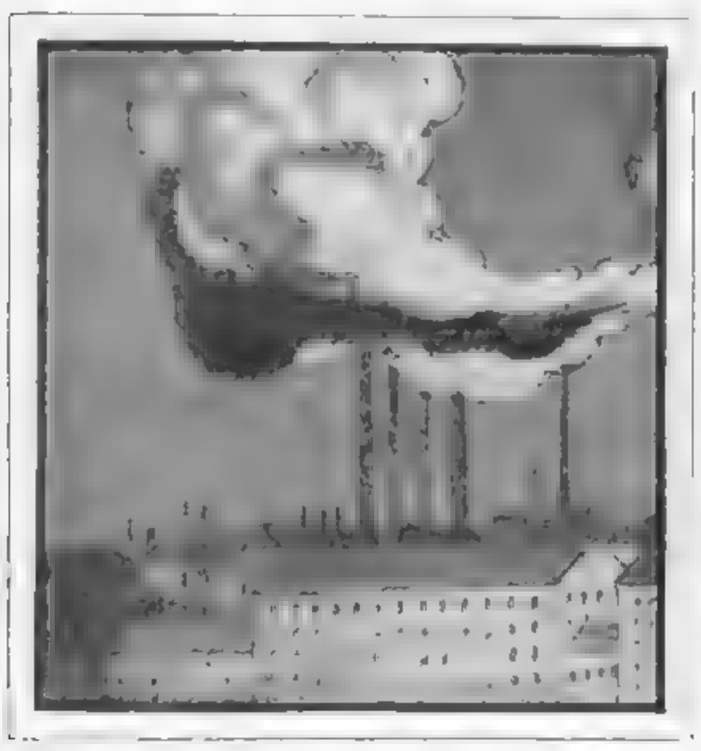
Germany's Leadership in Coal Tar

THERE are four distinct steps in the making of coal-tar dyes. First, you extract your tar. Then you turn the tar into these nine crudes. Then the nine crudes are turned into three hundred different intermediates, like aniline oil, which are not dyes themselves, but simply dye materials. Finally you get dyes from the intermediates. More than nine hundred finished dyes have been developed by the Germans to date. From these, again, they market somewhere round ten thousand shades and brands for different purposes.

Six months before the war started a large delegation of German chemists visited the United States to attend a technical congress, and parties scattered on trips to see all we had of interest in their line—how we refine petroleum; make sulphuric acid from copper-smelter gases; pump hot sulphur from the ground, and so on. Some of them wanted to pick up technical points from our coal-tar industry. But they found here none of the close working of coal tar familiar in Germany. One of the good professors summed up results as follows: "The so-called coal-tar trip," he reported, "which was taken by twenty-three chemists, employed either in German dyestuff works or in allied industries, owes its name, not to the objective point of the trip but rather to the character of the activities pursued by the tourists when at home."

In other words, we had no coal-tar industry. About the most important thing in that line until very recently has been our utilization of coal-tar pitches for roofing paper.

Maybe the Germans would have been interested in one of our subterranean coal-tar mines. For many years the coal tar from gas making in a big Eastern city was run into the river as waste. When American enterprise, in the bigness of its sweep, found time to utilize coal tar, some engineers went hunting for this wasted material in the belief that it had formed deposits in the lowest parts of the river bed. Sure enough, there it was, in pockets scattered as far as fifteen miles below the town. They let down pipes and began pumping it up.



Some years ago the price of gasoline rose suddenly in Germany. The Germans know all about Rockefeller and immediately blamed him. Prince Henry, of Prussia, advised motorists to beat Rockefeller and the Yankees by using benzol instead of gasoline. Benzol is made there from coal tar on a large scale, and is a good motor spirit at about half the price of gasoline, besides being the basis of aniline oil, a most important dye material. At that time the United States was producing benzol from coal tar, but in a moderate way. Millions upon millions of gallons of this and allied coal-tar products were escaping as smoke from old-fashioned coke ovens. A little later the price of gasoline rose here, and there was a flurry of popular interest in benzol. Some plants were installed for its recovery; but presently the price of gasoline dropped again and interest waned.

Benzol is used in making high explosives. When the war broke out its price rose from ten or twenty cents a gallon to seventy and eighty. There was a tremendous demand for recovery apparatus with us, and during 1915 we made many millions of gallons of benzol, as well as toluol, naphthalene and other coal-tar dye bases. This industry has been financed with characteristic American largeness. Taking the phenomenal war prices as a basis, manufacturers are making their new recovery plants pay for themselves outright in one year. Before the end of 1916 most of these plants will be ready to run without capital charges, and it is estimated that when the war ends we can sell benzol for automobiles at ten cents a gallon and, besides, have abundant raw materials for dyes.

Washington has published such facts optimistically to prove that American genius is developing a coal-tar industry easily.

But, alas! these crude bases of coal-tar dyes are far from the pattern in your shirt or the beautiful color of your automobile. They must be turned into intermediates, and these into the ten thousand colors of the German coal-tar rainbow. Not coal-tar crudes alone are needed, but reagents such as sulphuric acid, carbolic acid, gallic acid, nitric acid, sulphuric anhydride, hydrochloric acid, soda, chlorine, and so on.

Just now there is a good deal of talk about the cheapness of German dyes. The making of coal-tar colors goes hand in hand with the making of materials for explosives. One depends upon the other for business success. German dye works have been running day and night on explosive ingredients, and it is predicted that when the war ends they will flood the world with dyes that have been made as by-products. Profits on explosive materials have more than paid for these dyes, it is argued, and the Germans could afford to give them away to hold their trade.

That may be true enough; but the real strength in German dye competition is quality, not cheapness. Their vast range of colors and shades represents forty years of development and a scientific organization so perfect that the individual American dye concern, with two or three chemists laboring to develop a few of the commoner colors, is about like the country blacksmith pitting himself against the men and resources of the Steel Trust.

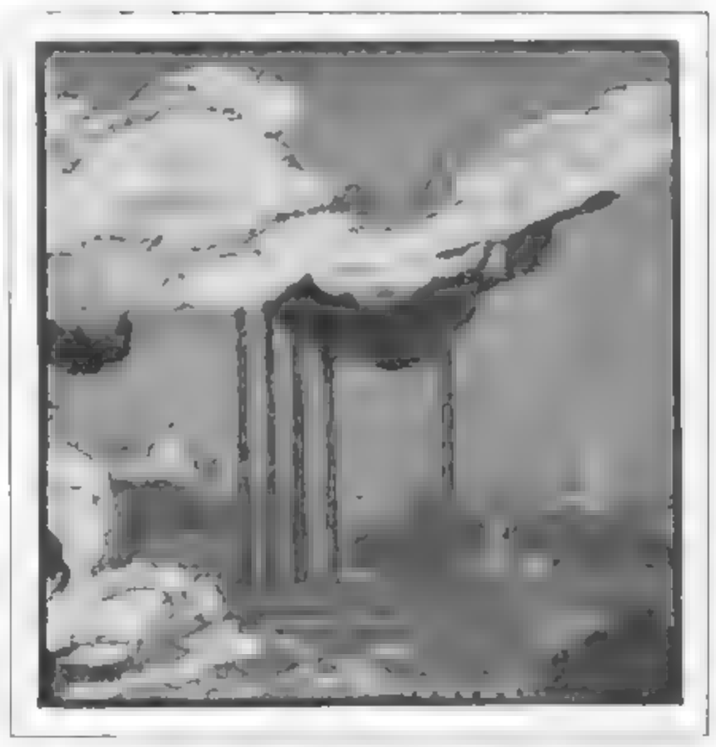
Many of the best German dyes are patented. France and England have confiscated these patents, because they are at war with Germany and are, therefore, free to make the dyes—if they can. But we are not at war with Germany, and so her patents hold good here.

The Germans have a knack at producing new things in colors to meet competition. About 1900 the patents on German alizarine colors expired, and in this country and England manufacturers began to make them, in the belief that a monopoly had been abolished. But the Germans immediately introduced the new patented acid alizarines, which were so superior that the old colors were no longer wanted. With alizarines it was necessary to use a mordant, putting goods through two processes, while with the acid alizarines a single process sufficed, the mordant not being used.

It is in making the thousands of pretty shades, as well as the new and novel dyes, that our manufacturers are finding difficulties.

Some large figures of American production are being quoted to show that all is going well—for example, that we are now turning out from ten thousand to thirteen thousand tons of dyes and intermediates a year, and that our total consumption before the war was only two or three times that. But our output is confined to a very few colors for a limited range of fabrics. Most of it is sulphur black. We did not make even this before the war, but now one concern has reached a capacity of a thousand tons a year. As we use more than twice that quantity, it is not astonishing to learn that this concern's output is all sold on contracts ahead. The same company is also making a few colors.

Another company is making some acid colors. A third is just ready to supply about five thousand pounds of indigo paste daily. But the industry is hampered by lack of technical skill, lack of special materials, lack of machinery,



lack of capital. For instance, oleum is high-strength sulphuric acid. Before the war it sold for thirty or forty dollars a ton. To-day it brings two hundred dollars—when you can get it. Oleum is used both in dyes and explosives. In competition for this and like materials the manufacturers of explosives usually pay the price that gets them. The machinery shortage is acute in every line, and capital for dye concerns is hard to obtain, because future prospects are not such as to inspire confidence.

In building up their dye business the Germans have been helped greatly by our American love of novelties; and, now that their dyes are no longer obtainable, it is in the novelties that business suffers most.

When a certain new shade of purple reaches out from a shop window and persuades you to buy a necktie, you have been influenced by the factor of fascination in goods. When your wife buys a new dress she is probably affected in the same way. She wants a new dress, not because the old one is worn out but because she is tired of the old color. If there were not this factor of fascination in color you would both get along without the new necktie and dress.

People in Europe are not such good customers for novelties as we Americans. Incomes are not so large; so they do not have the money to spend. Climate is against dainty new things. The Englishman cannot keep a crease in his trousers, because his climate is too damp; and for the same reason he sticks to a narrower range of color in his clothes. In the American's readiness to use the latest dyes the Germans have found the best impetus for making novelties. When attractive new shades were introduced, and while the prices were still stiff, the American manufacturer took them up, not merely for neckties and dress materials, but for curtains, carpets, tapestries and other heavy fabrics, using the new colors to put fascination into his line. German research has thus had behind it this Yankee demand for "selling punch."

How the Retailer Is Affected

WHEN one understands this it requires little imagination to see how dye shortage must affect producers and traders right down the line. The manufacturer cannot originate those novelties that brighten up his season's output and give his salesmen levers with which to move the staples; and so some of his plant stands idle and some of his employees must be laid off. The retailer will not have novelties to stimulate trade. His window no longer catches your eye or touches your pocketbook, because the element of fascination in goods is absent.

Some optimists refuse to be downcast by this state of affairs.

"If all the manufacturers are forced to get along without fancy colors," they reason placidly, "then they are on the same footing and one has no competitive advantage over another."

But the plain truth is that people will buy fewer goods, and these hopeful fellows are usually outside the industries affected by color shortage. Such arguments do not bring much comfort to the mill town with idle facilities.

Moreover, we have undoubtedly missed much export business in textiles by reason of the dye shortage, and development of foreign trade will be more difficult as the war goes on. If England or France had possessed solid dye industries they would have distanced us in export trade and put us at a disadvantage in textiles at home.

The whole world is being scoured for dyestuffs. It was quickly found that China had quantities of German indigo and other coal-tar colors, and these have been bought up by our manufacturers, the Chinaman taking high prices and settling down philosophically to a few seasons of white wear. What does fascination in merchandise mean to a Chinaman? *(Concluded on Page 56)*

WHAT IS COMING—By H. G. Wells

The Lawyer in Politics

THE riddle of administration is the most subtle of all those that the would-be prophet of the things that are coming must attempt. We see the great modern states confronted now by vast and urgent necessities, by opportunities that may never recur. Individualism has achieved its inevitable failure; "go as you please," in a world that also contained aggressive militarism, has broken down. Great Britain, all Europe, lives in a world of improvised factories, commandeered railways, substituted labor and emergency arrangements. Our vague-minded, lax, modern democracy has to pull itself together, has to take over and administer and succeed with a great system of collective functions, has to express its collective will in some better terms than "go as you please," or fail.

And we find the affairs of nearly every great democratic state in the hands of a class of men not specially adapted to any such constructive or administrative work.

I am writing here now chiefly of the Western Allies. Russia is peculiar in having her administrative machine much more highly developed in relation to her general national life than the free democratic countries. She has to make a bureaucracy that has not hitherto been a byword for efficiency into a bureaucracy that will be constructive, responsive, liberal, scientific and efficient; the Western countries have to do the same with that oligarchy of politicians which, as Professor Michels has recently pointed out in his striking book on Political Parties, is the reality of democratic government. By different methods the Eastern and Western powers have to attain a common end. Both bureaucracy and pseudo-democratic oligarchy have to accomplish an identical task, to cement the pacific alliances of the Pledged Allies and to socialize their common industrial and economic life so as to make it invulnerable to foreign attack.

Now in Great Britain, which is the democracy that has been most under the close observation of the present prophet, there is at present a great outcry against the politician, and more particularly against the lawyer-politician. He is our embarrassment. In him we personify all our difficulties. Let us consider the charges against this individual. Let us ask, Can we do without him? And let us further see what chances there may be of so altering, qualifying or balancing him as to minimize the evil of his influence. To begin with, let us run over the essentials of the charge against him.

Overpaid Jurists

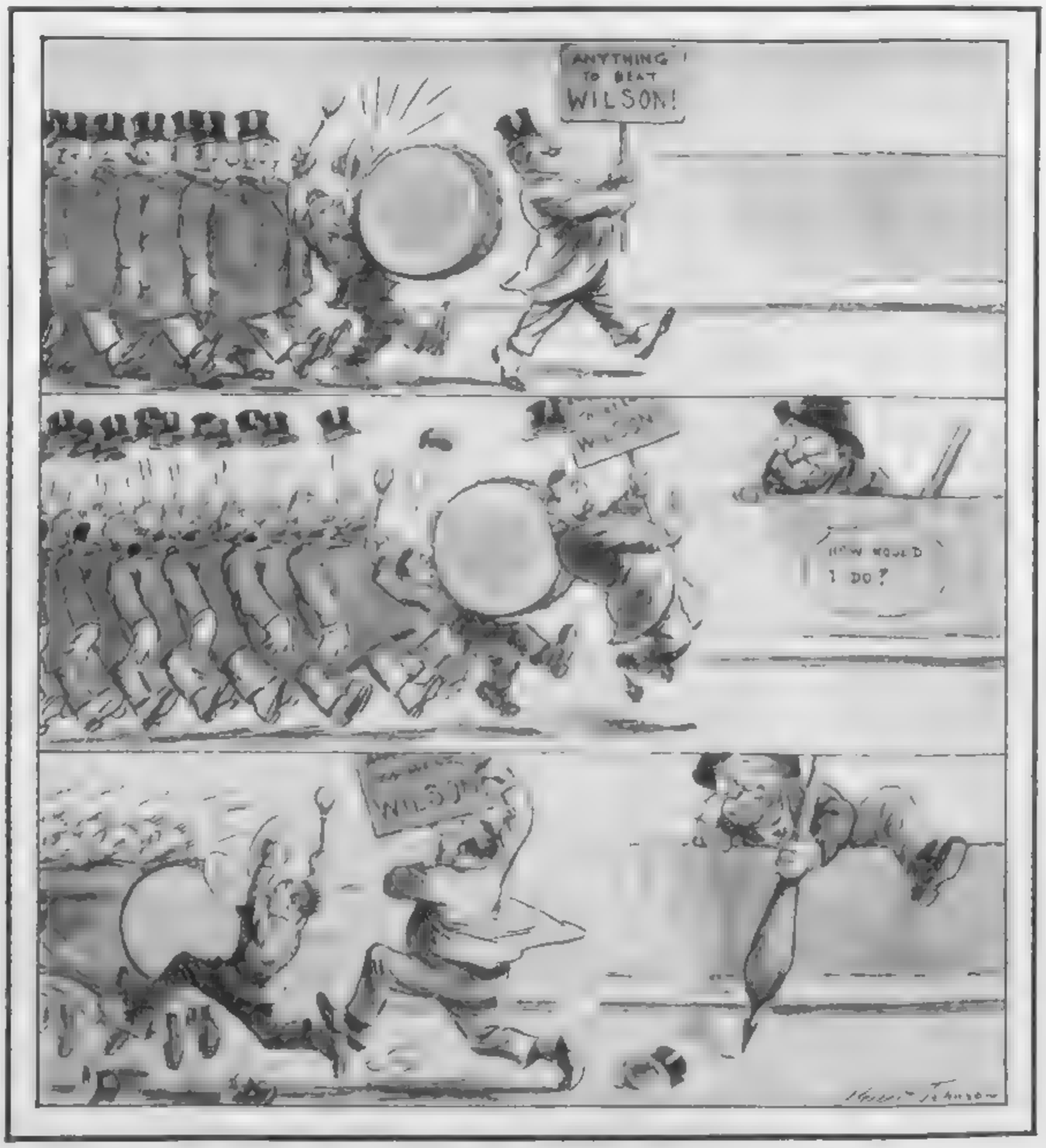
IT IS with a modest blush that the present prophet recapitulates these charges. So early as the year 1902 he was lifting up his voice, not exactly in the wilderness but at least in the Royal Institution, against the legal as compared with the creative or futurist type of mind. The legal mind, he insisted, looks necessarily to the past. It is dilatory because it has no sense of coming things, it is uninventive and wasteful, it does not create, it takes advantage. It is the type of mind least able, under any circumstances, to organize great businesses, to plan campaigns, to adventure or achieve. "Wait and see" crystallizes its spirit. Its resistance is admirable and it has no "go." Nevertheless, there is a tendency for power to gravitate in all democratic countries to the lawyer.

In the British system the normal faults of the lawyer are enhanced and his predominance intensified by certain peculiarities of our system. In the first place, he belongs to a guild of exceptional power. It happens that the unfortunate course was taken ages ago of bribing the whole legal profession to be honest. The British judges and law officers are stupendously overpaid in order to make them incorruptible. We have squared the whole profession to be individually unbribable. The judges, moreover, in the Anglo-Saxon communities are appointed from among the leading barristers, an arrangement that a child can see is demoralizing and inadvisable. And in Great Britain all the greatest salaries in the government service are reserved for the legal profession. The greatest prizes, therefore, before an energetic young man who has to make his way in Great Britain are the legal prizes, and his line of advancement to these lies for all the best years of his life not through the public service but through the private practice of advocacy. The higher education, such as it is, in Great Britain produces, under the stimulus of these conditions, an advocate as its finest flower. To go from the posing and chatter of the Union Debating Society to a university laboratory is, in Britain, to renounce ambition. Few men of exceptional energy will do that.

The national consequences of this state of affairs have been only too manifest throughout the conduct of the war. The British Government has developed all the strength and all the weakness of the great profession it represents. It has been uninventive, dilatory and without initiative; it has been wasteful and evasive; but it has not been wanting in a certain eloquence and dignity, it has been wary and shrewd, and it has held onto office with the concentrated skill and determination of a sucker fish. And the British mind, with a concentration and intensity unprecedented before the war, is speculating how it can contrive to get a different sort of ruler and administrator at work upon its affairs.

There is a disposition in the press and much of the private talk one hears to get rid of lawyers from the control of national affairs altogether, to substitute business men or scientific men or experts. That way lies dictatorship and Cæsarism. And even Great Britain is not so heedless of the experiences of other nations as to attempt again what has already been so abundantly worked out in national disaster across the Channel. The essential business of government is to deal between man and man; it is not to manage the national affairs in detail, but to secure the proper managers, investigators, administrators, generals, and so forth, to maintain their efficiency and keep the balance between them. We cannot do without a special class of men for these interventions and controls. In other words, we cannot do without a special class of politicians. They may be elected by a public or appointed by an autocrat; at some point they have to come in. And this business of intervening between men and classes and departments in public life, and getting them to work together, is so closely akin to the proper work of a lawyer in dealing between men and men that, unless the latter are absolutely barred from becoming the former, it is almost unavoidable that politicians should be drawn more abundantly from the lawyer class than from any other class in the community.

This is so much the case that when the London Times turns in despair from a government of lawyers and looks about for an alternative, the first figure that presents itself is that distinguished advocate, Sir Edward Carson!



The Medieval Methods of the Law

BUT there is a difference between recognizing that some sort of lawyer-politician is unavoidable, and agreeing that the existing type of lawyer, who is so largely accountable for the massive slowness, the confused action, the slovenliness rather than the weakness of purpose shown by Great Britain in this war, is the only possible type. The British system of education and legal organization is not the last word of human wisdom in these matters.

The real case we British have against our lawyers is, if I may adopt an expressive colloquialism, not that they are lawyers, but that they are such infernal lawyers. They trail into modern life most of the faults of a medieval guild. They seem to have no sense of the state they could develop, no sense of the future they might control. Their law and procedure have never been remodeled upon the framework of modern ideas; their minds are still set to the tune of medieval bickerings, traditionalism and state blindness. They are mystery dealers; almost unanimously they have resisted giving the common man the protection of a code. In Great Britain we have had no Napoleon to take the professors by the throat. It is extraordinary how complete has been their preservation of barbaric conceptions. Even the doctor is now largely emancipated from his archaic limitations as a skilled retainer. He thinks more and more of the public health, and less and less of his patron. The more recent a profession, the less there is of the individualistic personal reference; scientific research, for example, disavows and forbids every personal reference. But while everyone would be shocked at some great doctor in these days of urgent necessity spending two or three weeks on the minor ailments of some rich person's lapdog, nobody is scandalized at the spectacle of Sir Edward Carson and a costly law court spending long days upon the sordid disputes that center upon young Master Slingsby's ear, whether it is the Slingsby family ear or the ear of a supposititious child. Our standard for the lawyer is older and lower than it is for other men.

There is no more reason nowadays why a lawyer should

look to advocacy as a proper use of his knowledge than that a doctor should make private poisoning the lucrative side of his profession. There is no reason why a court of law should ignore the plain right of the commonweal to intervene in every case between man and man. There is every reason why trivial disputes about wills and legitimacy should not be wasting our national resources at the present time when nearly every other form of waste is being restrained. The sound case against the legal profession in Anglo-Saxon countries is, not that it is unnecessary but that it is almost incredibly antiquated, almost incredibly careless of the public well-being, and that it tends to corrupt or dwarf or destroy the men who enter it.

Our urgent need is not so much to get rid of the lawyer from our affairs as to get rid of the wig-and-gown spirit and of the special pleader, and to find and develop the new lawyer—the lawyer who is not an advocate, who is not afraid of a code, who has had some scientific education, and whose imagination has been quickened by the realization of life as creative opportunity. We want to emancipate this profession from its ancient guild restrictions—the most anti-social and disastrous of all such restrictions—to destroy its disgraceful traditions of overpayment and fee-snatching, to insist upon a scientific philosophical training for its practitioners, to make the practice of advocacy a fall from grace, and to bar professional advocates from the bench.

No observer of the general trend of events in Europe will get any real grasp of what is happening until he realizes the cardinal importance of the reactions that center upon this question. The current development of political institutions and the possible development of a new spirit and method in the legal profession are so intimately interwoven as to be practically one and the same question. The international question is, Can we get a new Germany? The national question everywhere is, Can we get a better politician?

The widely prevalent discontent with the part played by the lawyer in the affairs of all the Western Allies is certain to develop into a vigorous agitation for legal reconstruction. In the case of every other great trade union the war has exacted profound and vital concessions. The British workingmen, for example, have abandoned scores of protective restrictions upon women's labor, upon unskilled labor, for which they have fought for generations; they have submitted to a virtual serfdom that the nation's needs might be supplied; the medical profession has sent almost too large a proportion of its members to the front; the scientific men, the writers, have been begging to be used in any capacity, at any price or none; the ministry of munitions is full of unpaid workers, and so on. It is the British legal profession and trade union alone that has made no sign of any disposition to relax its elaborate restrictions upon the labor of amateurs and women, or to abate one jot or one tittle of its habitual rewards. There has been no attempt to reduce the costly law officers of the government, for example, or to call in the help of older men to release law officers who are of military experience or age.

And I must admit that there are small signs of the advent of the new lawyer, at whose possibility I have just flung a hopeful glance, to replace the existing mass of medieval unsoundness. Barristers seem to age prematurely at least in Great Britain—unless they are born old; in the legal profession one hears nothing of "the young," one hears only of "smart juniors." Reform and progressive criticism in the legal profession, unlike all other professions, seem to be the monopoly of the retired.

Nevertheless, Great Britain is as yet only beginning to feel the real stresses of the war; she is coming into the full strain a year behind France, Germany and Russia; and after the war there lies the possibility of still more violent stresses; so that what is as yet a mere cloud of criticism and resentment at our lawyer-politicians and privileged legal profession may gather to a great storm before 1918 or 1919. I am inclined to foretell as one most highly probable development of the present vague but very considerable revolt against the lawyer in British public life, first, some clumsy proposals or even attempts to leave him out and use business men, soldiers, admirals, dictators or men of science in his place—which is rather like throwing away a blottesque fountain pen and trying to write with a walking stick or a revolver or a flashlight; and then, when that is found to be impossible, a resolute attempt to clean and reconstitute the legal profession on modern and more honorable lines: a movement into which quite possibly a number of the younger British lawyers, so soon as they realize that the movement is good enough to risk careers upon, may throw themselves. A large share in such a reform movement, if it occurs, will be brought about by the press; by which I mean not simply the periodical press but all books and contemporary discussion. It is only by the natural playing off of press against lawyer-politician that democratic states can ever come to their own.

And that brings me to the second part of this question, which is whether, quite apart from the possible reform and spiritual rebirth of the legal profession, there is not also the possibility of balancing and correcting its influence. In ancient Hebrew history—it may be a warning rather than a precedent—there were two great forces: one formal, conservative and corrupting, the other undisciplined, creative and destructive. The first was the priest; the second, the prophet. Their interaction is being extraordinarily paralleled in the Anglo-Saxon democracies by the interaction of lawyer-politician and press to-day. If the lawyer-politician is unavoidable, the press is indispensable. It is not in the clash and maneuvers and mutual correction of party, but in the essential conflict of political authority, on the one hand, and press on the other, that the future of democratic government apparently lies. In the clearer, simpler case of France, a less wealthy and finer and more modern type of lawyer interacts with a less impersonal press. It is in the great contrasts and the essential parallelism of the French and the Anglo-Saxon democratic systems that one finds the best practical reason for anticipating very profound changes in these two inevitables of democracy, the press and the lawyer-politician, and for assuming that the method of democracy has still a vast range of experimental adjustment between them still untried. Such experimental adjustment will be the chief necessity and business of political life in every country of the world for the next few decades.

The lawyer-politician and the press are, as it were, the right and left hands of a modern democracy. The war has brought this out clearly. It has ruptured the long-weakened bonds that once linked this and that newspaper with this and that party. For years the press of all the Western democracies has been drifting slowly away from the tradition—it lasted longest and was developed most completely in Great Britain—that newspapers were party organs.

In the novels of Disraeli the press appears as an ambiguously helpful person who is asked out to dinner, who is even admitted to week-end conferences, by the political great. He takes his orders from the Whig peers or the Tory peers. At his greatest he advises them respectfully. But that was in the closing days of the British oligarchy; that was before modern democracy had begun to produce its characteristic political forms. It is not so very much more than a century before Great Britain had her first lawyer prime minister. Through all the Napoleonic wars she was still a country ruled by great feudal landlords and gentlemen adventurers associated with them. The lawyers came to their own only at the close of the great Victorian duet of Disraeli and Gladstone, the last of the political gentlemen adventurers. It is only now, in the jolts and dissatisfactions of this war, that Great Britain rubs her eyes and looks at her government as it is.

The old oligarchy established the tradition of her diplomacy. Illiberal at home, it was liberal abroad. Great Britain was the defender of nationality, of constitutionalism, and the balance of power against the Holy Alliance.

(Concluded on Page 45)

HIS FOLKS

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

WHENEVER the ball players get together and the Do-you-remember? stuff begins to fly, someone is sure to mention Elmer Hickey. They all remember two things about Elmer—the best and the worst of him:

"Gee, what a cracking good pitcher he was!"

"Yes, and what a worthless hound!"

It took Elmer quite a long time to make his reputation as a pitcher; it took him less than two hours to lose his reputation as a man. It happened in the ball park at Cedarville—I was catching him that day and saw the whole thing, so I know what the boys are thinking about when they say that Elmer Hickey was no good.

They never say anything about how he got his self-respect back again, or what a price he paid for that Cedarville exhibition, first and last. No; they overlook that part of it. Hickey did the meanest and cruelest thing a man can do—did it publicly; but he paid for it—Lord, how he paid!

If anybody is qualified to come through with the dead level and the low-down on Elmer, I'm the one for the job. I was first-string catcher for the old Blues when Elmer strayed in from the tall grass, totally ignorant of everything under the sun but the knack of putting a lot of stuff on a baseball.

I looked Elmer over then and sized him up, and I'm willing to let my first bet ride. The boy had a strong arm, and that was the best of him; he had a weak character, and that was the worst of him. What's more, I claim that Elmer's biggest mistake wasn't the one he made at Cedarville before six thousand witnesses. His prize bloomer was pulled in Hoboken before three witnesses—and one of 'em a justice of the peace. If Elmer hadn't let that woman marry him the Cedarville thing never would have happened.

I never took a matrimonial chance myself and maybe I'm not qualified to talk, but my notion is that the only things wrong with marriage are some of the folks who go dashing into it with their eyes shut. The right sort of wife could have made a fair imitation of the right sort of man out of Hickey, even if he didn't have any more chin than a Belgian hare; but theirs was a case of two wrongs not making one right. She made him worse than he was on the start.

Now you can take putty and work it into almost any shape, and if you stay with it long enough and keep patting it here and pinching it there, and propping it up somewhere else so it won't slump, the time will come when it will stand up by itself. Let it get good and hard, and you can give it a coat of bronze paint and call it copper—and get away with it, too, unless somebody scratches too deep.

Now Elmer was putty, and mighty soft putty at that, and Mrs. Hickey made the mistake of slapping a coat of paint on him right off the reel, without waiting to shape him up. She was more interested in having him look good than in having him be good, and the result was something that walked on two legs, wore stylish clothes and tied its neckties properly. She forgot that the tailor doesn't build a backbone into a suit, and in the end this made it tough for all hands—but we're not at the end now; this is only the beginning.

Probably Elmer's pay check was the real cause of all his trouble. You see, before he came to us he had never pitched professional ball and nobody had any strings on him. He was a free agent, and being a free agent—with the goods to deliver—is better than having a license to steal. Somebody had sense enough to tell Elmer to hold out until the bids were all in, which accounts for his getting four thousand big iron men for his first season's work, instead of fifteen hundred, like the rest of the hush heavers.

Some of the old pitchers were a little sore at first, but not one of 'em could truthfully say that Elmer wasn't worth every cent of four thousand to the club. He had one of the braided rawhide arms that you read about, guaranteed not to rip, ravel or bust out at the seams, and he could pitch all day and every day if he had to. He was a hog for work—always ready to hop in and take anybody's turn or pull a game out of the fire; and, while he didn't have a head to match his arm, he really didn't need one. I caught him most of the time, and if I do say it—but I guess I won't. You can draw your own conclusions.

All Elmer needed to know was where to put 'em, what to put on 'em, and how many were out. Stake him to that much information and no club in the league could figure him a cinch. All batters looked alike to him—I don't believe he ever took a slant at the averages; and he could find the corners of the plate as well with the bases loaded as when they were empty. He was surely a great mechanical pitcher; but when you have said that you can let your voice fall.

Personally Elmer set no joy bells ringing when he joined the club. He wore a little basket whittled out of a peach seed for a watch charm and nobody had ever tapped him that red flannel had gone out of style. His technic at the table was very much on the bush order, and the only use he had for a fork was to hold something down while he worked on it with his knife. The man who sat next to him on the right was liable to get Elmer's elbow in his ear. Give him a nice thick soup, shut your eyes, and you'd swear the noise was made by a cow walking through a swamp.

"Who is this bird?" says old Pete Potter to me the first meal Elmer had with us.

"His name's Hickey," says I.

"Hickey, eh? Huh! One syllable too many!"

And that was the way we all felt about him. Elmer didn't really belong. He wasn't the sort to jump in and harvest a crop of friends and enemies—it takes a positive fellow to do that, and Elmer wasn't positive about anything. Rather than have an argument, he would agree with anybody—a colorless, chinless, pro-neutral bird from away up the creek—a bird that flocked by himself and nobody cared whether he was lonesome or not. Outside of his pitching he was a deuce in a deck of face cards.

To make it more abundant, Elmer was the original penny-pincher. He couldn't have paid the first instalment on a loaf of bread when he joined, but after the first pay day he was never broke. At the end of the season he had a roll that wouldn't go into a tomato can and always carried

it with him. Once he got reckless and bought five beers, reminding us three times that we were drinking with him. Now I don't think a man ought to be a spendthrift in order to be a good fellow, but a ball player getting four thousand a year shouldn't three-sheet himself every time he lets go of a quarter.

We never knew where he met the lady in the case, but it's a safe bet that she saw the four thousand a year first. Elmer never would have had the nerve to suggest double harness. I heard afterward that she had been in small-time vaudeville for a while, most likely on her looks, for she wasn't clever at anything but looking out for Number One. Anyhow, Elmer met her along toward the end of his first season, and in November they were married.

It's my opinion that she led him to the Hoboken Ferry and nudged him in the slats when it came time for him to clear his throat and say he would or he wouldn't, or whatever it is a fellow says to make the splice legal and binding. I saw a line or two about it in the paper, but didn't pay much attention to it except to wonder where Elmer found her and what she saw in him that was worth a life sentence. Then I forgot all about the bride and groom until next spring.

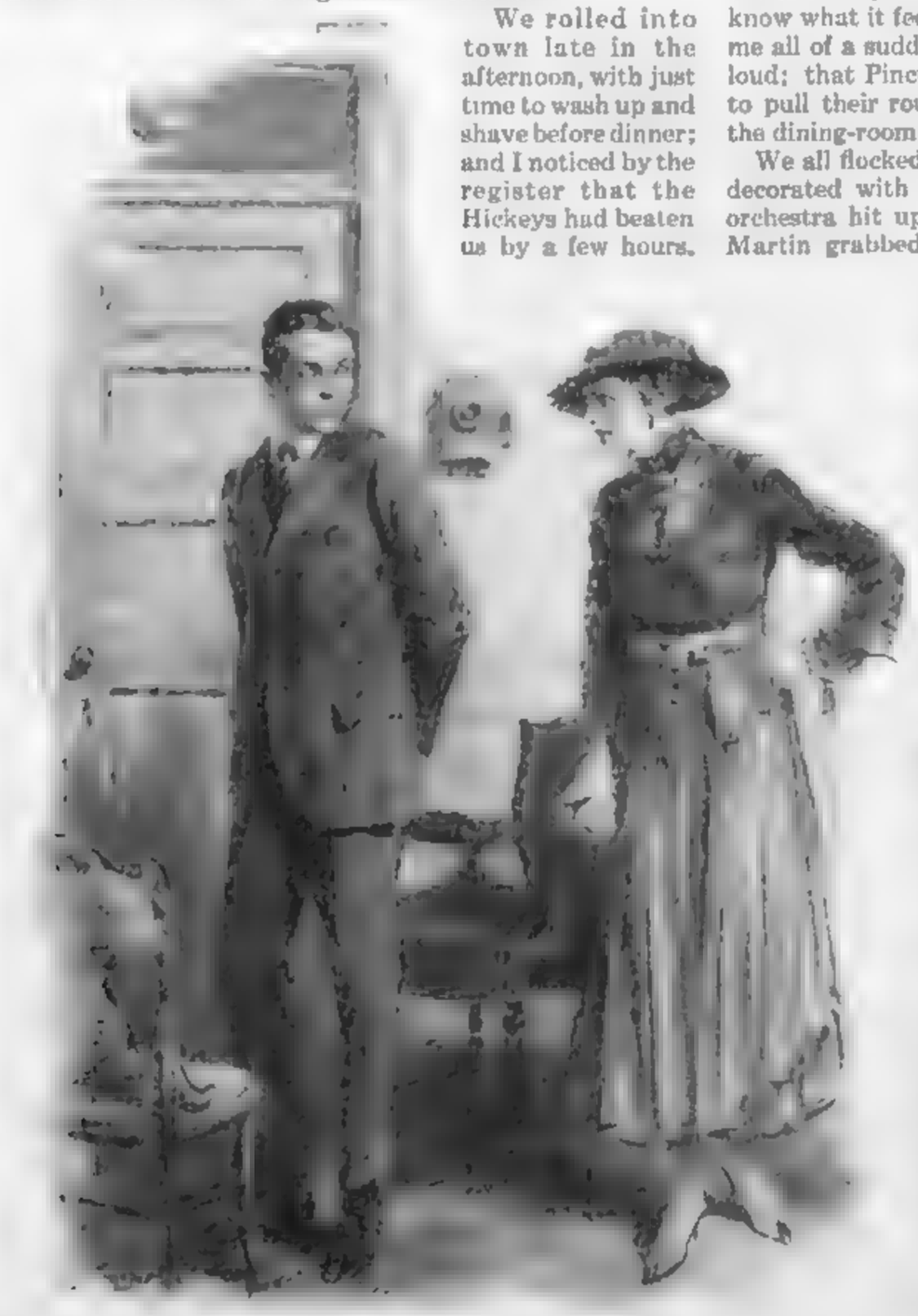
II

THE hotel at our old training camp was no Astorbilk or Saint Vitus Inn—nothing like it. It was just the Hooper House, run by Old Man Hooper, and the traveling men used to come halfway across the state to land there Saturday night and lay over till Monday. Trust those babies to know where the grub is the best! Old Man Hooper may have been short on style, but he was long on fried chicken Maryland and comfortable beds, and after a hard winter the Hooper House looked mighty good to a ball player—mighty good!

That spring most of the regulars met at St. Louis and went South in a private car. A few of the married men brought their wives, or, rather, the wives refused to be left behind. Talking like a society editor, I'd say we had with us the James P. Divvers, the Jefferson Powells, the Kenneth Wilsons and the August Schmidts. Talking like a regular fellow, Molly and Jennie and May and Carrie were the life of the party—four mighty fine women and welcome as sunshine. The Elmer Hickeys were not with us and weren't missed much, either, though the women were curious to get a peek at the bride.

"She may make a man of him," says Molly Divver.

"There's always a chance," says Pete Potter. "If she cures him of tossing huckleberry pie into himself with a knife I'll be for her strong as horse-radish!"



"They'll Parade You Round Town in a Hack With Those Two Side-Show Freaks ——"

We rolled into town late in the afternoon, with just time to wash up and shave before dinner; and I noticed by the register that the Hickeys had beaten us by a few hours. On one line was "E. Hickey." Elmer had written "& wf" after his name, but that part had been scratched out and underneath, in jagged straight-up-and-down letters, like the teeth on a saw, was "Aimee Marshall Hickey."

"Look who's here!" says I.

"And get on to the way she spells Amy!" says Jeff Powell.

"Oh, well," says Kenny Wilson, slapping his John Hancock on the page and forgetting to register his wife, as usual, "what can you expect of her? She married Hickey, didn't she?"

"You can't even figure her to have good sense after that," says Dutchy Schmidt. "A-i-m-e-e, Amy! Now if my wife ever tried ——"

I didn't stop to listen, but made a bee line for my room. I cleaned up on a lick-and-a-promise basis and when I got back in the lobby again the celebration was just getting a good start. We always had a celebration the first night; it was a sort of institution. The team quartette was over in one corner, singing a song about that dear old sunny South—something with mocking birds and magnolias and cotton fields in it, and landing heavy on the barber-shop minors; Billy Pincus and Sherry Martin were having a burlesque boxing match in front of the desk; everybody was shaking hands with everybody else and hollering across the lobby; Old Man Hooper was combing his whiskers and grinning like a fat tomcat, and everything was lovely and homelike until I got a slant at the gentle stranger in our midst. Oh, well, not exactly in our midst; she was as far away as she could get, and by the expression on her face it wasn't far enough to suit her.

The gentle stranger was a young woman, sitting in an armchair near the elevator—a big, fine-looking, black-eyed, black-haired queen, with her chin in one hand so that the rings would show. She had on a light-blue dress—one of those soft filmy things—with slippers and stockings to match—there was a lace wrap over her shoulders, shiny gimcracks in her hair, and rings on all her fingers—a little piece of Peacock Alley dropped down in the Hooper House, and looking as if she felt that it was a long, long way back to Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street. Yes; she was disgusted with such common goings-on and didn't care who knew it.

She caught me staring at her—somehow a woman will always catch you in the act—and stared back without batting an eye. She lifted up a pair of glasses on a little stick, so that she could see me better, and took me in from the soles of my number nines to my bald spot—the once over, the all over, and the through and through; and now I know what it feels like to be an animal in a zoo. It struck me all of a sudden that the boys were singing a little too loud; that Pincus and Martin ought to know better than to pull their rough comedy in the lobby—and just then the dining-room door was opened.

We all flocked to the big table in the center, which was decorated with flags and flowers for the occasion; the orchestra hit up a few bars of lively music, and Sherry Martin grabbed Henry, the old head waiter, and one-stepped him all over the place. Sherry was feeling fine. He hadn't bumped into any wet blanket, but the chill was on me yet.

Everybody began talking at once, saying how bully it was to be back again, and that you couldn't get such ripe olives and salted almonds anywhere in the country—which was no lie; and in the middle of this general wave of good feeling Pete Potter got up, with his glass of ice water, to propose Old Man Hooper's health.

"Ladies and gentlemen, if you are gentlemen," says he; and right there he froze solid, mouth and eyes wide open.

We all turned to see what he was looking at, and there was the Ice Queen, coming straight toward us, chin up and shoulders squared—and bared, too, if anybody should ask you! And behind her, as I hope to go to heaven when I die—behind her was Elmer Hickey in a full-dress suit!

As I recall it, there wasn't a word spoken just then—the shock was too great. Old Henry pulled out a couple of chairs and bowed and scraped and made motions with his hands, but the Ice Queen didn't see him at all—didn't see any of us, in fact. She went sailing by, with her nose in the air, heading for a table for two in a far corner, and Elmer tagged behind. The boy's face was a picture no artist could paint, as the song goes. He was proud of his wife, ashamed of himself and a little bit scared, all at the same time; and mixed in with his other expressions was a smirk that said: "She's mine; take a good look at her!"

As Elmer passed our table he hesitated, like a well-trained poodle hesitates when

Behind Her Was Elmer Hickey in a Full-Dress Suit!

he passes a butcher shop, but he didn't stop. He didn't even look at us, but his face got red. We watched 'em until they were seated.

"My soul!" says Molly Divver, letting out a long breath. "Did you ever see the like of that?"

"Doesn't she hate herself though?" says May Wilson. "We might be the dirt under her feet for all the notice she took of us!"

"She's too good to sit at this table, I suppose," says Jennie Powell. "I'll bet she was a waitress or something!"

"I wonder if those diamonds are real!" says Carrie Schmidt. "And I left mine upstairs under the mattress!"

Not a thing, you notice, about Elmer showing up in the soup and fish—the women thought that was all right. May Wilson even said that he looked well in the outfit. The men attended to Elmer.

"Why, the big tramp!" says Sherry Martin. "Does he think he's going to get away with that head-waiter harness?"

"Head waiter!" says Billy Pincus. "Don't flatter him. He looks more like a cab driver dressed up!"

"Pity he didn't wear a silk hat too!" says Jeff Powell.

"Where does she think she is?" asks Molly Divver. "Nobody ever dresses down here unless there's a dance or something. And did you ever see a gown cut any lower than that one? Poor taste, I call it."

"Still," says Divver, grinning, "she ain't a bit hard on the eyes. Guess I'll make Elmer introduce me." He started to get up from the table—a bluff to plague Molly, and it worked fine.

"Jim, behave yourself! Just let me catch you shining up to that—that creature!"

"Oh, dear!" says May Wilson. "I wish I'd worn my pink waist."

"There you go!" growls Kenny. "You women are all alike. Monkey see, monkey do!"

"If any wife of mine wore a low-and-behold dress like that," says Jeff Powell, "I'd take her over my knee and spank her."

"You're perfectly safe, my dear," says Jennie. "You know very well you never would spend that much money on me!"

"I wonder," says Sherry Martin, "did she have that scenery when she married him?"

"Probably didn't have a stitch!" sniffed Carrie Schmidt.

"Then there's an awful hole in that bank roll Elmer used to carry round."

"The bank roll," says Molly, "is all on that woman's back!"

"Oh, I don't know!" says Jimmy. "I got a good look at her back and I didn't notice much of anything on it—did you, fellows?"

Then Molly said it was too bad he couldn't be funny without being vulgar; Jimmy came back with a hot one about Molly being jealous of any woman that could wear low necks, and they had it back and forth across the table—a real old-fashioned family spat. Jennie mixed in; Jeff took a fall out of her and wished mighty soon that he hadn't. Kenny tried to help Divver, and got Molly and May both in his hair at once. Dutchy and Carrie, regular turtledoves as a general thing, drew cards and filled the

We All Turned to See What He Was Looking At, and There Was the Ice Queen!

rough-house, and it wasn't safe for a poor bachelor to open his mouth, one way or the other.

Finally peace was declared, but not until the pleasant evening was all shot. The kind of peace we had was worse than war had been. Everybody was sore and formal, and so darned polite that it hurt. Nobody laughed out loud or told any stories, and it was as cold and stiff as a dinner in a railroad eating house, with everybody total strangers and hoping to stay that way. The wet blanket had landed square in the middle of the big table. The Ice Queen had frosted our party, and the rest of the dinner was a total loss.

The only fun I had was watching Elmer try to keep his elbows out of the air and live up to his clothes. It was plain that he'd been rehearsed a lot, but he wasn't letter-perfect by any manner of means. Every minute or so he would bust into the error column and then he would get a quiet bawling-out from the bride. You've seen a trick poodle keep his eye on the man with the whip, haven't you? Well, that was Elmer. I couldn't see his face, but his ears got pink every once in a while. I did see her face when he tipped over his water glass, and that was where I really began to be sorry for him.

III

AFTER that first night at the Hooper House it didn't need a fortune teller to predict a frosty future for Mrs. E. Hickey. She had been at considerable pains to show us that she didn't care to have anything to do with ball players or their wives, and one showing was enough. Molly Divver and the rest of the girls put their heads together, and when Elmer brought the bride round to be introduced the thermometer dropped forty points. To tell the truth about it, Aimee didn't seem to care whether the other women liked her or not, and snubbed them back good and plenty.

As for Elmer, we didn't even kid him any more—just passed him up like a white chip. That left him nobody to talk to but his wife, and very few folks can stand a long conversational strain, even on a honeymoon. Five minutes was Elmer's limit, and after that he had to repeat himself; so the bride must have felt that she was earning the four thousand a year. They kept on dressing for dinner, Elmer in his minstrel first-part clothes and his wife featuring a bareback stunt, eating all alone and fighting back and forth across the table—that is to say, she fought and Elmer apologized. The poor devil was entirely and absolutely under her thumb at all times.

Just before we started North, Elmer came to me and hemmed and hawed and finally asked if I could let him have fifty plunks. He didn't say it in so many words, but I gathered that the bride had shot the bank roll and they were broke, which accounted, of course, for his bringing her to the training camp. I didn't lend him the fifty, but I gave him a million dollars' worth of advice.

He tried to touch some of the other boys, and the best he got was a tip from Sherry Martin to steal his wife's rings and hock 'em. Finally he got an advance from the boss—Uncle John is pretty good that way—and the next day Aimee went shopping and blew the works for a bale of Mexican drawn-work handkerchiefs, and junk like that.

All season Elmer's nose was on the grindstone and he never had a chance to let a salary check get cold. Mrs. Hickey traveled with the club, looking more and more like the daily fashion hint from Paree, while poor old Elmer wore his winter union suits clear into August. How he managed to pitch good baseball with that vampire on his hands is more than I know, unless it's true that where there's no brain there's no feeling.

We were nosed out for the pennant that year, and the boys were so disappointed about not picking up any extra money that Uncle John arranged a barnstorming trip through the Middle West, playing us against an all-star bunch from the American League—at least, that's what they called themselves. Soon after we started Uncle John began to get letters and telegrams from Cedarville asking for a Hickey Day.

Hickey, it seems, was Cedarville's favorite son. His folks had a farm near there, and these messages said that if a Hickey Day could be announced it would fill the park. The townspeople wanted to see him pitch. Uncle John wired back to go ahead with their preparations, and Elmer was delighted. A big crowd meant a bigger cut and the cuts couldn't come too big for Hickey, with a long, cold winter ahead of him and nothing laid away but his wife's summer clothes.

We arrived in Cedarville about noon and were scheduled to pull out immediately after the game, for we had a long jump to the next town. The home folks were there with a brass band to make a fuss over Elmer, but his wife wouldn't stand for it. The program was to parade him over to another depot in time to meet the jerkwater special that was bringing his father and mother and all the neighbors to see the game. Elmer was willing enough to ride round town behind a brass band, but Aimee put the crusher on him as soon as she heard about it.

"But, Babe," says he, "these people —"

"Never mind these people!" says his lady wife. "This is no free show. If they want to see you let 'em pay their way into the ball park!"

So the Hickeys jumped into a hack and beat it to the hotel. The citizens were awfully sore about it. Some of 'em said that when a boy had been away from home a couple of years he ought to want to see his folks the first thing. Others panned Elmer for a swelled-up pup. And then the parade started, with Uncle John and me riding in the open-faced carriage that had been provided for the Hickey family. We thought we ought to boost the thing along. The train was pulling in when we got there, and the first man off was Hickey's dad.

"Where's the boy?" says he. "Where's Elmer?"

He was a little bit of a chap with a heavy drooping mustache and a high, piping voice; and, by the way it fitted him, someone had loaned him a Prince Albert for the occasion, so old that it was green, instead of black, and frayed along the bottom. He had on a rusty plug hat, too, probably a relic of his courting days, and one of those ready-to-snap-on blue satin neckties with a spray of lilies of the valley painted below the knot.

"Where's the boy?" says he again, and turned to help his wife down the steps.

Elmer's mother must have weighed close to three hundred pounds and, dressed in her Sunday best with a few holiday touches thrown in, she was quite a spectacle. She came down the steps, beaming all over, but the smile faded when the chairman of the committee explained that Elmer had gone to the hotel.

"Why—why, we sort of expected he'd be here!" says she.

"Now, mother," says the old man, "likely the boy's busy; but he'll be waitin' for us at the hotel."

We rode to the hotel with them, the band playing all the way and Elmer's dad yelling at us to make himself heard. We explained that Elmer had to have his arm rubbed before every game and that was why he couldn't meet them at the depot.

"There, mother!" pipes the old man. "Didn't I tell ye? I knowed nothin' but business would have kep' him away."

The old lady wanted to know all about Elmer's wife, and it leaked out that he hadn't written them a letter in over a year.

"But then," says the old man, alibying for him, "you know Elmer never was no hand to write letters, mother."

But Elmer wasn't waiting for them at the hotel—that is, not so anyone could notice it. When the carriage drove up to the entrance I got a flash of Aimee on the balcony, but Elmer was under cover. He was in his room, with the phone off the hook. Uncle John stalled the old folks while I tore upstairs to get Hickey. Just as I was about to knock I heard voices inside.

"But, Babe, you don't have to meet 'em if you don't want to. You can stay right here in the hotel. I've got to go down, I tell you. They're my folks!"

"And I'm your wife! I don't count, do I?"

"Now, Babe, you know ——"

"Oh, take your hands off! . . . It's them or it's me, remember. You can make your choice right here."

"All I want to do is just run down and say Hello! I'll be right back—honest ——"

"Yes, you will! They'll parade you round town in a hack with those two side-show freaks ——"

"That'll do you! Don't you call my people side-show freaks!"

"Well, they look like it, don't they? And after all I've done for you this is the thanks I get!"

"I know, Babe; I know. But it's awful tough to be put up against it like this. They're good, plain people—no style about 'em, Babe—but they're good! I can't throw 'em down like this. I ——"

"That's for you to decide."

"Please, can't I go down just for a minute?"

"I won't be here when you get back."

"You wouldn't quit me, Babe? You couldn't!"

"All right! Go down there and see."

I couldn't stand it any longer, so I rapped on the door. Mrs. Hickey opened it just far enough to see who it was.

"Well?" says she. "And what do you want?"

"Hickey," says I, talking over her shoulder, "your father and mother are waiting for you downstairs. Be a man for once in your life and do the right thing!"

"There, Babe!" says Elmer. "You see? They're waiting."

"Tell them he won't be down," says his wife. "And if I was in your place, Mister Billings, I wouldn't meddle in affairs that don't concern me."

She slammed the door in my face, and as I walked down the hall I heard Elmer's voice again, wailing like a banshee:

"Now you've done it, Babe! Now you've done it!"

My word for it, lunch that day at the Cedarville Hotel was a ghastly session. I tapped off

(Continued on Page 73)

"Set Down, Father! Everybody's Looking at You"

AMERICAN DIPLOMATISTS WORKING FOR A LIVING

By Eleanor Franklin Egan

THERE are two big books in the Chancery of the American Embassy at Constantinople which contain records of embassy business. They are of the same size and both are full. One of them covers a period of three years; the other a period of three months. The contents of one have a measured and leisurely tone; the contents of the other, if they were anything but coldly official, would be wholly exclamatory, and would provide material for seven hundred and fifty moving, spectacular dramas.

These books are Exhibit A among an amazing number of evidences that our Embassy staff has been doing something in the nature of real work since the war began; and there are sufficient indications that real work continues to be a necessity. The American Embassy in Constantinople is attending strictly to everybody's business, including its own.

When the war began the Embassy's office hours became continuous. The Ambassador set the pace and his staff met the requirements. The Embassy was on a peace footing of the quietest kind, with just a sufficient personnel for the dignified maintenance of the usual routine. Then the heavens fell and the terrible days began. The secretaries and clerks took turns at staying up all night and nobody ever thought of finishing the day's work before midnight. It was War, and the dispatch pouch began suddenly to contain one hundred-odd messages, one hundred-odd separate and distinct pieces of business to be attended to every day, as against less than that number monthly under normal conditions. There were refugees, noncombatant war prisoners, stranded Americans and other foreign visitors to be disposed of, and the anxious-looking crowds round the Embassy doors each morning made one think of a run on a bank.

The American Embassy in Constantinople is an interesting center of active Americanism in an environment that is unique. London, Paris, Rome, Berlin, Petrograd and Vienna all have their Embassies, on which the American people in these exciting days have bestowed considerable anxious attention; but none of these capitals bears any resemblance to the capital of Turkey, and no American Ambassador has had to assume quite the same attitude toward things in general that seems necessary there.

Mrs. Morgenthau's Hospital Duties

IF TURKEY were all Moslem, with fixed rules of purely political international association, there would be a clearly defined line of diplomatic action from which there could be no justifiable deviation. But Turkey is Moslem and fanatic, with a large Christian and Jewish population, and Mr. Morgenthau's serene and persistent interference with the country's internal affairs touching the interests of these people has been in a great measure effective, though it is excusable only on the score of emergency and dire humanitarian necessity. He is kindly and just; he has a tolerant and intelligent conception of the problems that confront the Christian world at this outpost; he is listened to and respected; and he has been able to stem many a tide that promised tremendous distress and destruction.

All this I gathered from sources ranging in importance from overenthusiastic dragomans to noble and highly regarded Turks, who recognize and deplore conditions in Turkey as they are.

Like most normal Americans who are caught in the act of doing something fairly worthy or who are convicted of the attainment of unusual success Mr. Morgenthau blames everything on his wife; and the casual observer, though giving him due credit for his individual achievements, is more or less disposed to agree with him.

Being an Ambassador's wife under ordinary conditions is a great deal more difficult than being an Ambassador; being an Ambassador's wife under the present circumstances is to be burdened with more responsibility than most women are capable of bearing.

Mrs. Morgenthau has several unusual and invaluable assets. She speaks three languages—French, German and English—with equal facility, and is thereby enabled to meet the various peoples of her extraordinary environment on a basis of linguistic equality. Mr. Morgenthau, being of German birth, speaks German perfectly, but his French is a very recent and incomplete acquirement, which affords his associates considerable irreverent amusement. Then Mrs. Morgenthau has an all-embracing and refreshing simplicity which disarms criticism and makes of the American Embassy not a grand official residence, stiff with ceremonial and agloom with unapproachable dignity, but a delightful American home to which the lonely or the troubled of whatever nationality, or the seekers after the pleasures of normal, homy diversion, unhesitatingly gravitate. A stranger in a strange land, I myself found the American Embassy a secure and pleasant spot in the midst of alarms that made one want to run to safety.

Such alarms! Vague fears are covered with an assumption of calm indifference; there has always been a fixed belief in the community that, whoever wins in the great game that is being played, Constantinople must witness terrible scenes before order is established.

Mrs. Morgenthau was for months the busiest woman in Turkey. When the representatives of the Allies departed they left a good many institutions of various sorts to be taken over by the Turkish authorities; and among these was the big French Hospital. Mr. Morgenthau asked to have this well-equipped institution turned over to him, to be used as an American Red Cross Hospital, guaranteeing to maintain it, with Mrs. Morgenthau as its director.

Her duties had to be taken seriously. It was a serious situation. Every morning at half past eight, sick or well, weary or not, rain or shine, she was to be found at her post in her nurse's uniform, attending to a hundred and one details as the consignments of wounded came in.

At eleven o'clock, without fail, because the patients began to expect it, she superintended the distribution of their principal meal, varying her activities by attendance in the operating room during rushes, in the midst of scenes that would shiver the nerves of the strongest. I know whereof I write because I was with her through much of it, and have been known to stagger out of the operating room almost overcome by the fumes of ether and the horror of sights indescribable, while she stood calmly by, passing out instruments and obeying orders with the quiet precision of a seasoned surgical nurse

There are nearly always guests for luncheon at the Embassy, guests from some quarter of the globe. Then, in the afternoon, there are calls to be made and received, tea at a certain hour for everybody, a thousand and one details of ordinary diplomatic social activity, which the rush and uncertainty of wartime serve in no way to curtail. The only difference is that nowadays nobody thinks anything at all about clothes. Everybody's clothes are either hopelessly out of date or quite bedraggled, and the Constantinople shops have not been able to get in any new ones. So with serene indifference the ladies of the social world parade round in what they ordinarily would consider quite impossible garments, and nobody thinks anything about it. If this war has done nothing else for the women who have been forced into active participation in it, it has taught them how unnecessary most necessities are.

Our Embassy at Constantinople

WE OWN our Embassy in Constantinople, and this pleasing unusual fact gives the American acquainted with the sort of transient position our Ambassadors occupy in most other capitals a sense of prideful satisfaction. "It is a poor thing, but it is our own," say we.

Up the street, about three blocks from us, is the British Embassy—a stately mansion almost as big as the White House; up on the hill, overlooking the Bosporus, is the German Embassy—a great yellow pile, surmounted on all its corners by spread eagles and looking considerably like impregnable strength; farther on, toward Yildiz Kiosk, the Sultan's residence, is a white marble palace just nearing completion, for which the affluent Italians have just spent a few stray millions of lire; while down on a side street, nestling in quaint gardens and bearing an air of well-to-do permanence, is the Swedish Legation. Here, there and elsewhere are the Embassies, reflecting the status of their various countries.

Then there is the American Embassy. It is a fine building. It was somebody's private residence once. It is on the main street of the city, set back from a high iron grille just far enough to make room for a graveled drive up to its broad marble steps. A full-sized automobile, such as our Ambassador rides in, has to back and fill a little in order to get in or out; but it can be done. On each side and across the narrow street there are shops, Turkish shops mostly, with rugs and brass things in the windows. The house has a very wide main hallway, a fair-sized dining room, and a comfortable, large office for the Ambassador on the first floor. On the second floor is a stately reception room, a library, a broad terrace, which Mrs. Morgenthau has equipped for use, and the family bedrooms. There is just one extra room, in which a guest may be accommodated. The business office is in a wing at the side.

(Continued on Page 65)

Mrs. Morgenthau in the American Red Cross Hospital, Constantinople

Ambassador Morgenthau at His Desk in the Embassy, Constantinople

THREE KINGS AND A PAIR

By Ring W. Lardner

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

ACCORDIN' to some authorities, a person, before they get married, should ought to look up your opponent's family tree and find out what all her relatives died of. But the way I got it figured out, if you're sure they did die, the rest of it don't make no difference. In exceptionable cases it may be all right to take a girl that part of her family is still livin', but not under no circumstances if the part happens to be a unmarried sister named Bessie.

We was expectin' her in about two weeks, but we got a card Saturday mornin' which she says on it that she'd come right away if it was all the same to us, because it was the dull season in Wabash society and she could tear loose better at the present time than later on. Well, I guess they ain't no time in the year when society in Wabash would collapse for she not bein' there, but if she had to come at all, the sooner it was over the better. And besides, it wouldn't of did us no good to say aye, yes or no, because the postcard only beat her here by a few hours.

"Bishop Won't Go. He's Already Saw the Play and He Wouldn't Feel Like Sittin' Through It Again"

Not havin' no idear she was comin' so soon I didn't meet the train, but it seems like she brought her escort right along with her. It was a guy named Bishop and she'd met him on the trip up. The news butcher introduced them, I guess. He seen her safe to the house and she was there when I got home. Her and my Missus was full of him.

"Just think!" the Missus says. "He writes motion pitcher plays."

"And gets ten thousand a year," says Bess.

"Did you find out from the firm?" I ast her.

"He told me himself," says Bessie.

"That's the right kind o' fella," says I, "open and above the board."

"Oh, you'll like Mr. Bishop," says Bess. "He says such funny things."

"Yes," I says, "that's a pretty good one about the ten thousand a year. But I suppose it's funnier when he tells it himself. I wisht I could meet him."

"They won't be no trouble about that," says the Missus. "He's comin' to dinner to-morrow and he's comin' to play cards some evenin' next week."

"What evenin'?" I says.

"Any evenin' that's convenient for you," says Bessie.

"Well," I says, "I'm sorry, but I got engagements every night except Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday."

"What about Tuesday?" ast Bessie.

"We're goin' to the op'ra," I says.

"Oh, won't that be grand!" says Bessie. "I wonder what I can wear."

"A kimono'll be all right," I says. "If the doorbell rings, you don't have to answer it."

"What do you mean?" says the Missus. "I guess if we go, Bess'll go with us."

"You'd starve to death if you guessed for a livin'," I says.

"Never mind that kind o' talk," says the Missus. "When we got a visitor we're not goin' out places nights and leave her here alone."

"What's the matter with Bishop?" I says. "They's lots o' two-handed card games."

"I ain't goin' to force myself onto you," says Bessie. "You don't have to take me nowheres if you don't want to."

"I wisht you'd put that in writin' in case of a lawsuit," I says.

"Listen here," says the Frau. "Get this straight: Either Bess goes or I don't go."

"You can both stay home," says I. "I don't anticipate no trouble findin' a partner."

"All right, that's settled," says the Missus. "We'll have a party of our own."

And it must of been goin' to be a dandy, because just speakin' about it made her cry. So I says:

"You win! But I'll prob'ly have to change the tickets."

"What kind o' tickets have you got?" ast the Missus.

"Cheap ones," I says. "Downstairs, five per."

"How grand!" says Bessie.

"Yes," I says, "but I'm afraid I got the last two they had. I'll prob'ly have to give them back and take three balcony seats."

"That's all right, just so's Bess goes," says the Wife.

"Mr. Bishop's wild about music," says Bessie.

"Well," I says, "he prob'ly gets passes to the pitcher houses."

"He don't hear no real music there," says Bessie.

"Well," says I, "suppose when he comes to-morrow, I mention somethin' about I and the Missus havin' tickets to the op'ra Tuesday night. Then, if he's so wild about music, he'll maybe try to horn into the party and split the expenses fifty-fifty."

"That'd be a fine thing!" says the Frau. "He'd think we was a bunch o' cheap skates. Come right out and ask him to go at your expense, or else don't ask him at all."

"I won't ask him at all," I says. "It was a mistake for me to ever suggest it."

"Yes," says Bessie, "but after makin' the suggestion it would be a mean trick to not go through with it."

"Why?" I ast her. "He won't never know the difference."

"But I will," says Bessie.

"Course you would, dear," says the Missus. "After thinkin' you was goin' to have a man of your own, the party wouldn't seem like no party if you just went along with us."

"All right, all right," I says. "Let's not argue no more. Every time I open my head it costs three dollars."

"No such a thing," says the Missus. "The whole business won't only be two dollars more than you figured on. The tickets you had for the two of us come to ten dollars, and with Bess and Mr. Bishop goin' it's only twelve, if you get balcony seats."

"I wonder," says Bessie, "if Mr. Bishop wouldn't object to settin' in the balcony."

"Maybe he would," says the Missus.

"Well," I says, "if he gets dizzy and falls over the railin' they's plenty of ushers to point out where he come from."

"They ain't no danger of him gettin' dizzy," says Bessie. "The only thing is that he's prob'ly used to settin' in the high-priced seats and would be embarrassed amongst the riff and raff."

"He can wear a false mustache for a disguise."

"He's got a real one," says Bessie.

"He can shave it off, then," I says.

"I wouldn't have him do that for the world," says Bessie. "It's too nice a one."

"You can't judge a mustache by seein' it oncet," I says. "It may be a crook at heart."

"This ain't gettin' us nowheres," says the Missus. "They's still a question before the house."

"It's up to Bess to give the answer," I says. "Bishop and his lip shield are invited if they'll set in a three-dollar seat."

"It's off then," says Bessie, and beats it in the guest room and slams the door.

"What's the matter with you?" says the Missus.

"Nothin' at all," I says, "except that I ain't no millionaire scenario writer. Twenty meg is twenty meg."

"Yes," the Missus says, "but how many times have you lose more than that playin' cards and not thought nothin' of it?"

"That's different," I says. "When I spend money in a card game it's more like a investment. I got a chance to make somethin' by it."

"And this would be a investment too," says the Wife, "and a whole lot better chance o' winnin' than in one o' them crooked card games."

"What are you gettin' at?" I ast her.

"This is what I'm gettin' at," she says, "though you'd ought to see it without me tellin' you. This here Bishop's made a big hit with Bess."

"It's been done before," says I.

"Listen to me," says the Frau. "It's high time she was gettin' married, and I don't want her marryin' none o' them Hoosier hicks."

"They'll see to that," I says. "They ain't such hicks."

"She could do a lot worse than take this here Bishop," the Missus says. "Ten thousand a year ain't no small change. And she'd be here in Chi; maybe they could find a flat right in this buildin'."

"That's all right," I says. "We could move."

"Don't be so smart," says the Missus. "It would be mighty nice for me to have her so near and it would be nice for you and I both to have a rich brother-in-law."

"I don't know about that," says I. "Somebody might do us a mischief in a fit o' jealous rage."

"He'd show us enough good times to make up for whatever they done," says the Wife. "We're foolish if we don't make no play for him and it'd be startin' off right to take him along to this here op'ra and set him in the best seats. He likes good music and you can see he's used to doin' things in style. And besides, sis looks her best when she's dressed up."

Well, I finally give in and the Missus called Bessie out o' the despondents' ward and they was all smiles and pep, but they acted like I wasn't in the house; so, to make it realistical, I blowed down to Andy's and looked after some o' my other investments.

We always have dinner Sundays at one o'clock, but o' course Bishop didn't know that and showed up prompt at ten bells, before I was halfway through the comical section. I had to go to the door because the Missus don't never put on her shoes till she's positive the family on the first floor is all awake, and Bessie was baskin' in the kind o' water that don't come in your lease at Wabash.

"Mr. Bishop, ain't it?" I says, lookin' him straight in the upper lip.

"How'd you know?" he says, smilin'.

"The girls told me to be expectin' a handsome man o' that name," I says. "And they told me about the mustache."

"Wouldn't be much to tell," says Bishop.

"Mr. Bishop, Ain't It?"
I Says, Lookin' Him Straight in the Upper Lip

"It's young yet," I says. "Come in and take a weight off your feet."

So he picked out the only chair we got that ain't upholstered with flatirons and we set down and was tryin' to think o' somethin' more to say when Bessie hollered to us from midchannel.

"Is that Mr. Bishop?" she yelped.

"It's me, Miss Gorton," says Bishop.

"I'll be right out," says Bess.

"Take it easy," I says. "You mightn't catch cold, but they's no use riskin' it."

So then I and Bishop knocked the street-car service and President Wilson and give each other the double O. He wasn't what you could call ugly lookin', but if you'd come out in print and say he was handsome, a good lawyer'd have you at his mercy. His dimensions, what they was of them, all run perpendicular. He didn't have no latitude. If his collar slipped over his shoulders he could step out of it. If they hadn't been payin' him all them millions for pitcher plays, he could of got a job in a wire wheel. They wouldn't of been no difference in his photograph if you took it with a X-ray or a camera. But he had hair and two eyes and a mouth and all the rest of it, and his clo'es was certainly class. Why wouldn't they be? He could pick out cloth that was thirty meg a yard and get a suit and overcoat for fifteen bucks. A umbrella cover would of made him a year's pyjamas.

Well, I seen the Missus sneak from the kitchen to her room to don the shoe leather, so I got right down to business.

"The girls tells me you're fond o' good music," I says.

"I love it," says Bishop.

"Do you ever take in the op'ra?" I ast him.

"I eat it up," he says.

"Have you been this year?" I says.

"Pretty near every night," says Bishop.

"I should think you'd be sick of it," says I.

"Oh, no," he says, "no more'n I'd get tired o' food."

"A man could easy get tired o' the same kind o' food," I says.

"But the op'ras is all different," says Bishop.

"Different languages, maybe," I says. "But they're all music and singin'."

"Yes," says Bishop, "but the music and singin' in the different op'ras is no more alike than lumbago and hives. They couldn't be nothin' differenter, for instance, than Faust and Madame Buttermilk."

"Unless it was Scotch and chocolate soda," I says.

"They's good op'ras and bad op'ras," says Bishop.

"Which is the good ones?" I ast him.

"Oh," he says, "Carmen and La Bohemian Girl and Ill Toreador."

"Carmen's a bear cat," I says. "If they was all as good as Carmen, I'd go every night. But lots o' them is flivvers. They say they couldn't nothin' be worse than this Armour's Dee Tree Ree."

"It is pretty bad," says Bishop. "I seen it a year ago."

Well, I'd just been readin' in the paper where it was bran' new and hadn't never been gave prev'ous to this season. So I thought I'd have a little sport with Mr. Smartenstein.

"What's it about?" I says.

He stalled aw'ile.

"It ain't about much of anything," he says.

"It must be about somethin'," says I.

"They got it all balled up the night I seen it," says Bishop. "The actors forgot their lines and a man couldn't make heads or tails of it."

"Did they sing in English?" I ast him.

"No; Latin," says Bishop.

"Can you understand Latin?" I says.

"Sure," says he. "I'd ought to. I studied it two years."

"What's the name of it mean in English?" I ast.

"You pronounce the Latin wrong," he says. "I can't parse it from how you say it. If I seen it wrote out I could tell."

So I handed him the paper where they give the op'ra schedule.

"That's her," I says, pointin' to the one that was billed for Tuesday night.

"Oh, yes," says Bishop. "That's the one."

"No question about that," says I. "But what does it mean?"

"I knowed you said it wrong," says Bishop. "The right pronouncement would be: L. Armour's Day Trey Ray. No wonder I was puzzled."

"Now the puzzle's solved," I says. "What do them last three words mean? Louie Armour's what?"

"It ain't nothin' to do with Armour," says Bishop. "The first word is the Latin for love. And Day means of God, and Trey means three, and Ray means kings."

"Oh," I says, "it's a poker game. The fella's just called and the other fella shows down his hand and the first fella had a straight and thought it wasn't no good. So he's su'prised to see what the other fella's got. So he says: 'Well, for the love o' Mike, three kings!' Only he makes it stronger. Is that the dope?"

"I don't think it's anything about poker," says Bishop.

"You'd ought to know," I says. "You seen it."

"But it was all jumbled up," says Bishop. "I couldn't get the plot."

"Do you suppose you could get it if you seen it again?" I says.

"I wouldn't set through it," he says. "It's no good."

Well, sir, I thought at the time that that little speech meant a savin' of eight dollars, because if he didn't go along, us three could set amongst the riff and raff. I dropped the subject right there and was goin' to tell the girls about it when he'd went home. But the Missus crabbed it a few minutes after her and Bess come in the room.

"Did you get your invitation?" says she to Bishop.

"What invitation?" he says.

"My husbun' was goin' to ask you to go with us Tuesday night," she says. "Grand op'ra."

"Bishop won't go," I says. "He's already saw the play and says it ain't no good and he wouldn't feel like settin' through it again."

"Why, Mr. Bishop! That's a terrible disappointment," says the Missus.

"We was countin' on you," says Bessie, chokin' up.

"It's tough luck," I says, "but you can't expect things to break right all the w'ile."

"Wouldn't you change your mind?" says the Missus.

"That's up to your husbun'," says Bishop. "I didn't understand that I was invited. I should certainly hate to break up a party, and if I'd knew I was goin' to be ast I would of spoke different about the op'ra. It's prob'ly a whole lot better than when I seen it. And, besides, I surely would enjoy your company."

"You can enjoy ourn most any night for nothin'," I says. "But if you don't enjoy the one down to the Auditorium, they's no use o' me payin' five iron men to have you bored to death."

"You got me wrong," says Bishop. "The piece was gave by a bunch o' supers the time I went. I'd like to see it with a real cast. They say it's a whiz when it's acted right."

"There!" says the Missus. "That settles it. You can change the tickets to-morrow."

So I was stopped and they wasn't no more to say, and after a w'ile we had dinner and then I seen why Bishop was so skinny. 'Parently he hadn't tasted fodder before for a couple o' mont's.

"It must keep you busy, writin' them scenarios," I says. "No time to eat or nothin'."

"Oh, I eat oncet in a w'ile, even if I don't look it," he says. "I don't often get a chance at food that's cooked like this. Your wife's some dandy little cook!"

"It runs in the family, I guess," says Bessie. "You'd ought to taste my cookin'."

"Maybe he will some day," says the Missus, and then her and Bessie pretended like they'd made a break and was embarrassed.

So when we was through I says:

"Leave Bess take Bishop out in the kitchen and show him how she can wash dishes."

"Nothin' doin'," says the Wife. "I'm goin' to stack them and then I and you's got to hurry and keep our date."

"What date?" I says.

"Over to Hatch's," says the Missus. "You hadn't forgot, had you?"

"I hadn't forgot that the Hatches was in Benton Harbor," I says.

"Yes," says the Frau, winkin' at me, "but I promised Mrs. Hatch I'd run over there and see that everything was O. K."

So I wasn't even allowed to set down and smoke, but had to help unload the table and then go out in the cold. And it was rotten weather and Sunday and nothin' but water, water everywhere.

"What's the idear?" I ast the Missus when we was out.

"Can't you see nothin'?" she says. "I want to give Bess a chance."

"Chance to what?" I says.

"A chance to talk to him," says the Wife.

"Oh!" says I. "I thought you wanted him to get stuck on her."

"What do you think of him?" says she. "Wouldn't he fit fine in the family?"

"He'd fit in a flute," I says. "He's the skinniest thing I ever seen. It seems like a shame to pay five dollars for a seat for him when him and Bessie could set in the same seat if it wasn't for Bessie."

"He is slender," says the Missus. "Prob'ly they been starvin' him where he boards at."

"I bet they wouldn't starve me on ten thousand a year," I says. "But maybe they don't know he's at the table or think he's just one o' the macaroni."

"It's all right for you to make jokes about him," says she, "but if you had his brains we'd be better off."

"If I had his brains," I says, "he'd go up like a balloon. If he lost an ounce, gravity wouldn't have no effect on him."

"You don't have to bulge out to be a man," says the Missus. "He's smart and he's rich and he's a swell dresser and I don't think we could find a better match for Bess."

"Match just describes him," says I.

"You're too cute to live," says the Wife. "But no matter what you say, him and Bess is goin' to hit it off. They're just suited to each other. They're a ideal pair."

"You win that argument," I says. "They're a pair all right, and they'd make a great hand if you was playin' deuces wild."

Well, we walked round till our feet was froze and then we went home, and Bishop says he would have to go, but the Missus ast him to stay to supper, and when he made the remark about havin' to go, he was referrin' to one o'clock the next mornin'. And right after supper I was gave the choice o' takin' another walk or hittin' the hay.

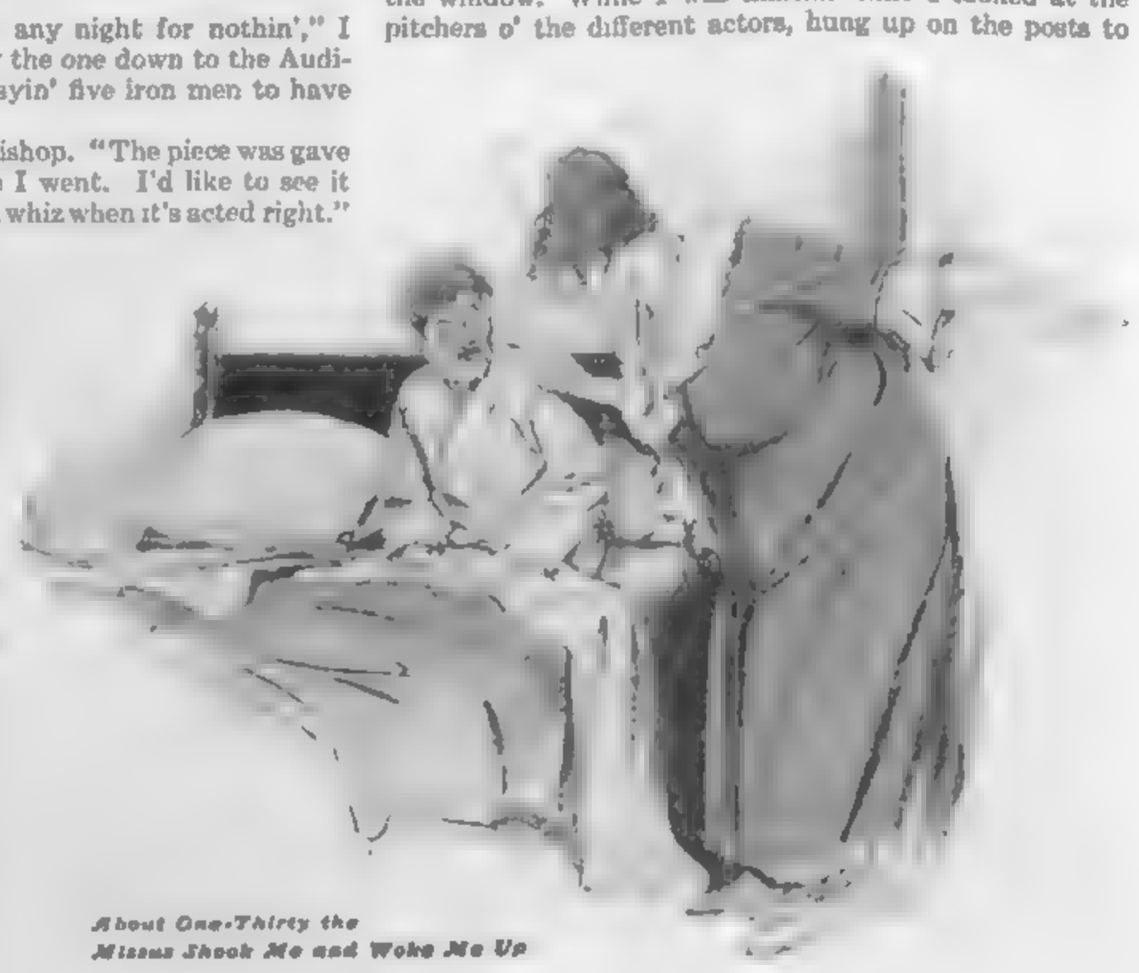
"Why don't we play cards?" I says.

"It's Sunday," says the Missus.

"Has the mayor stopped that too?" I says.

But she winked at me again, the old flirt, so I stuck round the kitchen till it was pretty near time to wipe the dishes, and then I went to bed.

Monday noon I chased over to the Auditorium and they was only about eighty in line ahead o' me, and I was hopin' the house would be sold out for a week before I got up to the window. While I was markin' time I looked at the pitchers o' the different actors, hung up on the posts to



About One-Thirty the Missus Shook Me and Woke Me Up

advertise some kind o' hair tonic. I wisht I had Bishop along to tell me what the different names meant in English. I suppose most o' them meant Goatee or Spinach or Brush or Hedge or Thicket or somethin'. Then they was the girls' pitchers too; Genevieve Farr'r that died in the Stockyards scene in Carmen, and Fanny Alda that took the part o' the Michaels girl from Janesville, and Mary Gardner, and Louise Edviney that was goin' to warble for us, and a lot more of all ages and one size.

Finally I got up to the ticket agent's cage and then I didn't only have to wait till the three women behind me done their shoppin', and then I hauled out my two tickets and ast the agent what would he give me for them.

"Do you want to exchange them?" he says.

"I did," says I, "but I heard you was sold out for to-morrow night."

"Oh, no," he says, "we got plenty o' seats."

"But nothin' downstairs, is they?" I says.

"Yes," he says, "anywheres you want."

"Well," I says, "if you're sure you can spare them I want four in the place o' these two."

"Here's four nice ones in the seventh row," says he. "It'll be ten dollars more."

"I ain't partic'lar to have them nice," I says.

"It don't make no difference," says he. "The whole downstairs is five a wallop."

"Yes," I says, "but one o' the four that's goin' is a little skinny fella and another's a refuge from Wabash."

"I don't care if they're all escapades from Milford Junction," he says. "We ain't runnin' no Hoosier Welfare League."

"You're smart, ain't you?" I says.

"I got to be," says the agent.

"But if you was a little smarter you'd be this side o' the cage instead o' that side," says I.

"Do you want these seats or don't you?" he says.

So I seen he didn't care for no more verbal contract with me, so I give him the two tickets and a bonus o' ten bucks and he give me back four pasteboards and throwed in a envelope free for nothin'.

I passed up lunch Tuesday because I wanted to get home early and have plenty o' time to dress. That was the idear and it worked out every bit as successful as the Peace Ship. In the first place, I couldn't get in my room because that's where the Missus and Bess was makin' up. In the second place, I didn't need to of allowed any time for supper because they wasn't none. The Wife said her and Bessie'd been so busy with their clo'es that they'd forgot a little thing like supper.

"But I didn't have no lunch," I says.

"That ain't my fault," says the Missus. "Besides, we can all go somewheres and eat after the show."

"On who?" I says.

"You're givin' the party," says she.

"The invitations didn't contain no clause about the inner man," says I. "Furthermore, if I had the ten dollars back that I spent to-day for tickets, I'd have eleven dollars altogether."

"Well," says the Missus, "maybe Mr. Bishop will have the hunch"

"He will if his hearin's good," says I.

Bishop showed up at six-thirty, lookin' mighty cute in his waiter uniform. After he come, it didn't take Bess long to finish her toilet. I'd like to fell over when I seen her. Some doll she was, in a fifty-meg evenin' dress marked down to thirty-seven. I know, because I helped pick it out for the Missus.

"My, you look sweet!" says Bishop. "That's a beautiful gown."

"It's my favoright," says Bessie.

"It don't take a person long to get attached to a pretty dress," I says.

The Missus hollered for me to come in and help her.

"I don't need no help," she says, "but I didn't want you givin' no secrets away."

"What are you goin' to wear?" says I.

"Bess had one that just fits me," she says. "She's loanin' it to me."

"Her middle name's Generous," I says.

"Don't be sarcastical," says the Missus. "I want sis to look her best this oncet."

"And I suppose it don't make no difference how you look," says I, "as long as you only got me to please. If Bishop's friends sees him with Bessie they'll say: 'My! he's copped out a big-leaguer.' But if I run into any o' my pals they'll think I married the hired girl."

"You should worry," says the Missus.

"And besides that," I says, "if you succeed in tyin' Bishop up to a long-term lease he's bound to see that there dress on you some time and then what'll he think?"

"Bess can keep the gown," says the Missus. "I'll make her give me one of her'n for it."

"With your tradin' ability," I says, "you'd ought to be the Cincinnati Reds' manager. But if you do give the dress to her," I says, "warn her to not wear it in Wabash except when the marshal's over on the other street."

Well, we was ready in a few minutes, because I'm gettin' used to the soup and fish, and everything went on easy owin' to my vacuum, and I was too weak to shave; and the Missus didn't have no trouble with Bessie's creation, which was built like the Cottage Grove cars, enter at front.

"I don't think I'm so bad," says the Missus, lookin' in the glass.

"You'd be just right," I says, "if we was goin' to the annual meetin' o' the Woman's Guild."

All the Ways From Her Ward Stand Round Singin' Gospel Hymns

I and Bishop had a race gettin' on the street car. I was first and he won.

"I just got paid to-day," he says, "and I didn't have no time to get change."

They wasn't only one seat. Bess took it first and then offered it to the Missus.

"I'll be mad at you if you don't take it," says Bess.

But the Wife remained standin' and Bessie by a great effort kept her temper.

Goin' into the theayter we passed a fella that was sellin' liberettos.

"I bet this guy's got lots o' change," I says.

"Them things is for people that ain't never saw no op'ra," says Bishop.

"I'm goin' to have one," I says.

"Don't buy none for me," says Bishop.

"You just spoke in time," I says.

I laid down a quarter and grabbed one o' the books.

"It's thirty-five cents," says the guy.

"Carmen wasn't only a quarter," I says. "Is this show better'n Carmen?"

"This is a new one," the guy says.

"This fella," I says, pointin' to Bishop, "seen it a year ago."

"He must have a good imagination," says the guy.

"No," I says, "he writes movin' pitcher plays."

I give up a extra dime, because they didn't seem to be nothin' else to do. Then I handed over my tickets to the fella at the door and we was took right down amongst the high polloi. Say, I thought the dress Bess was wearin' was low; ought to been, seein' it was cut down from fifty bucks to thirty-seven. But the rest o' the gowns round us must of been sixty per cent off.

I says to the Missus:

"I bet you wisht now you hadn't swapped costumes."

"Oh, I don't know," she says. "It's chilly in here."

Well, it may of been chilly then, but not after the op'ra got goin' good. Carmen was a human refrigerator compared to the leadin' lady in this show. Set through two acts and you couldn't hardly believe it was December.

But the curtain was supposed to go up at eight-ten, and it wasn't only about that time when we got there, so they was over half a hour to kill before the show begin. I looked in my program and seen the real translation o' the title. The Love o' Three Kings, it says, and no "of God" to it. I'd of knew anyway, when I'd read the plot, that He didn't have nothin' to do with it.

I listened aw'ile to Bishop and Bess.

"And you've saw all the op'ras?" she ast him.

"Most o' them," he says.

"How grand!" says Bessie. "I wisht I could see a lot o' them."

"Well," he says, "you're goin' to be here for some time."

"Oh, Mr. Bishop, I don't want you throwin' all your money away on me," she says.

"I don't call it throwin' money away," says Bishop.

"I wouldn't neither," I says. "I'd say Bishop was muscle-bound."

They didn't pay no attention to me.

"What ones would you like to see?" he ast her.

"What are your favorights?" says Bess.

"Oh," says Bishop, "I've saw them all so many times that it don't really make no difference to me. Sometimes they give two the same night, two short ones, and then you ain't so liable to get bored."

Saturday nights is when they usually give the two, and Saturday nights they cut the prices. This here Bishop wasn't no boob.

"One good combination," he says, "is Polly Archer and Cavalier Rusticana. They're both awful pretty."

"Oh, I'd love to see them," says Bessie. "What are they like?"

So he says Polly Archer was a leadin' lady in a stock company and the leadin' man and another fella was both stuck on her and she loved one o' them—I forget which one; whichever wasn't her husbun'—and they was a place in one o' their shows where the one that was her husbun' was supposed to get jealous and stab she and her lover, just actin', but, instead o' just pretendin', this one night he played a joke on them and done the stabbin' in earnest, and they was both killed. Well, that'd be a good one to see if you happened to be there the night he really kills them; otherwise, it sounds pretty tame. And Bishop also told her about Cavalier Rusticana that means Rural Free Delivery in English, and I didn't get the plot only that the mail carrier flirts with one o' the farmers' wives and o' course the rube spears him with a pitchfork. The state's attorneys must of been on the jump all the w'ile in them days.

Finally the orchestra was all in their places and a old guy with a beard come out in front o' them.

"That's the conductor," says Bishop.

"He looks like he'd been a long time with the road," I says.

Then up went the curtain and the thermometer.

The scene's laid in Little Italy, but you can't see nothin' when it starts off because it's supposed to be just before mornin'. Pretty soon one o' the three kings comes in with a grouch. He's old and blind as a bat and he ain't slept good and he's sore at the conductor on account o' the train bein' a half hour late, and the conductor's jealous

(Continued on Page 57)

THE MAN HUNTERS

German Detective Methods

By Melville Davisson Post

MONSIEUR DUPIN, Poe's famous detective, or his echo, Sherlock Holmes, suggested in one of his deductive reflections that if ever he should have a little leisure he would prepare a brochure on ash. He intended to impress the reader with a method of criminal investigation of an incredible minuteness.

This suggestion was a fancy of the detective writer. But it is no fancy to the criminal investigator in the German Empire.

The experiments of Habermann have demonstrated that all sorts of important facts are to be obtained from an investigation of ash discovered at the theater of a crime or connected with the criminal agent. Writings in inks having an iron base appear as distinguishable reddish marks on the white ash of the paper. Pencil marks become visible where the heat is not intense enough to destroy the graphite on the ash. The writing of a blue pencil can be easily traced, that of a red pencil is usually burned away. Habermann discovered in his experiments that the essential feature in examining burned paper was to obtain a white ash that would hold together. The usual papers, on account of the fact that they contain quantities of clay, are specially adapted to this purpose. Rag papers are the poorest. He found, however, that rag papers could be made to keep their form after burning if one side of the sheet was covered with a mineral solution.

A burned document or scraps of charred paper are not lost evidence. A specialist in the great laboratory in Berlin will be able to say where the paper was made, what sort it was, what form of writing it contained and in what inks. He will fasten it firmly together by applying a collodion coat to one side of the ash. If it is charred he will reburn it until the ash is a white field showing shrunken, distorted letters. These letters he will enlarge by a photographic process, and in the end all the facts which the criminal agent undertook to destroy will appear against him through a scientific resurrection.

Criminal investigation in Germany follows the national policy of an extreme centralization.

Berlin Plain-Clothes Men

The Mute Testimony of Dust and Hair

EVERY phase of detective work is undertaken by a specialist along a particular line. An investigation is not carried out by a general-purpose constable, as at Scotland Yard. It is conducted by an officer accompanied by a corps of experts. The "murder board" is an original German idea. A homicide mystery is investigated by one of the murder boards from the detective center. This board will consist of a photographer, a surgeon, a chemist, experts on bloodstains and fingerprints, someone having experience in taking molds of footprints, marks of burglar tools, and so forth. These murder boards, commissions or squads are always available under the German system. Each of these squads is given a single criminal mystery to work out It cannot be put on a second mystery until the first is either solved or abandoned.

The advantage of such a system is at once apparent. It means that a thorough, minute, scientific examination will be made at the theater of a crime, and that each succeeding step will be comprehensive.

The German idea is that a mystery should be examined from the center out. It is an ever-widening circle, and if the investigation moves outward always in an increasing arc a solution, in the end, is inevitable. The thing is merely a question of scientific examination. Every resource of science is brought to the aid of a criminal investigation through the great laboratories in Berlin and other German cities devoted to the uses of the detective departments of the imperial police.

The Baron X is found stabbed to death in a field of his estate. A suspect is picked up in a neighboring village and a knife is found in his possession. The local expert on the murder squad is unable to find any bloodstain on the knife, but he sends it to the laboratory in Berlin. Here the dirt round the base of the blade, where it is set into the handle, is analyzed, and the chemist is able to report that the knife had been cleaned by thrusting it into the ground, and that his analysis corresponds to the analysis of the soil of the field near the body of the murdered Baron X!

A Germanic criminologist says that a coat was picked up at the scene of a crime. The detective department wished to know the trade of the unknown person to whom this coat belonged. It was turned over to a scientific department, and they very quickly reported that it was a joiner's coat.

Their method was to put the garment in a paper bag carefully gummed up so it would be dustproof. The paper bag was then beaten. It was opened, the coat removed and the dust analyzed. This dust showed finely pulverized wood fiber.

Now, if no other elements had been discovered except the pulverized wood fiber the investigator would have reported the owner to be some sort of worker in wood. But among the wood fiber bits of glue were discovered, and the laboratory was able to report that the worker in wood was a joiner.

He also says that among the evidences found at the scene of a murder assault the police picked up a cap. A minute microscopical examination developed nothing except the presence of two hairs in this cap. Nevertheless, out of these trivial evidences the scientists were able to furnish the police with a very good working description of the assassin:

"A man of middle age, of robust constitution, black hair intermingled with gray, recently cut, commencing to grow bald."

This sounds like Sherlock Holmes after a hypodermic, but it is on the authority of a noted criminologist and cited by Fosdick.

To the German analyst hair is packed with information. The approximate age and physical condition can be constructed by an examination of a single hair. The hair of every animal has certain distinguishing characteristics. It is not to be mistaken by a competent investigator. Some animals, as for example the cow, have three types of hair. These will be known by their structure. Under a proper microscopical examination hairs will be as easily distinguished by an expert as varieties of trees in a grove will be distinguished by a forester.

There was a case in which a dagger found on the prisoner had a few short hairs caught entangled in a nick of the blade. He explained this by saying that he had used the dagger to kill a rabbit that he had found trapped in a hedge. The authorities reported to the police, after an examination of the dagger, that the hairs were not of human origin, but they also added that they were not rabbit hairs—they were squirrel hairs. The police were extremely puzzled until they finally discovered that on the night of the homicide the prisoner had worn a greatcoat trimmed with squirrel fur. He had, in fact, carefully washed the knife after the assassination and thereby removed every evidence of his act; but unfortunately for him he made the mistake of attempting to dry the dagger by wiping it on the fur lining of his greatcoat.

Scientific Study of Moonlight

THE German authorities have carefully studied the manner and habits of the average person in observing an event. The physical senses are conspicuously inaccurate. A casual observer does not make a correct estimate. Innumerable data along this line are at the service of a criminal investigator. He is thereby enabled to say whether the suspect or the witness, in describing an event, is telling the truth or presenting a series of false observations.

For example, a swiftly moving express train of great length appears short to the observer, while lines of marching men appear of great length. A stick of red sealing wax drawn across the eyes is seen as black. In a fog all objects seem greatly enlarged; a horse or an individual suddenly appearing near the observer strikes him as of gigantic proportions. Things seen at certain distances above the eye are incorrectly estimated by the normal person, therefore an accurate estimate would show premeditation and preparation for the inquiry.

Precisely how much one can see by moonlight has been time and again a vital factor in a criminal trial. Witnesses are constantly testifying to degrees of vision; as, for example, their ability to recognize persons at certain distances by moonlight. The Germans have definitely tested this question.

Helmholtz has determined that the power of the full moon is precisely that of one candle at a distance of twelve feet. Long series of experiments by other investigators demonstrated that an individual might be recognized, if the moon is in the first quarter, at a distance of from two to six meters.

Under an ordinary full moon he could be recognized at a distance of from seven to ten meters, and under the brightest full moon not farther than from fifteen to sixteen meters.

This is important information. It not only confounds the false observer, but it aids with the honest witness. Everybody connected with the practical administration of justice knows the common tendency of the witness to bring his imagination to his aid in all questions of identification. With such definite data one is able to

The Kaiser Motoring Through the New Forest

tell how much the observer has actually seen and how much is unconscious imagination.

This tendency to rely on the imagination is conspicuous in descriptions of injuries. Germanic criminologists declare that no one can remember and, therefore, no one can describe the sensation of a great pain. They assert that all shot and stab wounds are felt at the time as a sensation of being pushed. They are varieties of pushes. Thus it happens that a man who has been, in fact, stabbed will believe that he has only been violently pushed by his assailant.

Another disputed question has been seriously taken up by the German authorities: How far is one able to recognize an assailant in the dark by the flash of a weapon? The testimony of witnesses on this point has been widely divergent. American and English courts have held backward and forward on it. Instances are constantly presented. In an early English case a man was driving along through the country in the night when he was suddenly attacked by an assassin. The assassin stood close to the road and fired as his intended victim approached. The wounded man swore at the trial that the flash of the weapon gave sufficient light for him to distinguish the features of the assassin. He was positive in his statement, but the prisoner was not convicted.

In a still earlier case an officer from Bow Street, together with some others, was on Hounslow Heath in the night, when they were attacked by highwaymen. They were traveling in a coach and it was very dark. One of the highwaymen fired on the coach. The officer testified at the trial that the flash of the pistol gave sufficient light to enable him not only to recognize the highwayman who fired the pistol but also to see the color of the horse and the peculiarity of the highwayman's dress. He was afterward able to recognize this horse, not only by its color but by the structure of its head and shoulders. In this case the court accepted the truth of this observation and the highwayman was convicted.

Later a case arose in which a woman testified that she recognized her assailant by the flash of a weapon. The court ordered experiments to be conducted. The report on these experiments was that such pretended recognition by the flash of weapons ought not to be accepted. Nevertheless, cases continued to come up, and it seemed to be the best opinion that in some instances such evidence ought to be relied on. An early French commission thought that such evidence ought always to be rejected. However, experiments carefully conducted led a competent authority to conclude that if the distance was short and the night dark such identification might occur, provided the smoke from the weapon did not interfere with vision.

The German authorities have investigated this question with care. Given, in a particular case, the make of weapon used, the charge and the conditions of light, an expert will be able to show precisely the measure of illumination that resulted, knowing the distance of the observer from the weapon. The expert will be able in every case to advise the police with respect to the accuracy of an alleged observation. With a great variety of weapons and the changing conditions of light, it will be seen that no general rule could be laid down; but the problem in each case can be accurately worked out. Amusing instances are cited by Germanic authorities, as where one witness swore that, being attacked in the night and struck a heavy blow on the eye, he recognized his assailant by the flash of light which resulted from the sudden impact with the optic nerve!

In line with this investigation careful experiments have been conducted to ascertain how long powder smells will remain in a room after a weapon has been fired. By such experiments an inspector is able to say with a certain degree of accuracy how much of a start an assassin has got on the police. The strength of odor would indicate the lapse of time since the weapon was discharged.

It used to be true that if an assassin carefully cleaned his weapon after its use one could not say how lately it had been discharged. But it is now easy for the laboratory at police headquarters in Berlin or the Royal Institute for Experimental Therapeutics at Frankfort-on-the-Main or

(Continued on Page 69)

A WESTERN WARWICK

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

XXIX

THE proposal to force MacGruder to resign seemed absurd to me, preposterous. MacGruder had no more to do with what had happened than a man in Abyssinia. He had been a faithful, amenable, diligent, efficient Attorney-General. I protested violently.

"Wait a minute," urged Mortor; "I am not through yet. I shall not go into the preliminaries that brought this about, for you all know them, and each one here is as culpable as the other, so far as that goes, barring the President. Let me call to your attention that there is a rapidly growing sentiment in this matter that already holds us responsible, and that will in a short time begin to look at the White House. These people, and they are very numerous, as your home papers and your home letters have told you all, demand a sacrifice. Furthermore, they are as yet unwilling to think that their President is in any way blameworthy. No matter what the individual opinion or the mass opinion of a president may be—and ours is held in high regard—the American people have a universal respect for the presidency.

"Now, then, the President is solely responsible for the members of his Administration. He must stand or fall with them. Therefore, if one is derelict in his duty, or seemingly so, it is his prerogative to discharge that person and thus absolve himself from the responsibility, thus express his condemnation of his derelictions, clear his skirts and clean his house. Look at the apparent facts in this case: The Attorney-General is the Government's law officer. He is sworn to prosecute violations of the Federal statutes. Naturally enough there is a popular opinion that the Department of Justice might have prevented some of these so-called illegal financial operations, under the statutes we already have, forbidding combinations in restraint of trade, and so forth. The Attorney-General might have called a halt. He might have entered a prosecution or two, or found an indictment or several of them. But he didn't. He sat there, with all the vast power of the Government behind him, and did nothing. The combinations went on, with their accompanying loot of the people. He remained complaisant. Fire him for doing nothing, and that will clear the Administration of any participation in this affair."

"It seems rather far-fetched to me," I said.

"Undoubtedly it is to you, but you must remember that the people have not the insight into governmental affairs that you or I have. The people do not understand just how circumscribed the real powers of a Cabinet member are. They do not know he has no initiative in matters of this kind, but is absolutely subject to executive direction. They think an Attorney-General, for example, is supreme as the law officer, while you and I know how dependent he is."

Mortor paced up and down the room.

"I tell you," he said, clenching his right hand into a hairy fist and pounding with it on the palm of his left, "we've got to do something! We must have a scapegoat, and the unfortunate MacGruder is cast for that rôle."

He lapsed into the vernacular.

"Gents," he said, "we must pass the buck."

There was a long and excited discussion over what Mortor had said. The President was much averse to asking MacGruder to resign, and so was I, but in the end Mortor's plan prevailed. It was decided that MacGruder must go. He must assume the burden of responsibility. I loathed my part of the work that followed, but I did thoroughly what I had to do. On the next day after the meeting I managed, through Pliny Peters, to get the information discreetly into the newspapers that there was dissatisfaction in Administration circles over the course of the Department of Justice in allowing these combinations in restraint of trade to be organized and exploited. It was pointed out that they might have been stopped, with the aid of statutes already in force. There was a hint that MacGruder might be asked to resign.

Things Were Boiling at My Rooms. Excited Men Rushed In, Cursed Me or Congratulated Me, and Rushed Out

MacGruder came tearing up to see me next morning.

"What's this?" he asked. "What's all this about my resignation? I have done nothing! I am not going to resign! Who is responsible for all this?"

I calmed MacGruder and told him he must see the President.

"Will you come with me?" he pleaded.

"Yes," I said, "I'll go with you."

This new phase of things added to the excitement. Our newspapers and our publicity bureau commented virtuously on the situation, saying that if there was a resignation demanded from MacGruder such action would prove effectively that the President was no party to the alleged agreements made, casting strong doubt on the making of any, but admitting that there had been high financial advantage taken of the circumstances, and that perhaps there was culpability in the Department of Justice in this regard. The other newspapers yelled "Scapegoat!"

MacGruder sat in his office, besieged by reporters. He protested that he had no intention of resigning, why should he? and so forth. The President kept to himself until we had a chance to feel out public sentiment. There was rabid discussion for a week. Then there began to come demands for action. If MacGruder was to be put out, why not put him out? It seemed to me that there would be popular applause if we did let him go. The people demanded a sacrifice, now that we had put the idea in their heads. That settled it.

One morning I went to the Department of Justice.

"Mac," I said, "it's all over."

"Is it?" he asked dully.

"Seems so to me. I guess you'll have to quit."

"Going to crucify me, are you?"

"Oh, I wouldn't put it that way, Mac. We all have to make sacrifices for the party. This one is yours to make. It doesn't mean much to you, and I'll see to it that you lose nothing by it."

"Paxton," he said slowly, "I suppose from your viewpoint it doesn't mean much to me, but from mine it means a lot. It means that I am discharged from a high

and honorable place for something that I did not do. It means that in order to save your faces you are slaughtering me. It means that I will be remembered, not as a diligent and faithful government official who held high place, but as a man who was remiss in his duty, false to his obligations, unfaithful to the people. It means that you are putting a stain on me that I shall be conscious of until the day of my death, and that everybody else will be conscious of also. It means that I am dishonored for a political necessity. It is unfair, unjust, unmanly, un-American, and you know it "

I did know it, but I tried to put a pleasanter note in it.

"Pshaw, Mac, don't take it that way! It is nothing. In a week it will be forgotten. Besides, you know and I know and all your friends know that you are blameless. It doesn't matter what others think. The only thing that is of consequence is what you yourself think. Brace up now, and take a philosophical view of it. You are escaping a thankless and drudging task, and you have a big future before you."

He shook his head. I pitied him as he sat there humped in his chair, but politics is politics.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"I'll come round for you at a quarter to eight to-night, and we'll go over and see the President."

It will be a long time before I shall forget that interview between the President and MacGruder. The Attorney-General was depressed, crushed. The President was kind and considerate.

"I regret this necessity more than I can say," he told MacGruder. "I feel as bitterly over it as you possibly can, and as resentful; but I must, as you must, place personal considerations behind party considerations. It is our duty, not only to our party but to our country, to do all we can to maintain our control of the affairs of the country, for we know and you know that only in our hands are those affairs administered in the spirit of the men who founded this experiment in government. Many a man has been required to sacrifice himself for his country's good. That is the situation that confronts you. It is a patriotic duty. It will show the highest devotion to our general welfare."

"And," I interjected, "it will help to save us from political wreck and ruin."

"But I don't deserve it," protested MacGruder.

"I know that, MacGruder," said the President. "You don't deserve it. But we do. Had that phase of it occurred to you? You must be willing to act for the greater good. The success of our party is of more importance than the fortunes of any individual or any group of individuals. You as an officer have even greater responsibilities than the men in the ranks. You must resign. I assure you I make that demand of you with the deepest sympathy for you, with the kindliest feelings and with the utmost friendship. We are all cogs in this machine, MacGruder, and each must do his part. I am sorry for you. I respect you. I shall not forget your sacrifice."

MacGruder was pale and shaken. He rose from his chair, held out his hand to the President and said brokenly:

"All right. I'll send my resignation in to-morrow."

The President took his hand.

"Thank you, MacGruder, I shall not forget this; but why wait until to-morrow?"

"Why—wait—until—to-morrow?" MacGruder repeated in a daze.

"Yes," said the President, smiling one of his apostolic smiles. "Why wait?"

He walked over to a desk and beckoned the wondering MacGruder to follow him. MacGruder went to his side.

"Here it is," said the President pleasantly. "Sign here."

Poor MacGruder signed. Then the President handed him a letter, written in intimate terms, expressing his regret at losing so efficient a public servant, and so on.

"I suppose," said MacGruder, "these letters will be given to the newspapers?"

"The newspaper correspondents have them. They will be released at nine o'clock."

MacGruder stammered a faint and dazed "Good-by" and went out.

"I'm glad that's over," I said.

"So am I. It was the most unpleasant thing I have been forced to do as yet. But"—and he put his hand on my shoulder—"to the greater good, William, to the greater good."

MacGruder's retirement appeased the public to some extent, but did not satisfy. Canterbury made another speech, and the howl began again. Canterbury demanded action, claiming that if MacGruder had been sent to retirement because of laxness the new Attorney-General had no excuse for remaining inoperative, nor had the Administration. I had thought Canterbury would do that, and I talked to the President about it after I had seen my New York friends. I sent word that I wanted to meet the lot of them, and they gathered at Broad's house.

"Gentlemen," I said to them, "we are now confronted with a very serious situation. As you know, the public resentment over your trust-making has reached an intense point. We have gained some strength by our disavowal, as shown by the enforced resignation of MacGruder, but that resignation has created a new line of attack. There is a demand for action, the sort of action MacGruder was disciplined for not taking. That means a movement by the Department of Justice against you. I cannot tell what shape that will take, but you must be prepared for this eventuality "

"Will we be indicted?" gasped Roach.

"No, I think not," I assured that frightened plutocrat. "I fancy the action will take the form of proceedings for the dissolution of some of your combinations, or something similar, that your lawyers and ours can delay indefinitely. In the meantime, there is another phase of the matter that I desire to call to your attention."

"More money?" sneered Bathrop.

"Yes," I said, turning to him, "more money. Your only salvation is in the reëlection of Rogers. If Rogers is defeated, either for the nomination or for reëlection, there is a fair chance that you will find your combinations broken up, either through the enforcing of the laws we already have, or with the aid of amendatory laws that will give drastic opportunity for such action. Moreover, you may get into jail yourselves. You need expect no mercy, either from the opposition or from the forces that Canterbury represents. Your only salvation rests with us. Consequently you have got to finance our campaign."

"We Must Have a Scapegoat"

How these captains of industry squealed!

You'd think they were all paupers, instead of plutocrats. But I was firm, and I did not leave until I had made my arrangements for funds.

They had to continue in the game, and they knew it; but, after the manner of all their kind, they tried to make the contribution as small as possible.

I went back to Washington and had my anticipated talk with the President.

"I suppose," I said to him, "that you have given Mangan, the new Attorney-General, instructions to proceed in some way against these trusts and trustmakers."

"Not yet. I have waited for a talk with you."

"Well, we'd better proceed at once. Get a preliminary line of action mapped out, and then we'll make a great flourish in the papers about what we intend to do. Their lawyers, and our lawyers, and the intricate processes of the law will enable us to delay anything, beyond preliminaries, until the campaign is over. It is enough to start something. We can point with pride at that, and keep our intentions placarded before the people so our sincerity will not be doubted. Meantime, I have made arrangements to begin the campaign for your renomination and reëlection."

XXX

WE MADE our start. There was a loud announcement that the new Attorney-General had in preparation suit against various of the biggest and most watered corporations—in preparation. I saw to it that the preparatory period was a lengthy one. There was no hurry. I had the little matter of the renomination of Rogers on my hands, and his reëlection. I was reasonably sure I could renominate him, but after that all was foggy to me.

My press bureau was in excellent working order, and the way we whooped up our virtuous intentions concerning the predatory plutocrats furnished a publicity mark for all comers to shoot at. That under way, I laid my plans. Of course it was necessary for me to have the Southern delegates again, but that was easier this time, for I controlled the Federal officeholders. I could and did put the screws on those timeservers. There was no pleading or pledging this time. I sent my men, headed by Pliny Peters, to the South, and I did not palter with those gentlemen.

"You tell them," I said to the members of the expedition, "that every last one of them must be for Rogers; that if I hear of any single Federal officeholder who isn't for Rogers he will be fired the minute that word comes to me, and I'll have means for finding out. You tell them that there are no ifs or ands or buts about this—they have got to come across. I want them as delegates and I want them for Rogers. I'll behead any one of them who doesn't perform, and those who do will retain their jobs when we get in again. Talk turkey to them.

"I'm not going to buy them, except to finance such of the black-and-tans as I may need. They have had their pay and they'll get no more. And, in passing, call their attention to the fact that there are ten months between nominating time and going-out time, even if we are defeated in the convention. The President stays right in Washington and on the job until the following fourth of March, and that will give us plenty of time to separate them from the pay roll if they fail to perform right and vote right at the convention."

I had no concern about those officeholders. They would all be at the convention and they would all vote right. That attended to, I took a look round.

I called in my National Committeemen. Most of these were steady, but there was a defection here and there. Still I had enough sure and safe to seat my contested delegates. I stiffened up that body of self-seekers and turned to a general survey of the field.

No candidates against Rogers had been announced, but I knew there would be some. I suspected Canterbury. I knew old Cato Enders would have one, and I half thought that H. W. Hutt was grooming himself. He didn't flop for the fun of it. He wasn't that sort of politician. I thought I would sound out Canterbury, and I managed to get him by himself one day.

"Canterbury," I said, "how's the uplift coming along these days?"

"Fire Him for Doing Nothing, and Clear the Administration"

"And the Unfortunate MacGruder Is Cast for That Role"

"Symbolically!" he replied. "Symbolically! Signs and portents everywhere. Let me see your hand."

He grabbed my left hand, turned the palm upward and peered at it.

"Ha!" he said; "even the science of palmistry tells its fateful tale. Here it is as plain as script. Observe this long line, the line of success. It runs bright and red and strong until a certain point, then it breaks, scatters, disappears."

"Rot!" I exclaimed, jerking my hand away.

"Rot?" he repeated, in mock astonishment. "Why, senator, don't you believe in palmistry? I imagined all your followers were devoted to everything pertaining to palms, and what could be found or put in them."

"Damn you, Canterbury!" I exclaimed. "I ought to slap your face for you."

"Why, senator, what an idea! Why should you slap my face? I concede it isn't much of a face, as faces go—nothing saintly about it like there is about yours—but it's the only one and the best one I have. Why slap it? Does it annoy you?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake, stop that chatter; it bores me."

"Sorry, senator, but I didn't begin the chatter, you know. I merely continued it. I distinctly remember some small talk of yours about the uplift."

"Well," I said, "small talk or large talk, how about it?"

"About what?"

"Your propaganda."

"I have no propaganda. I am a simple and inconspicuous American citizen, striving to do my duty as I see it—as the President would say."

"Are you going to run for President?"

I plumped it at him as directly as I could. He laughed at me.

"Tut, tut," he said. "Be calm. You mustn't walk about in this heat. It has a most deleterious effect on the system. I knew a man once who went out in the sun and had a peculiar sort of a stroke, or something, and after that he was continually asking questions about things that were none of his affairs. Hope you haven't been affected that way. Be careful, senator, be careful. Keep in the shade as you continue your stroll. Shadiest down this way, it seems to me," and he waved his hand and walked away.

I could have murdered him. I do not require any person to take me more seriously than I take myself, but that young man seemed to have an opinion that I was his partner in a vaudeville skit, to ask the questions so he could get the laugh on the replies. I hated myself for giving him this opportunity, but I wanted to know. I must know.

He didn't keep me long in suspense. A fortnight later he made another speech. He discussed the resignation of MacGruder and the appointment of his successor. He detailed the proposals we had made for taking action against the evil he had discovered to the people, and he then disclosed how extremely tentative those proposals were. He asked what had been done? He answered himself by saying nothing had been done, and he was right. Then he went on to show what might have been done with the legal machinery at hand and with the laws already in force. He shredded us, and he promised to eliminate the trust from our economic situation if he were given a chance.

Almost simultaneously there began to appear in the papers articles devoted to Canterbury, describing him in every attitude, telling of his abilities and his capabilities and otherwise establishing him before the people. He had organized a press bureau, or somebody had organized one for him, and I soon discovered, in my reports from several of the states, that preliminaries were being arranged for fights against Rogers by men who wanted Canterbury delegates.

Canterbury had been clever. He didn't leave the party. He announced that in his opinion the way to reform a party was from within and not from without. This is a favorite formula of gentlemen who have convictions but not the courage of them, albeit Canterbury may have meant it. They want reform, but they do not desire to go out in the cold to get it. Canterbury asserted his adherence to the fundamental principles of our party, saying he differed only about these newer tenets that self-seeking politicians—meaning me—had foisted on that intrinsically meritorious organization now fallen on evil days because of my machinations. He was a candidate. Then the perplexing question arose: Where was his money coming from? I couldn't answer that. He made no campaign display of large sums, but he had enough to get an organization together and keep himself in the fight.

"Here it is," said the President Pleasantly. "Sign Here"

His platform was a taking one. It had popular elements. He was for the reducing of swollen fortunes—and the people always give loud cheers for that, especially if they think there is a chance to get a little of the tumefying material for themselves. And agitation for a change always commands a considerable support if the legislators spread the hope that there may be some change in it for the agitated. He had branded us and our Administration as in cahoots with the men who had derived vast profits from operations that were inimical to the public welfare. We had our work cut out for us.

The President was keenly interested, of course, but not in a place for getting any but biased information. I never knew a man who went direct to a President who was a candidate for renomination and reëlection and told him he would be defeated. Maybe there have been some, but I never knew one. And every President always is so conscious of his own rectitude and of his own patriotism that he wouldn't believe it if any person did tell him. I kept him keyed up by stories of the excellence of conditions, and Talbot saw to it that little of the unfavorable political news got to him. There wasn't so much of that. My organization was powerful, and we were not in very great danger yet throughout the country.

We had a little disagreement with a foreign country, and the President made many friends by holding patriotically to the American view and telling the foreign country to go to. He waved the flag, and there was a roar of pleased response from the people. He stood against Congress and for economy in public expenditure, although he didn't get it; and he played all his cards skillfully and well, never laying one down without an earnest consideration of what effect the boarding of it would have on his prospects and the prospects of the party. He was a success as a President and a success as a candidate.

By the early spring of our fourth year I had my affairs in good shape. My Southern officeholder delegates were secure. I was relying on my state organizations for sufficient delegates. The opposition had done some things. Cato Enders took his state away. H. W. Hutt made a dent or two in his section. However, I had discounted these forays. I had enough in hand and to come, it seemed, to make success sure.

Then one day something happened: Canterbury carried one of the Northwestern States, carried it over my men. He had made a canvass there and he won. I wasn't counting on that, and it gave me warning and a shock. I sent out men with money and stiffened up all along the line. I had counted on Canterbury's having not more than five or six states. This one was an unexpected windfall for him, as I viewed it. But, great as the shock was, I didn't lose my presence of mind. I immediately wired to my men in that state to rig up a contesting delegation. I didn't know what might happen. Canterbury ran his own campaign. He took a few more states from me, and made such a showing in others that he was justified in sending contesting delegations himself. And he did.

Uncle Lemuel Sterry walked down Pennsylvania Avenue with me one day.

"Bill," he said, "I know young Canterbury pretty well, and the other day I tried to find out where he is getting the money for his campaign."

"Have any luck?"

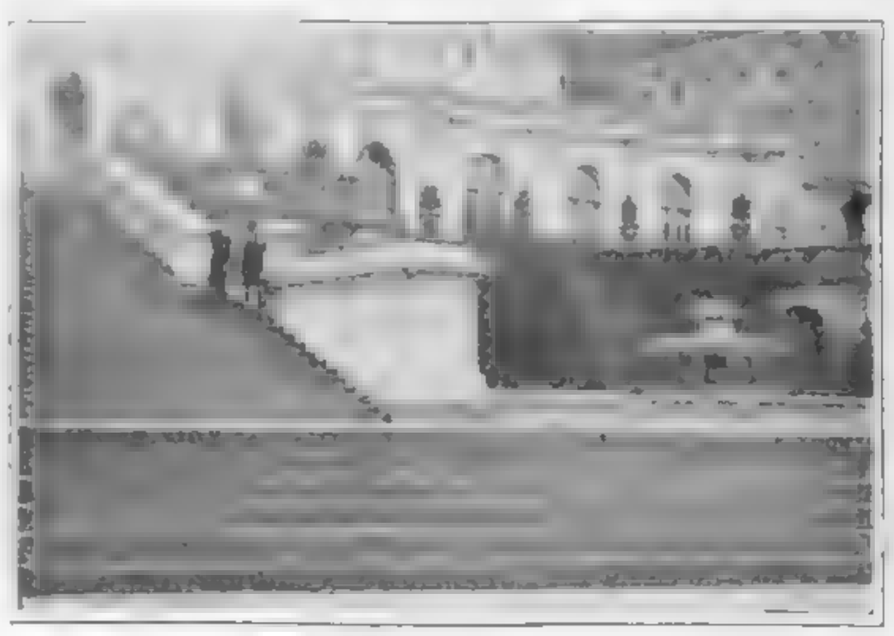
"Not much. He said he would tell me if I would promise not to say a word."

"And you promised?"

"Oh, certainly. Then he leaned over and whispered that he had found a crock of gold at the foot of a rainbow. Now what are you going to do with a man like that?"

"I don't know what we are going to do with him," I said grimly, "but I know what we are going to do to him."

I discovered later that his funds came from men in all parts of the country who were of his opinions; from men who were opposed to me, for reasons of their own, and opposed to the Administration; and from one or two wealthy citizens who had ambitions and thought these might be gratified if a new deal could be secured. He did not need much, compared with the amount I needed and used. He had the advantage of freshness, while I was familiar and so were my contentions. He was news, and he got a lot of his publicity for nothing. I was not news, and I had to pay for mine. Familiarity breeds neither publicity nor enthusiasm. We want the novel, and Canterbury supplied the want. Also he had a contention that was perfect, from the viewpoint of the outraged and oppressed common people. They are gluttons for punishment, those common people. They gloat over their misfortunes. They love a chance to protest—are unhappy unless they have a chance to rebuke something or somebody. Canterbury gave them their chance, and enough citizens, either from patriotic or personal reasons, supplied the funds to accelerate the rebuke.



XXXI

AS I HAVE frequently had occasion to remark, we are a volatile people. Otherwise how can this Canterbury demonstration be explained? There we were, going along prosperously, with all our promises redeemed and not a cloud in the sky. We looked good for sixteen years. Then up rose this young and bumptious man, and, by seizing on a set of unfortunate facts, and twisting their condemnatory side out and displaying that to the public, put us, the real benefactors of the people, in a most distressing position, just because we secured some few farthings for ourselves.

That is what it came to. The people took to the Canterbury propaganda. They liked it. It gave

(Continued on Page 61)

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Remaking Mexico

CURING Mexico's ills and reshaping her to a prosperous destiny is a rather fascinating subject. Several persons have explained to us most attractively how it should be done. To their view, Mexico is now mostly a clean slate, with the old order all gone to smash; therefore, ideally situated for a complete reconstruction.

There is not much difference of opinion as to what ailed the old order. Most of the land and nearly all the wealth in other forms were held by a few people, while the great mass of the population was impoverished and ignorant. Carranza, then, our friends say, should break up the great estates, redistribute the land, introduce the single tax, organize industry on a socialistic basis, set up a good system of universal education. Thus, in fifty years the Mexican people would be educated, prosperous and contented, with no parasitic upper class, no huge fortunes, no poverty, no inequality anywhere, except that of character and ability.

But, alas, Mexico is not at all a clean slate. It is a slate all cluttered up with immediate needs, claims, inheritances, passions, prepossessions that cannot wait fifty years or hardly as many weeks. The real problem before Carranza is how to meet this week's pay roll, get the police force on its pins in the next block, start up the waterworks, find rails enough to patch the railroad fifty miles ahead, satisfy his colonels, who are clamoring to get their laundry out of hock. A whole lot of sordid, distracting, exigent things are right on top of his head. He has got to muddle his way through them instantly. Much more than one who can tell him how to construct ideal social justice for the next generation, he needs a man who can tell him how to raise a hundred and eighteen dollars by eleven o'clock.

Also, alas, our idealistic friends cannot help him a bit in dealing with this clutter of the moment. They know how Mexican happiness can finally be achieved, but not where this spring's seed corn is to come from.

Broadly speaking, it is the way of the world. There are twenty men who can tell you how to deal with the next generation for every one who can tell you how to deal with the chap who is kicking a panel out of your office door at that particular moment. In the incessant exigency of dealing with the chap at the door the next generation is largely left to shift for itself.

Mr. Frear's Proposal

COMMITTEES of Congress, especially of the House, are continually changing in membership. All the members, during a session, have a great many things on their hands besides the work of the committees. They must spend a good deal of time in the House, a good deal of time over their correspondence, a good deal of time over politics. They are coming up for reëlection next year or the year after, and that circumstance is always in their minds.

It is impossible that a body so constituted should do certain things well. Take waterway improvement—a huge subject, requiring much study, a lot of expert knowledge, above all, a continuing, comprehensive policy. Broadly speaking, every dollar spent for waterway improvement ought to look twenty years ahead. It is impossible that a changing committee, sitting at intervals, distracted by many other interests, pressed by the political exigencies of the moment, can handle such a subject adequately.

What is needed is a continuing body, small in number, with little or no change in its personnel from year to year, detached from politics, always on the job and with nothing else to do.

The commission proposed by Congressman Frear goes in the right direction. Congressmen who want genuine waterway improvement will support it.

The Heart of Russia

BEFORE the war, Turgenieff, Tolstoy, Gorky, Gogol's Dead Souls, Dostoyevsky's Crime and Punishment, and two or three volumes of short stories and plays by Tcheckov comprised about all the Russian literature that had any considerable currency in English dress. In a year and a half there have been extensive additions to the list. A big city bookshop now displays a whole tableful of translations from the Russian. Some of the newer translations are selling moderately well; but all of them, and the old ones, too, deserve a bigger audience.

There are a number of books and more numerous journalistic articles explaining Russia; but the best way to know any people, short of living among them, is to read their literature. There is more Russia in a chapter of Dostoyevsky or Gorky than in a bushel of journalistic interpretation.

For example, an elderly gentleman sits at an open window in a city, with a shotgun on his knees. Occasionally he shoots at a bird. An adult, bushily whiskered male person puts on a sheepskin coat and parades before the window, grinning sarcastically. The old gentleman blazes away at him with both barrels. The target comes into the house perfectly delighted, because, at the cost of only two or three shot in his leg, he has proved his contention that the old gentleman was a poor marksman. Gorky tells the incident in that strange piece of autobiography, My Childhood.

That is the Russia which an alien reporter cannot get. It is human nature in a different guise, moved by different springs. The Russian books ought to be more extensively read by thinking Americans.

Silly Place-Names

SOME Blackfeet Indians, with a taste and a respect for Nature that shames the paleface, have protested to the Secretary of the Interior against the barbarous custom of tacking silly, meaningless, vulgar names to noble natural objects which the Indians long ago had named with appropriateness. A melodious word, with poetic significance and very likely commemorating some charming native legend, is calmly ignored in favor of Jones' Gulch, or Smith's Falls, or Dolly Lake.

It is even worse in the matter of towns. Nearly all the good names in North America are those bestowed by the Indians or the early French and Spanish explorers. After them came the Anglo-Saxon, spattering the landscape with his own patronymics and other tasteless and meaningless proper nouns.

We can understand why a person with the imagination of a hitching post might prefer for a beautiful natural object his own name or that of a female relative, or some foolish Grand Falls, High Peak, Swift Rapids, Broad Cañon; but we cannot understand why authority should permit him to vandalize that way. Unless there is some excellent reason to the contrary, authority ought to insist always upon the Indian names.

British War Fortunes

IN A DISCUSSION of shipping the London Statist illustrates how war makes private fortunes, even when, as in England, the government has gone a long way in taking control of business. Early in the war the British Government bought up a considerable part of the world's available raw sugar crop to prevent a great speculative rise in that commodity due to cutting off the German supply, on which England had largely relied. To keep a hand on the profits of meat purveyors, including our own beef barons, it requisitioned all refrigerator ships. It took over the railroads at a stroke and has virtually commandeered a great number of munition plants. And it has levied a tax of fifty per cent on all war profits—to be ascertained by comparing a concern's net earnings since the war began with what they were before, the excess being considered a war profit.

It took over about half the total merchant tonnage of the kingdom. To some extent for that very reason there has been a great scramble for tonnage by private shippers and an enormous advance in ocean freight rates. The Bombay rate has advanced from eighteen shillings to a hundred and twenty-five; the Argentine rate, from thirteen shillings to a hundred and fifty; the rate on grain from our Atlantic ports, from nine shillings to eighty-one; on cotton, from thirty-one shillings to two hundred and eighty. The Statist calculates the average advance in homebound rates at almost eight hundred per cent. This huge advance not only increased the price of all imported goods, but many domestic goods, such as farm products, that came in competition with the foreign articles naturally advanced along with the latter.

The direct and indirect cost to consumers because of higher freight rates is estimated by the Statist at two billion dollars a year—representing private profits to shipowners and domestic producers whose goods enhanced in price along with competitive foreign goods. Increased profit to shipowners alone is calculated for the current year at more than a billion dollars. The government will take half of that in war-profit taxes; but shipowners, farmers and other domestic producers will still pocket a billion and a half.

The Statist urges the government to commandeer all British merchant ships, in order that the whole shipping profit may accrue to the public treasury. There is no way to prevent war profits except by the Socialists' way of letting the government take over the whole works. To that way a good many people object.

Government by Commission

THE Interstate Commerce Commission exercises a large measure of control over railroads. The Federal Reserve Board has wide discretionary powers in the banking field. The Federal Trade Commission, though it has not yet found and shaped itself, is empowered to intervene pretty extensively in manufacturing and trade. The new Shipping Bill proposes a board authorized to build or buy ships with public money—then to lease, sell or operate the vessels in its discretion; also, to fix freight rates for American vessels.

The proposed Tariff Commission will begin, at least, by being advisory only; but if it does what is expected it must have considerable influence on American affairs through its recommendations as to rates of duty on imports. There is a bill for a Waterway Commission—to be advisory only, like the Tariff Commission, yet to supervise the whole scheme of inland waterway improvements. We seem to be moving rather decisively toward extensive government by commissions, some of which, at least, will combine to some extent legislative, executive and judicial powers.

This may be our way of getting government efficiency. Certainly the tendency need not go a great deal farther than is now proposed in order to bring about a situation in which a set of commissions will be exerting a greater actual influence upon American affairs than Congress or the President or the court exercises—when the ordinary citizen, in looking to Washington for action that is going to touch him personally, will look, not to any of the three constitutional branches but to a certain commission.

Nominally, at least, the commissions are nonpartisan. Theoretically, at least, they are expert and disinterested. This may finally be our way of getting government efficiency. At any rate, it may be worth trying.

Monopoly and Competition

STRICTLY speaking, a private monopoly is as rare as a roc's egg. In its palmiest days the Oil Trust never had all the trade in its field, and any competition whatever implies some restraints on the monopolistic concern, for people have an independent standard with which to compare its goods and prices.

Besides, whatever actual competition there may be, every private monopolistic concern always faces potential competition—except perhaps where it is protected by a patent. If its goods are inferior and its prices high there is always the chance that the opportunity for unusual profit will tempt other capital into the field.

The only actual monopoly is a government one. Such is the monopoly of the French Government in matchmaking. Its matches are a staple joke with travelers, but the mass of the French people accept them unquestioningly, because they have never seen any other kind and do not know what good matches are. A government monopoly is quite apt to be actually more oppressive than a private one, because it is so much more secure.

General Howard and the Vigilantes

IN STEWART EDWARD WHITE'S novel, The Gray Dawn, which appeared serially in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST some months ago, reference was made on several pages to General Volney E. Howard. His grandson, Mr. G. Volney Howard, questions the historical accuracy of these references and descriptions, and to substantiate his claims calls the attention of our readers to the references to his grandfather that are made in a book called Judges and Criminals: History of the Vigilance Committee of San Francisco, California, with the Names of its Officers. Printed in 1858 in San Francisco for the author.

Sam Bagg of the Gabriel Group

By TALBOT MUNDY

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

SAM BAGG stood on the highest point of the Thumbmark's upper ridge, staring through his binoculars. He did not see what he looked for; so he put them in their case and stood still, thinking. He had stood on that spot, thinking, most mornings for eighteen years, soaking into himself whatever it is that good men get on the very verge of things.

He was an even-tempered man, but it was not considered wise to approach him when he stood in that place, in just that attitude; and Luther, the imported half-breed missionary, hid himself among the plantains that formed the outer fringe of Bagg's little garden, round the thatched bungalow.

"I wish—oh, I do wish I could tell what will happen!" Luther sighed, watching between the thick stems.

But Bagg was thinking of what had happened, since in that way only can a man judge whether he has earned his salt. He was thinking right back to the beginning—eighteen years ago—when nobody knew very much about the six-and-fifty little islands that make up the Gabriel Group.

Greater and Lesser Gabriel, Inner and Outer Islands, and The Crown are named on the charts—the remainder are shown as black dots; but each one in reality is a red-and-green-and-yellow jewel set in a purple sea, with dazzling white edges to mark the setting. And in the beginning Bill Hill had been king.

Bill Hill did as he chose in those days, and that was always beastly; but Bagg, aged thirty, stepped out of a man-of-war's boat, in a clean white civilian uniform, and the man-of-war hung about in the offing for fourteen days, to give him moral backing. After that Bagg managed without assistance.

Bill Hill—he was called Chief after Bagg came—was the quarter-breed son of a half-breed trader of the bad old days and spoke English fairly well, though he could not sign his name. He lived in a big thatched hut, in a compound with a high palisade round it, at the other end of the island, and cultivated that brand of secretiveness which he thought was privacy.

Bagg's ideas of privacy had been learned at Rugby, where he fagged for a tradesman's son and slept in a dormitory with nineteen other boys. He had some experience of minor consulates and rather more of famine-relief work in Baroda and Guzerat—that is to say, he had a fund of patience to begin with; but the speed with which he induced Bill Hill to have a house built for him out in the open was surprising.

The house was nearly all veranda, wind-swept from three sides; and Bagg lived on the veranda most of the time, in full view of anyone who cared to look, apparently cultivating no privacy at all. But nobody ever seemed able to guess what he was thinking about, whereas Bagg guessed Bill Hill's next move in advance nine times out of ten.

Luther, who was trying hard to do so, could not guess Bagg's thoughts now, though the snuff-and-butter-colored man was supposed to be more intimate with him than any other person on the islands.

"If only one might guess how far Bill Hill dares go!" thought Luther, with fear stamped on his not uninteresting face.

Up on the natural parapet facing the sea Bagg was thinking just that same thing—only with the difference that he did not show it.

"It looks like a show-down," he told himself.

Very early in the game things had settled down into a warfare of sap, pin prick and attrition in which Bagg was the defender and Bill Hill all the other things. Bagg had grown gray-haired and gray-bearded at the game; but Bill Hill, whose revenues under Bagg's supervision were treble what they had been, was fat and had grown ambitious, even to the point of being carried in a hammock when he took the air. He was in a mood by now to take advantage of an opportunity; and to him—and to Bagg—and to Luther—and to the islanders, who had known the real Bill Hill before Bagg came—the opportunity looked ripe, though, of course, each saw it from a different angle.

Bagg quartered the sea again and the horizon with his old-fashioned glass, balancing himself against a gaining wind that stirred the shore-line palms already to a crazy dance. His white drill suit, of the fashion of twenty years ago—for he sends his worn-out suits to Calcutta to be copied—was clean and well pressed; but perhaps his trimmed beard and his finger nails were the best surface indications that he had kept his ideals bright all these years. There are few men who can do that in the islands.

"Dashed if I see a sign!" he told himself. "That's haze over there."

A very ugly, dark-copper-colored native, in a white trade suit of much later pattern than Bagg's, approached him at a dog run along the track Bagg's feet had made on his daily morning walk.

"Breakfus', master!" he said with emphasis, stopping below the ridge of rock. But Bagg did not turn his head; he looked down, on his left, at the whaleboat beached on the sand of a tiny cove, and again seaward, where the waves raced, white-topped, between him and Lesser Gabriel, two miles away, and the sea birds beat up against the wind in hundreds.

Nobody molests the sea birds, because somebody has told the natives that they are loving thoughts, which will turn into devils if they are killed. Luther has tried hard to undermine the superstition and has even asked Bagg's help; and in the evenings, when the low stars swing almost within reach, Bagg has let the more inquisitive natives sit on his steps and talk to him. But they never come when Luther is there, and they are a shy, uncommunicative people. The superstition remains, and Luther cannot tell why, any more than he can guess why Bagg should think so much of sea birds. And Bagg does not care to explain that they remind him of springtime at home.

"Guzzling their fill before the storm," said Bagg aloud; for he knows all the weather signs. "Now—was that smoke, I wonder?"

"Breakfus', master!" said the servant's voice again.

"Has nobody seen the steamer from the North End?" Bagg asked without troubling to turn his head. The wind blew the words back:

"No, sah. No word dis mawnin', master."

"Get up here and look!" Bagg ordered; for the natives have keen eyes. "Is that smoke on the sky line over there?"

The native stared long, under a flat hand, but shook his head at last.

"No, sah. Steamer not comin' dat way. Steamer comin' always by North End, sah. Breakfus' now, master—breakfus,' him ready long time!"

Bagg swept the sea with his glasses again, but the servant protested.

"Send oowhaleboat over Lesser Gabr'el, sah. Bimeby some feller maybe see from dar."

"No," said Bagg.

"Oowhaleboat feller, he all ready by-handy, sah."

"No," repeated Bagg. "It's blowing up for a gale. They'd be swamped in the narrows, without a helmsman. I'll go to breakfast." It is one of Bagg's obsessions that he, and only he, can steer the whaleboat through those waters in a blow, though in the dim, unwritten dawn of history there were war canoes among the Gabriels and have been ever since. But a man is entitled to his own opinion; and at least Bagg has not drowned himself nor anybody else, though from the whaleboat he has explored every nook and cranny of the islands and knows them as some men know other people's business.

He Steered Them Out to Midwater, Where They Had to Row or Drown

Bagg jumped from the parapet and started for his bungalow at a pace that made the native shuffle to keep up, hurrying by without looking up at the flag, which snapped and rippled from its pole on a high mound between the bungalow and the sea. The native, who perhaps was half his age, looked older the moment they were in action, in spite of Bagg's pointed gray beard.

"Who's that?" he asked, stopping when he reached the steps, for he had caught sight of colored cotton between the plantain stems.

"Mishnary feller—Luther, sah."

Bagg continued up the steps and took his place before a table that was white with washed linen and fragrant with coffee, grown as well as ground close by. He ate and slept and wrote his letters—all on the veranda.

"Put a chair for him at the table and tell him to come."

The native hurried to obey, while Bagg poured coffee for himself with the manners of a town-bred man.

He sat straight at table. There was no hint about him of the man who has even dealt with beach combers.

In a minute Luther came up the steps, spectacled and nervous, his thin legs seeming yet thinner in red-check cotton trousers. A black cotton shirt under his white jacket was the only attempt at

clerical attire, except the sun hat; he removed a huge white topee as he came.

"Take a seat," said Bagg cheerily. "Have breakfast?"

"No; thank you, sir; I have eaten."

"Take a seat then."

Bagg helped himself to fish that would have made an epicure's mouth water; but in the islands one is either hungry or one is not. Luther drew a chair back from the table and a little on one side, and sat on the front edge of it, as though the back part were on fire. He is never quite sure of himself in Bagg's presence. It had been Bagg who wrote to the missionary society for him, and guaranteed him enough to live on; Bagg had ordered the little schoolhouse built, and Bagg had appointed him secretary to the Legislative Council. Yet he admits, even to the natives, that he does not understand Bagg.

For instance, in the matter of geography: Bagg ordered him, when he first came, to teach it to the natives. So, after he had given them their lesson in religion he would tell them about Gabriel Mendoza, the Portuguese, who discovered the islands and gave his name to them. Surely Bagg approved of that, because the information was in the textbook Bagg provided.

Yet the natives insist that when God made the world He left one place in the ocean incomplete, and ordered the Archangel Gabriel to try a hand. So Gabriel, who had sighed for just such an opportunity, wrought his very craftsmanliest; but, being lesser than the Master Craftsman, he pinched the finished jewels a mite too hard when he came to set them in the sea.

Luther is sure that sort of heresy leads straight to hell, and he said so from the first; but Bagg's boat crew took him in the whaleboat and showed him the marks of thumb and forefinger on every one of the islands. Yet, before he began to teach, Luther and Bagg were the only two people thereabout who knew anything concerning either God or Gabriel.

Legends have strange ways of springing up.

"Sir, He Pointed Out the Post on Which He Will Have My Head Spiked!"

Once, at breakfast, as it might have been now, Luther asked Bagg to help root out the superstition; but Bagg smiled at him.

"One thing at a time, Luther," he said. "Mustn't go too fast. Be gentle with 'em. There hasn't been a headhunt since either of us came here—now has there? Besides," he added, "why is that rock called the Thumbmark on the chart if the story isn't true?" And Luther could not answer that.

It was all very disconcerting; so that, though Bagg was invariably kind to him and treated him to many confidences, he never felt at ease on Bagg's veranda. He is not always sure that he is not being laughed at.

"What is it, Luther?" Bagg asked him now between two drinks of coffee; and he fidgeted before he answered.

"A Council meeting, sir. I am sorry to say, sir, it is a meeting of the Legislative Council." He pronounced his English very well, except that he minced it a little. "Bill Hill—I mean the Chief, sir—sent to me this morning and demanded that I call a Council meeting. I replied, of course, that hitherto I have always called meetings at your direction, and not at his."

"Well?" asked Bagg, eating leisurely and not showing any particular emotion, though Luther trembled.

"He came to me, sir, carried in his hammock. Sir, he abused me frightfully! Sir, he called me names—abominable names that I will not repeat to you! Sir, in the end he told me I am secretary by your orders and my job is to call meetings; so, unless I call a meeting, he will act on his own account, without one! I am sorry, sir, to have such a tale to bring to you; but it is the truth."

"He has a perfect right to summon the Council."

"But not to act on his own account unless it is called."

"Call a meeting, then," said Bagg.

"Sir, there never should have been a Council—it is a foolishness!"

But Bagg begged to differ and signified as much by resuming his breakfast. That Council had been his first studied effort to curb Bill Hill's tyranny. It was his child, just as the road round the island was his trade-mark, and the twenty-one police were the beginning of what should be some day.

It had taken him six years of written effort, with three-month intervals between replies, to get the Foreign Office to consent to the Council; but now, even though Bill Hill were to force a vote by means of threats or bribes, Bagg had the veto and could curb him. Bagg nominated half the members, and the Council itself the other half; so that the membership was more or less permanent. And in course of time they had learned a little of self-government.

"Sir," said Luther, too afraid to be diffident as usual, "you do not understand. You are not behind the scenes as I am. Let me explain."

"Glad to listen," Bagg assured him.

"Bill Hill no longer coaxes and persuades—he threatens, and at last the Council members are afraid. There are some who actually want the old times back. Bill Hill says there is no steamer any more—and where is the steamer? What can anybody answer him?"

"Oh, it's late—that's all," said Bagg, more hopefully than Luther quite believed he felt.

"Sir, it is two months overdue!"

"Seven weeks," corrected Bagg. "Broken down, I suppose. Once before it broke down and they sent our mail on a cruiser."

"Yes, sir; but even the cruiser was not ten days overdue. Now this is seven weeks; and Bill Hill says the Protectorate is a thing of the past and you have no authority. He asks where is the promised steamer that should come every month and take away his copra. He says there is nothing with which to pay the police. He says he is rightful king, and you are a—I will not repeat what he says you are, sir."

"Bill Hill's thirsty," said Bagg judicially. "He expected brandy and it has not come; so he's restless."

"Sir, he is worse! He calls this Council meeting expressly to depose you, sir. He has threatened all the members, and he holds their promises—all except mine; he tells me I am secretary and must write your deposition in the minutes, or he will have my head off! Sir, he pointed out the post on which he will have my head spiked!"

"Better do what he says, then," smiled Bagg, still eating and not letting Luther know by any outward sign that he felt disturbed. "Go to the meeting, Luther, and keep the minutes; bring them to me afterward. You'd better remind 'em that nothing's legal without my signature."

"But, sir, if the Council votes as Bill Hill wishes—and how dare it do otherwise?—he will not only succeed in deposing you, he will have you killed!"

"Not while the police are mine!" said Bagg. "Besides, you don't understand, Luther; the Council can't depose me. This is a Protectorate, not a Colony. This isn't British territory. It's protected by Great Britain. The islanders govern themselves under British protection, in accordance with rules mutually agreed on. That's the theory of the thing; and the fact is, Great Britain would back me up in any sort of an argument."

"I only hope it is true, sir. I know Bill Hill does not believe it—and he will act as he believes!"

"Well, run and summon the meeting, Luther. Keep the minutes and report to me. Then, at least, we'll know what the Chief intends."

Far more nervously than he had mounted them, the half-breed missionary descended the steps and hurried down Bagg's stamped coral road in the direction of the foursquare Council House some two miles away.

"Boy!" called Bagg, the moment the missionary was out of hearing.

"Sah?"

"Find the sergeant of police and tell him to bring all his men. I want them to drill in front of the flag this morning."

"Breakfus' things, sah—take um away?"

"Find the sergeant of police and deliver my message first."

"Pleesargint feller, he——"

"Go and find him!"

"Yas, sah!"

The native went off at a run and disappeared down a track that led, among plantains and breadfruit and bamboos, to a native village. Bagg picked up his glass and walked to the Thumbmark parapet again, stopping this time to take a long look at the flag.

The spray was beginning to sing over the rock, and when the big sou'westers blow the Thumbmark is a very bursting place of all the big waves in the world, but, as yet, a man could stand on the ridge and be fairly dry; so Bagg stood there and stared at the sky line. Maybe his forearms trembled as he held the glass; but, again, it may have been the wind blowing up his sleeves.

"Looks like it to me!" he said after a while, wiping the object lenses carefully. "It's coming end on and it's thin, so it's hard to tell; but—it looks like it to me."

As a means of passing time before he looked again, he began to watch the birds, which were growing weary of work against a gaining storm or else too gorged to care any more. One after another—presently in fives, tens, twenties—they let themselves be blown down the wind between the islands to shelter in the lee of Greater Gabriel. So an hour passed, and then Bagg yielded to impatience and looked again at the southwest.

"Two masts and two funnels!" he said cheerfully. "Now for Bill Hill! If this doesn't tame him—— But it will—it will!"

He jumped from the rock and walked back leisurely to his bungalow, to sit on the top step and turn his glass on the Council House, where the greatest crowd was gathering that he had ever seen together on the island.

"They're all there!" he chuckled. "They'll none of 'em see what's coming!"

The flag snapped in the wind like a whip-crack; and that reminded him! For the first time, he realized that his order to the police had not been obeyed, for nobody was drilling on the stamped dark earth behind the flag mound.

"Boy!" he shouted. "Boy!"

But none answered and no one came.

"Boy!" he thundered half a dozen times. Then he frowned and lit his pipe. He had shown a bold front to Luther, the half-breed; but he could guess, even better than Luther, how near the native Chief was to getting the upper hand. His pipe went out and he did not relight it. He leaned back against the veranda pole; and his shoulders began to look very tired—more in keeping with the gray hair.

"I rather counted on the police and that one boy," he admitted to himself. "Seems I was wrong! Lord, but it takes time to teach a man how little he is and how little he matters! Think of it—after eighteen years!"

He looked up at the flag which the police had been taught to salute at dawn and dusk.

"But for the flag I could almost wish no help were coming! I shall look small—shan't I?—without one friend after eighteen years, except perhaps Luther! He's not a native; he'll stand by me for his own sake. He'll have to! Yes, the flag wins—law and order wins—help's here in the nick of time; but I lose! I'll apply for a transfer; they'll have to grant it after eighteen years—eighteen years and not a friend on all the islands! If the police and that one boy had stood I'd have been satisfied. I expect I've been too mild. They're used to whips and scorpions. They need a stronger hand over 'em. Well, I did my best. I suppose that's why help's at hand."

There was a feeling creeping over him—a lonely feeling—which had to be battled with, for manhood's sake; so he took up his glass again and began to watch the crowd near the Council House. He saw the fat Bill Hill get into

a hammock to head a procession." He could see some of his white-skirted constables shepherding the crowd, and Luther walking timidly beside Bill Hill, with the minute book under his arm.

"I must remember to give Luther a good word," he reminded himself; and as he spoke the procession started.

It was a motley throng—dark skins, cotton suits, shells, feathers—unusually silent but coming swiftly; for the natives can move like smoke blown before the wind. As they drew nearer Bagg thought some of them looked guilty, and he was glad of that. He noticed that his policemen skulked behind.

"It's something if they even feel ashamed!" he thought.

He relighted his pipe now and made himself comfortable on the top step; for, whatever the outcome, he meant that Bill Hill should be met with dignity. He was rather glad that he had found himself a failure.

"I might have died thinking I had really won," he argued. "I'd have gone out proud. I suppose the Lord, who made the wide world, wouldn't laugh at a man; but—my word, I'm glad I knew in time!"

The procession advanced more slowly as it neared him; but it had to approach at last, and from every side his little garden was invaded. Four stalwarts dropped the hammock pole and Bill Hill rolled out, sweating like a pig; the fat brute looked like a Roman senator of the Decline and Fall, with a wreath of flowers awry on his oily hair and his fat legs showing under a baggy white chemise.

"You're deposed!" he said in perfectly good English, pointing at Bagg with a fat forefinger. Bagg smoked on, apparently unperturbed, watched in breathless silence by as many of the crowd as could get near enough. "You're no good!" said Bill Hill. "It's a lie about your ships! This isn't a Protectorate! You're deposed!"

"By whom?" asked Bagg, quite calmly. He wanted to gain seconds. There was a far-away look in his eye that the Chief mistook for terror; so he dared to draw a long stride nearer.

"You're deposed by your Council—your talkers! I was king before you came, and I ran things right. Now I'm king again—your Council says so! It's written in the book. You sign it!"

It seemed to tickle the savage's fancy that Bagg should be made to sign the minutes of his own deposition.

"Take him the book!" he ordered. "Take him the book and show him where to sign."

So Luther, very frightened but not daring to disobey, brought the minute book to Bagg on the top step.

"Show me the entry, Luther," said Bagg, for he did not want the half-breed to look seaward for a moment yet.

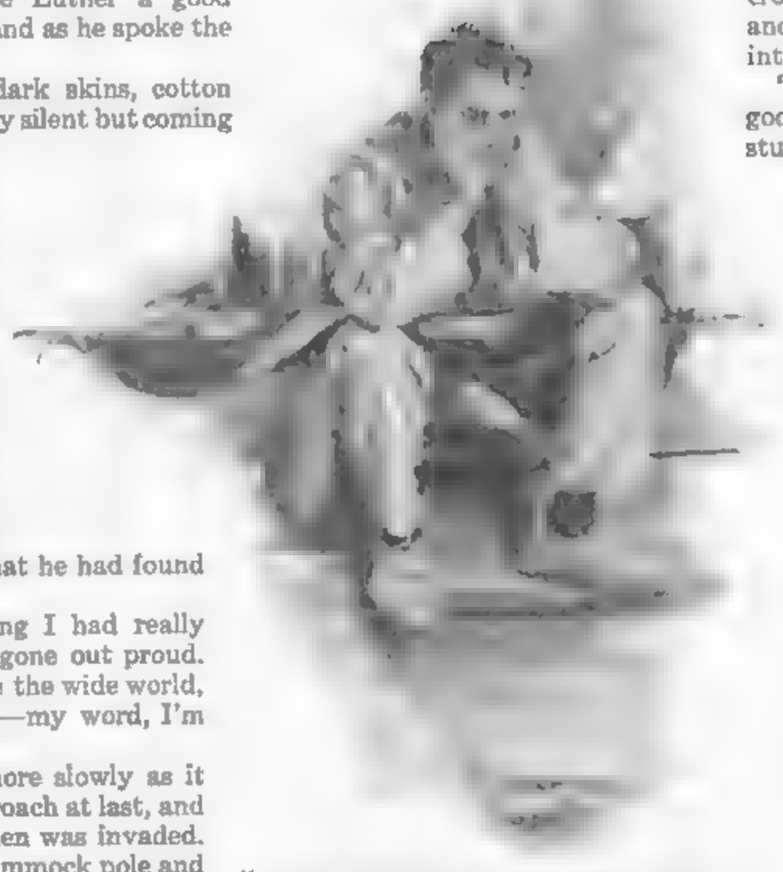
"Give him a pen—put it in his hand and make him write!" yelled Bill Hill, turning to explain to the crowd, in their own tongue, what was happening. And as he turned his jaw fell. He seemed suddenly changed to stone. The whole crowd followed his gaze seaward. Bagg smiled.

A cruiser, with two funnels and two masts, and decks all cleared for action, steamed almost casually close inshore!

"I told you a ship would come!" said Bagg.

It occurred to him, then, that it might be well to dip his flag by way of salute, and he started for the pole to do it; but almost the instant he moved the cruiser spoke. From her ensign halyard she broke out the red, white and black of the German Navy, and from a forward port casemate a six-inch gun let rip.

A shell struck the mound on which the British flag was raised, and burst; a second shell burst at the very foot of the pole; a third hit the pole and brought the flag down; and a fourth whined through Bagg's bungalow, bursting in the garden at the rear. Then the cruiser ceased firing for there was nothing more in particular to aim at—the crowd, including Bill Hill and the police, had vanished into thin air.



"I Can't Believe the British Navy Has Been Licked! I Don't Believe It!"

"Now that's awfully good shooting!" Bagg said stupidly.

There was nothing else to say. His job and his flag and his point of view had all been shot away from under him and he had not even heard a rumor of any war. For a minute he stood and watched the natives, whom he could see now, running down the road for the distant village as though their thatched huts would protect them against gunfire; and it was his sense of humor that brought him to himself. He caught sight of Bill Hill, deserted by the hammock men, waddling down the road as fast as fat legs could be made to move him, shaking impotently angry fists at all the world. Bagg laughed aloud. "There won't be any brandy on the cruiser either," he reflected.

For a minute after that he watched the cruiser, understanding well why her captain did not drop anchor opposite the Thumbmark in such a gale, though he would have dared to do it himself, since he knew the waters.

"He'll anchor in the roadstead," he reflected, for his wits were working again. "Now what ought I to do first?"

The cruiser's masts went out of sight behind the longshore palms and Bagg's eyes wandered. They lit on the flag, lying tangled in its halyard under half of the pole. He walked to it, unbent it, and rolled it up carefully. So much was obvious.

"What next?" he wondered, looking through his glass in the vague hope of seeing Luther somewhere.

"No; I've got to see this through alone. Well, Luther, you were my friend as long as you dared be. I wonder whether I can do any better than you? Seems to me I've got to bolt too. Difference is, you knew where to run to and I don't. Oh, I know! The papers!"

Rather ashamed of not having thought of that before, he ran to the bungalow and brought out the steel dispatch box that held his official papers, diary and money. Then he filled his pocket with tobacco.

"Is there anything else that matters?" he wondered, stroking his gray beard. "No; nothing else—I can get food anywhere—unless the natives give me up. If they do that I'm done—but I'm not done yet! If the sail and mast are not in the whaleboat, I am, though."

He formed the daring plan of sailing the whaleboat single-handed across to Opposite Point on Lesser Gabriel.

"They won't know yet on the other islands that my authority has been challenged by Bill Hill. Perhaps I can get a following of some sort. At least, I can try. If only I had one man to help me! Imagine—not one man to stand by after eighteen years! I didn't think a fellow could fail so badly as all that!"

With the steel box in one hand he followed the path to his left front, and climbed down steps cut roughly in the coral to the cove below. He was feeling lonelier than ever in his life; but he had barely reached the bottom when eight men rose, like the dead from their graves, to greet him, shaking wet sand from their copper-colored bodies. They so startled him that he nearly dropped the box.

"Why are you here?" he asked. "What do you want?"

A big man—bull-necked and ugly, showing sharp eye-teeth when he grinned—answered him:

"Waiting all along you come!"

Bagg remembered then his orders of the night before—that the whaleboat crew should be ready in the morning; he gave that order most nights whether he meant to use the boat or not, since it kept the crew out of mischief. He had no doubt that Bill Hill knew of the order and had taken advantage of it to cut off his retreat by water; his heart fell into his boots. Another man spoke and Bagg felt his fear confirmed.

"Bill Hill ——"

But the big man interrupted, waving toward the beached boat with a sinewy, shiny arm.

"Bill Hill no good! Bill Hill one damn —— Sam Bagg plenty good! Sea, him big! Come on!"

He snatched the steel box from Bagg's hand and tossed it into the boat, helping Bagg in after it over the stern. Two men took their places on the bow seat and the rest shoved; in a minute they were up to their necks; in another second they were scrambling in over the sides and the boat's nose was headed straight for the cove's mouth and savage water. They all began rowing, taking their time from the bull-necked man at stroke; and, before Bagg knew it, he was standing in the stern, the rolled flag between his knees, steering instinctively.

"Give way, all!" he shouted suddenly. "All together! Swing to it now!"

Eight sets of copper-colored shoulders, alive and lumpy under satin skin, swung evenly to a tune of squealing thwarts and grunting rowlocks. The whaleboat leaped for the narrow entrance and staggered drunkenly as the full force of the gale took her on the starboard shoulder.

"Pull!" roared Bagg, himself by now. "Pull!—Ho!—Pull!—Ho!—Pull!—Ho!"

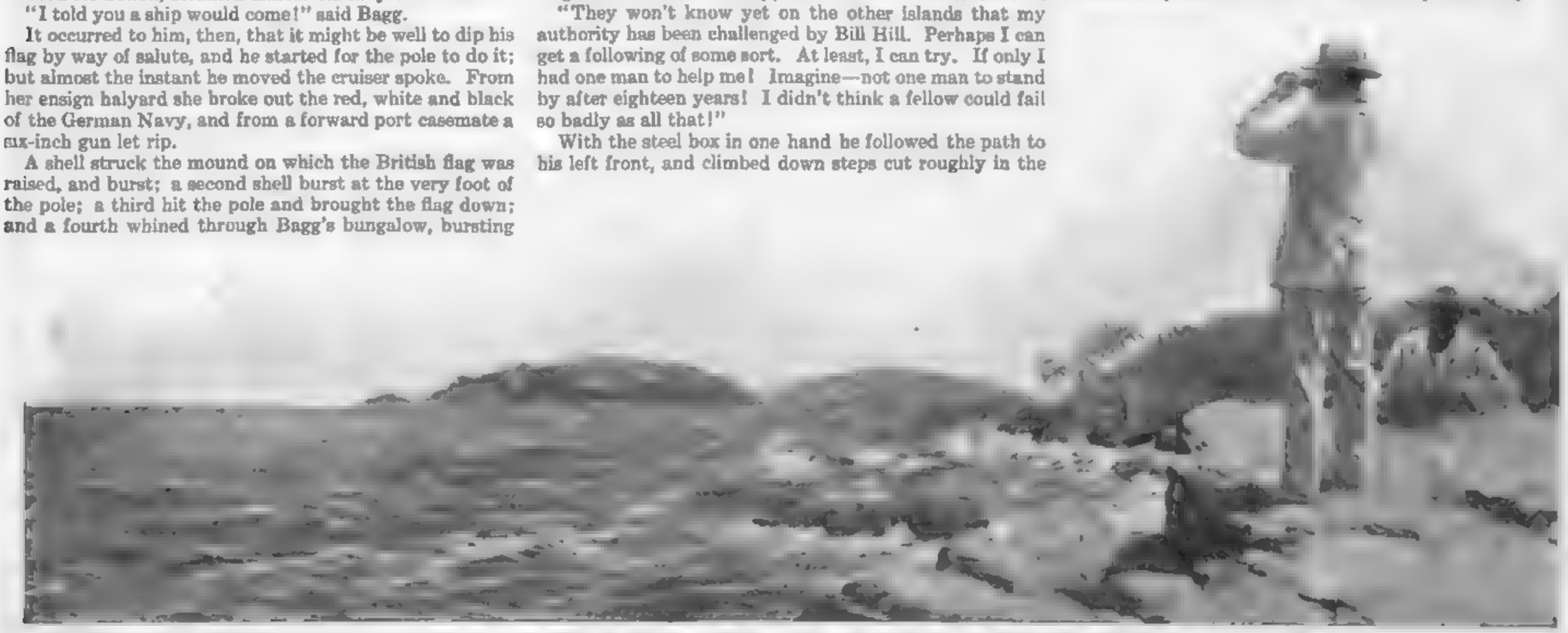
Because they knew him and were used to him they labored at the oars, when an ordinary native crew would have quit and jumped; so that after a while Bagg got the staggering boat stern-on to the sea, and they were able to race along with no more effort than was needed to keep just ahead of the following wave. Bagg still stood up, wearing across the channel as he saw his chance, and wondering why he had not thought of his boat's crew first of all.

"I might at least have offered them a chance!" he argued; he was not in a mood to spare himself if he could only see where he was wrong.

They were rowing more or less in the wake of the cruiser, and Bagg saw her drop anchor opposite Bill Hill's palisade five miles down the strait. He saw a cloud of steam, and judged it must come from her whistle, though the gale prevented him from hearing.

"That'll fetch 'em!" he admitted. "If they keep whistling and don't shoot they'll have every native on the island round them in less than an hour! So much the worse for me, I suppose—the Germans'll demand me and the war canoes'll come after me. What's it all about, I wonder?"

More or less diagonally, and by cautious, small degrees, he wore across the strait to Opposite Point, and there was less than a foot of water in the boat in proof of his coxwainship when he ran in under the promontory's lee.



"Has Nobody Seen the Steamer From the North End?"

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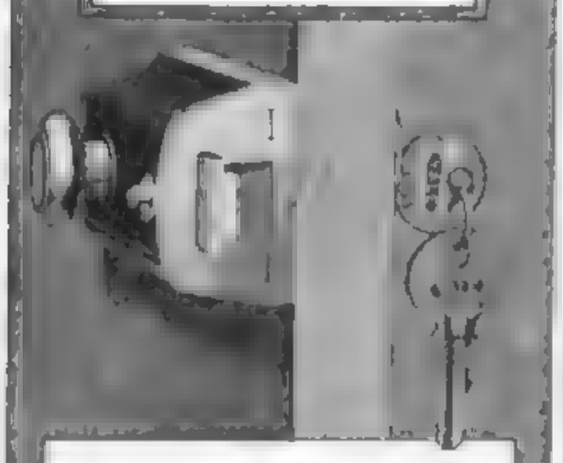

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The crew beached the boat and dragged it high out of the water, while Bagg hurried to climb the overhanging rock. There, on the top of it, he sat watching through his glass, and watched, in turn, by the crew below; they did not ask him any questions—he had always told them things if they waited long enough.

"So, eight stood by me!" he was saying to himself. "Eight—after eighteen years! That's eight better than none; makes me feel more like a man."

That the cruiser should take on water first and that the natives should answer the whistle and bring the water were things only to be expected; all the ships that call do that. The sweet-water wells on Greater Gabriel, combined with the roadstead, which is sheltered from the prevalent sou'-westers, would be ample excuse for seizure of the group by any vagrant navy. Bagg watched the war canoes sneak out, loaded with a cask apiece, and saw the casks hauled up by the cruiser's derricks, to be emptied and sent back for more. He saw fruit go on board, too, and some pigs and fish. All that was easy to understand.

It was obvious why no steamer had come with his mail for seven weeks. It was obvious there must be war; and he supposed the British fleet had somehow failed to get command of the seas and keep it. But he could not guess what the war was about, or what the Germans wanted with this tiny group of islands so early in the game as this must be.

"They can't have been fighting much more than a month," he argued. "Has it got to this already?"

What ought he to do? Should he bury the flag, he wondered—or hoist it somewhere, out of sight of the cruiser? Either course seemed foolish; yet he supposed there was a right course to take.

"I wonder what one of those men one reads about in history would do?" he thought. "I mean one of those chaps who seem to be born to meet emergencies. This is an emergency, all right. Why don't I fit it? I suppose it's because I haven't fitted from the first. If I had handled my job right the natives would all have stood by me—or nearly all; and if I'd been that kind of man I'd have known what to do now. I expect that's it. Well, I did my best anyway," he added, beginning to turn against the lash of his own self-criticism. "Eight stood by me. I won eight!"

He grew tired of watching the cruiser and began to search the island through his glass; so he saw a landing party march toward his bungalow, their white uniforms visible from miles away. He saw them presently surround the little building, and laughed; for he supposed they were shouting to him to come out. He saw men enter it and drag his few possessions into the open. Then he swore aloud, for he saw a man go to windward and set fire to the dry thatch.

"Dogs!" he muttered.

In fifteen minutes the little building that had been his home for eighteen years was gutted to the ground, and its smoke lay like a dirty stain across the island.

"That's wanton!" he swore. "There's no excuse for it! Suppose they are conquerors, have they no decency—no respect? Bill Hill could do no worse!"

He watched them hurry back, marching along his road—the road that had cost him such year-long effort and patient persuasion; the road that stood for the awakening of six-and-fifty islands and the humbling of Bill Hill.

"Damn them!" he swore again, pulling out his pipe and lighting it, to smoke so furiously that the sparks flew in a stream down the wind.

After a while the cruiser began whistling again, and the landing party started running. He could see the steam go R-r-r-r-r-rumph!—in short, sharp blasts; and each blast was an added insult, as though the burning of his house were being celebrated. He was too angry to wonder why the landing party hurried so fast on board in one of the cruiser's launches; and he was taken completely by surprise when the cruiser got up anchor and turned down the wind, to steam leisurely away between the islands in the distance.

"Now what in the world ——"

He searched as much as he could see of the horizon; and from his point of vantage he was sure that more of it was visible than from the cruiser's masthead. Yet he could see no smoke; and, judging by the cruiser's speed, it did not seem reasonable to suppose she had news of an enemy.

"Just dropped in, burned my house, made trouble, and passed on again! I wonder whether an English cruiser ever did a thing like that? I suppose so—though I'd rather think not. I rather think the man who did it would catch it from home."

He watched the cruiser until her crew were indistinguishable through his glass and then slipped down the rock face on his hands and heels to where his boat's crew waited at the foot.

"Man the boat!" he ordered.

"Goin' where?" asked the big man who pulled the stroke oar.

"Back to the island."

"Bill Hill, him no good!"

"No more am I, my friend; but my place happens to be on the Thumbmark and I'm going back. I'm sorry I came away."

The native did not understand him, for a sentence in English should contain but one verb and one substantive to pass current among the islands; yet there was something in Bagg's attitude that convinced him he had better obey. Bagg did not look aggressive—far from it; he looked like the same Bagg who had explored the islands for days at a time in the whaleboat—and that was the point. Once these men had been Bill Hill's slaves, and they knew the difference between having to do things and doing them because Bagg wished.

"Bill Hill cuttin' t'roat quick!" said the bull-necked man in a last effort to dissuade.

"Very well," Bagg answered. "Man the boat! I would I had not left my post," he added to himself. "At least I can go back to it."

He bent the flag to a boat hook and raised it in the brass tube intended for that purpose in the whaleboat's stern.

"I'll go back the way I came," he said, climbing in and seizing the iron tiller. "No—four of you in your places this time—I'm going upwind. Push off—the rest."

The crew sensed his new mood or they would never have won up into the wind at all. His steering and their terrific labor at the white-ash oars got the boat fore-and-aft into it, with less than a foot of water flopping in her, after about two minutes. And then the real fight began. He could have dropped down with the wind to Bill Hill's landing and have dared Bill Hill to do his worst; but he chose that Bill Hill should come to him, and that he should first win back to the post he had deserted. After which he did not see that it mattered what happened.

So the eight oars chopped the waves sea style, deep in the middle. Bagg stood in the stern and the wind shrieked. Inch by inch, up and down hill like a carrousel boat, thumped on her bottom as she rose, and soused as she plunged again, the whaleboat jerked ahead. He steered them out near to midwater, where they had to row or drown; and the eight backs swung in unison, while Bagg looked straight ahead, conscious all the while of the smoke that streamed past him from the ruins of his little house.

"Will it never stop smoking?" he wondered. It seemed like blood to him—like a flow of blood he could not stanch. "Pull!" he shouted. "Ho! Pull! Ho! Good men! Good boys! Pull, then! Ho!"

And they gave him the very best of all their strength, because he could praise them while he went to have his throat cut! They obeyed him because he was Sam Bagg; but they did not doubt Bill Hill—for they knew him too, of old.

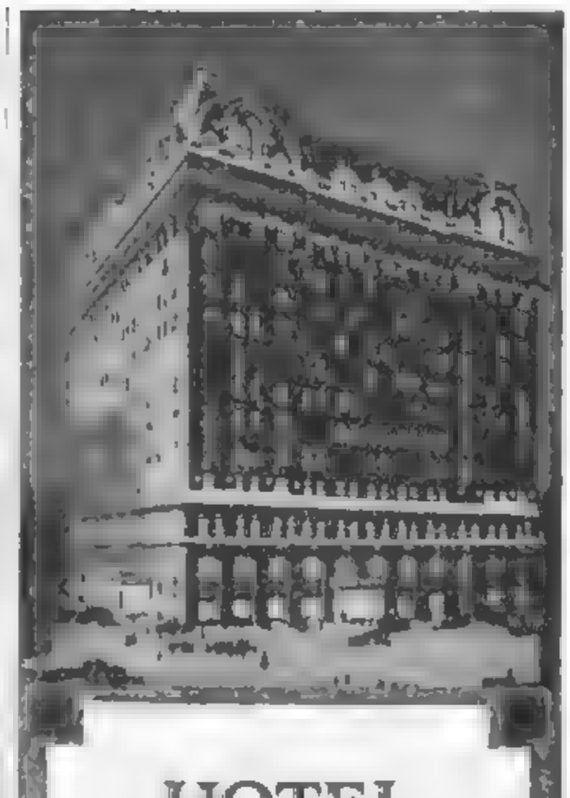
They had come down the strait in twenty minutes. They fought back to the cove in something like three hours; so that the afternoon was well along and the storm was dying down, as usual toward evening, when Bagg steered into the entrance and the rowing ceased.

"Give way!" he shouted, still standing. "Beach her!"

But they were almost too weary to row through the last hundred yards of comparatively still water; and when the boat's nose touched the sand at last they lay forward on their oars, breathing heavily. Bagg ran by them over the thwarts and jumped ashore, carrying the flag on the boat hook under his arm, and the dispatch box in the other hand.

"Pull her up high and dry!" he ordered, without waiting to see whether they obeyed.

He hurried on to the coral steps. He did not suppose the landing party from the cruiser had left him anything worth recovering, but he wanted to see and to be there. He hurried so fast that he did not see three natives watching him, or that they ran down another path to the cove to speak



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with his weary crew. But at the top of the steps he turned to shout to the crew to follow him; so he saw all eight of them, with the three who had just come, take to their heels and scamper across the sand, up the other path, and away toward the distant village.

"I thought I had eight!" he said, smiling at himself. "Well, thanks for the ride, you men!"

By a freak of wind-swept fury the fire had left him nothing but his steps—the flight of front steps that were shiny from being sat on—resting on the coral block that had been part of the bungalow's foundation. All of the veranda was burned—only the steps to it remained, leading up to nothing. A little smoke still hurried down the wind, but the fire had died for lack of fuel. In front of the steps lay his one twenty-year-old tweed coat, which he had kept against the day when he should leave the islands; the landing party had not thought it worth looting. He picked it up, laid it on the top step and sat down on it, lest ashes should soil his white drill trousers.

For thirty minutes he sat there, his elbows on his knees and his chin on his hands, exactly as he had sat most evenings for eighteen years. The difference was that now he had a flag on a boat hook laid across his knees, which used to fly from a pole on the mound near by, and that now there was no house behind him. But the sea made the same noise and the islands looked the same. He noticed it.

"I suppose a man gets arrogant," he said aloud; for men who live alone form a habit of talking to themselves. "I tried not to. Lord knows I tried; but I suppose I did. I suppose Rome didn't know she was proud either. That's it! It was pride—and this is the fall. I fall hard and it hurts. I must have been very proud.

"I suppose the Germans have taken these islands and will come back by and by to enforce their rule. I dare say that'll be good for the natives, or otherwise it wouldn't happen to them. I can imagine Bill Hill being penitent—and not so fat—nor drunken—under German rule. They'll rule him! They won't call this a Protectorate—it'll be a Colony; and they'll enforce the goose step, among other disagreeable things. All rather different to what it's been!

"I'm sorriest about the Legislative Council; it was child's play, of course, the way it was constituted; but I think the natives would have learned to govern themselves and curb Bill Hill in the end."

He leaned back, forgetting for the moment that there was no veranda post to rest his back against. Then, for a while, he rested his chin on his hands again, watching the sea birds beat up along the strait toward the sunset.

"End of the gale!" he remarked. "They'll roost on Lesser Gabriel and be ready for their breakfast with to-morrow's tide. Happy beggars! They can live on the islands without ruling them or being ruled—no Foreign Office to twist their tails. I hope the Germans will treat them decently."

Staring at the sunset, as he generally had done at the day's end, he followed his train of thought until it brought him back in a circle to the beginning. And then, since thought was a habit with him, he saw his initial error.

"What if the Germans haven't taken the islands? What if they watered and passed on? That seems more likely. I can't believe the British Navy has been licked! I don't believe it! If the Germans had meant to take the islands they would have left my house for their representative to live in. It was a raid—look in, get water, make trouble, and pass on. Well, what then? What happens?"

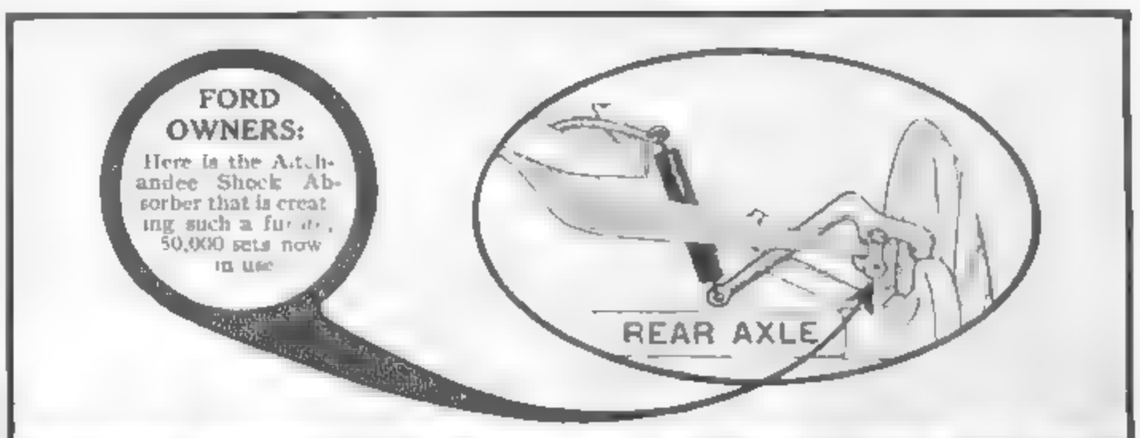
He whistled softly.

"I would rather the Germans had stayed," he admitted. "I must have done some good in all these years. I've failed, but I must have dropped one or two fertile seeds; the Germans would have cultivated them. Now all I've done—however much or however little—will be undone; for Bill Hill will see to that. Bill Hill will come and cut my throat, as the boatman said."

He unrolled the flag and spread it over his knees like an apron, not realizing what he did. No imaginative man can relish the thought of having his throat cut.

"And after that Bill Hill will run things in his own sweet way for a while, until our navy finds time to readjust things."

He fidgeted with the flag again, rolling and unrolling it, leaving it spread over his knees at last. He made a strange picture,



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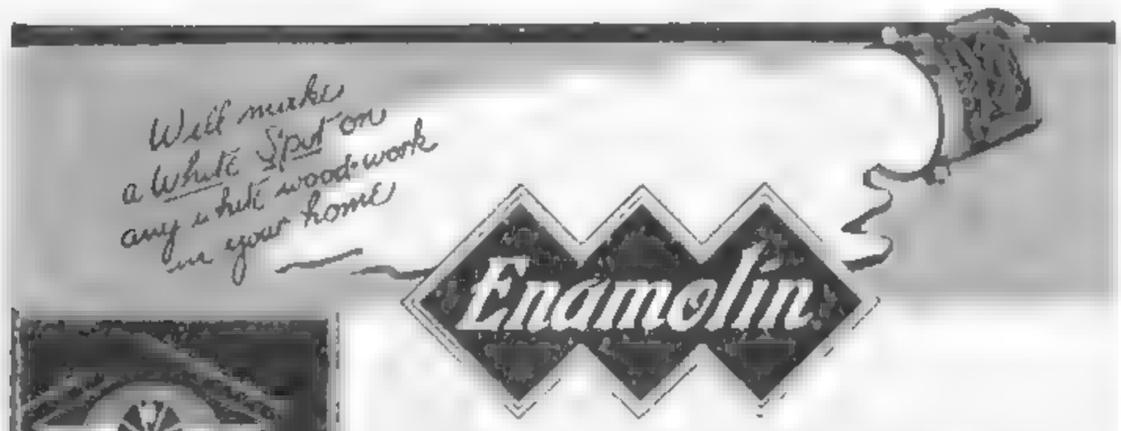

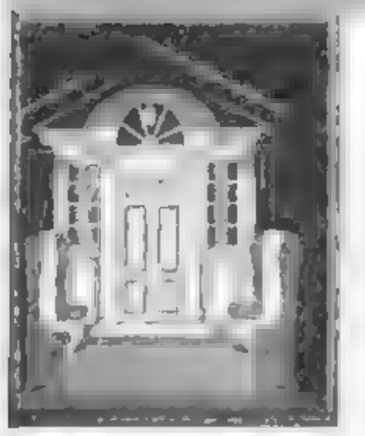

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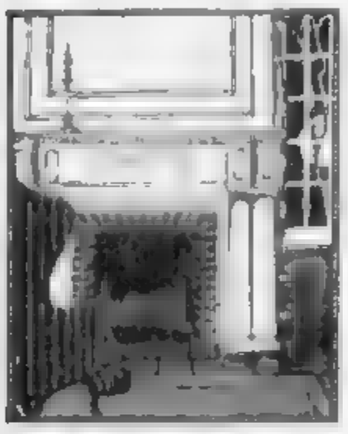

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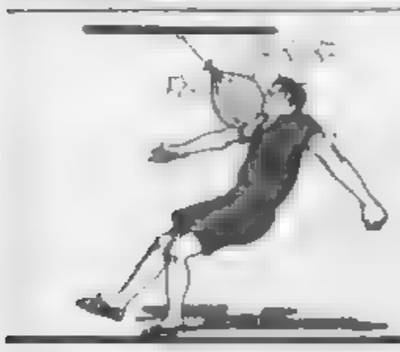

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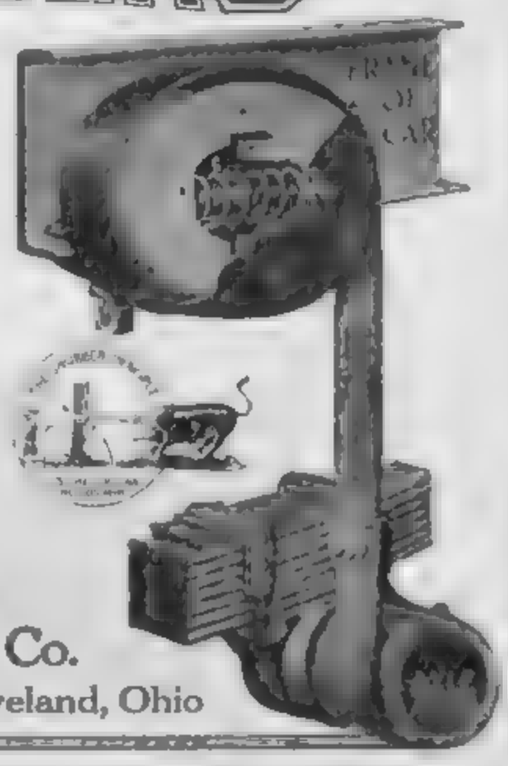

silhouetted on the steps in the light of the setting sun.

"For the islands' sake, I would rather the Germans had stayed," he said at last. "For my own sake, I believe I'm glad they went. I think I'd rather die than have my own crowd find me here without a friend after eighteen years. Yes; I've failed. I had better die. What was that about 'All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword'? I believed that when I came—so I did. I can answer to that!

"I've lived here eighteen years without sword or gun—and they were head-hunters when I came here! Yet, I die by the knife! And yet I believe! Yes, I do—I believe! I believe! I've failed, and that's why the knife gets me; but I wish I knew how or in what I have failed. Lord! I have tried!"

Chin on his fists again, he sat and stared into the setting sun that was like to be his last.

"I suppose they'll wait until dark to come and murder me," he mused. "That'd be Bill Hill's way."

It was only by inches, so to speak, he became aware that he was watched; and the lower edge of the sun's red disk had almost touched the sky line before he knew that there were natives on every side of him, watching him, like shadows among the shadows.

"Are you afraid of me?" he asked at last.

"Him coming now!" boomed a strong voice, and he recognized the man who had pulled the stroke oar.

"Strange!" he thought. "Now I wouldn't wait to see Bill Hill murder *him!*"

But it was Luther who stepped out of a shadow, with natives on each side of him and behind. Suddenly a thousand figures showed themselves in rings all round him, and Luther drew nearer; so that they two were in the middle of a ring.

"Sir!" said Luther, speaking very loud for Luther. "Mr. Bagg!"

"Yes?" said Bagg a little wearily. He was disgusted that Luther should be spokesman for Bill Hill.

"I am spokesman for these natives. They order me to speak in English, very plainly, that there may be no mistake."

"I'm listening," said Bagg, though it was evident that he would rather have done with it all.

"Those Germans came; and they said that the English are beaten; that there are no English ships or cruisers any more; and that these islands are no longer a Protectorate. Their captain—the captain of the cruiser—he explained that these islands are now free, not belonging to anybody but the natives. Bill Hill asked him: 'Do the Germans not take the islands and hoist the German flag?' But he answered: 'No; the Germans cannot be troubled. The islanders are free to govern themselves.'"

"That's what I feared!" groaned Bagg. "Well, Luther, what then?" he asked, for the half-breed had paused and was conferring in whispers with the men who pressed behind.

It seemed to him that Luther was begging mercy for him, though he could not hear what was said. The men behind urged, but Luther seemed to hesitate.

"Well, Luther, what is it?" he asked again.

"They say, sir—these islanders—that they believed the captain of that cruiser; and that, being free, and no longer under British rule, they have done as they chose. I am to say, sir, that they have killed Bill Hill, and that his head is on a spike of his own palisade."

There was dead silence for two minutes. Bagg waited, breathless. The skin of his back was tingling.

"They say, sir, since they have now no Chief and there is no British rule, and they are free, and Bill Hill was bad man, and you are good man, will you be their king?"

Bagg stared; then his head went forward between his hands.

"They ask, sir," continued Luther, "shall they build you a new house here, or will you live in Bill Hill's house at the other end?"

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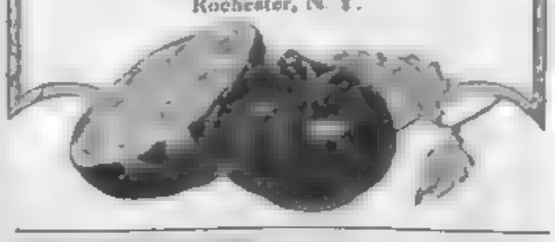

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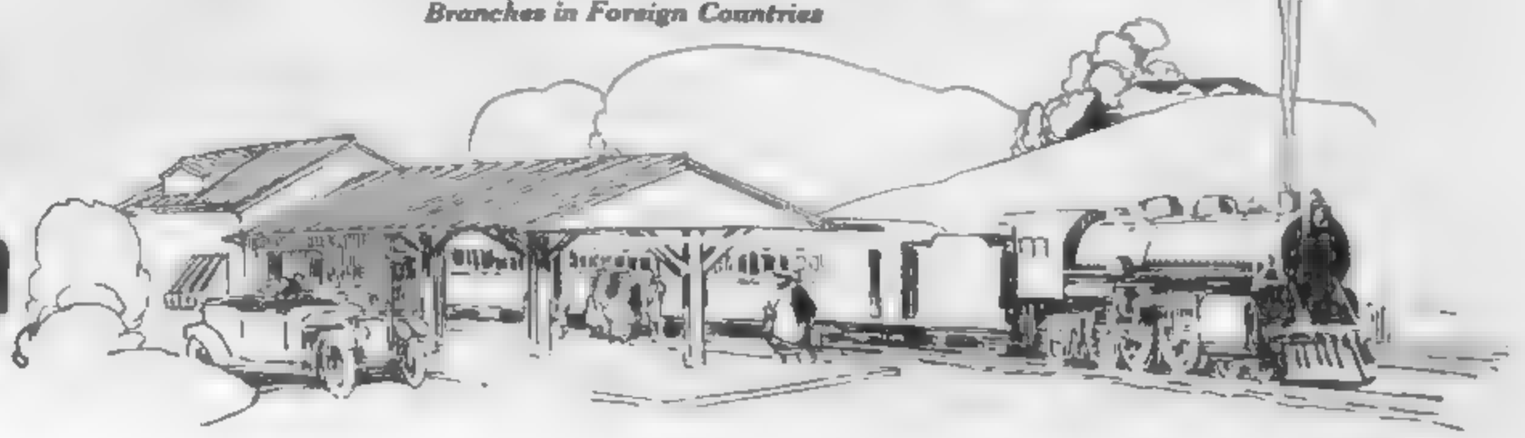

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DE-LUXE ANNIE

(Continued from Page 9)

pulled a comfortably upholstered lounge round facing the blaze, drew a small table in front of the lounge, spread one napkin on its polished surface and laid the other beside the plate. Then she drew the cork from the bottle and poured a full glass.

"She was about to sit down to her midnight lunch when she was struck by a new idea. This time her explorations took her upstairs, whence she speedily returned with sheets, blankets, a down comforter and a pillow, on which she had evidently just slipped a fresh, clean cover.

"At last she daintily addressed herself to her meal. She was so hungry that she could have wolfed all the zwieback and swallowed the wine almost at a gulp; yet she ate and drank slowly.

"The fire leaped and crackled pleasantly and, together with the wine and food, made her blink with a delicious sleepiness. Just as the phenomenon of our being on earth is a staggering one, which never troubles us when we are comfortable and happy, so Annie refused to bother her drowsy head with useless puzzling as to how she came where she was, what she was there for, and whither she must go on the morrow. After finishing her meal she wound her watch, loosened her clothing, stretched out on the lounge and drew sheets and blankets and comforter about her. In thirty seconds she was sound asleep.

"When Annie woke the fire had long ago burned out. She was shrouded in gloom, but she knew it was morning even before she glanced at the watch on her wrist and saw that the hour was half past nine. Her stiff joints ached, but she rose, readjusted her clothes and set out to give the house a thorough inspection.

"As she made her rounds she did not appear like an intruder slinking from room to room, but more like a prospective tenant inspecting the premises, or the mistress of the house returned from a three-years' European tour. She broke nothing open; when a lock stopped her she continued her search in other directions and nearly always happened on the keys she needed.

"But not until she reached the front bedroom on the second floor did she find anything of great interest. Here she discovered quantities of feminine apparel, dainty lingerie, neatly folded and put away in sachet of just the scent she loved. She was thinking that she now had the real essentials of a delightful bath if only she could obtain water, an insignificant detail, when her musings were interrupted in a startling way. Having turned the slats of the front shutters so that they admitted more light, she was continuing her bureau-drawer explorations with great interest when she happened to glance at the wall opposite the bed and above the fireplace.

"What she saw was only a solar print enlargement in sepia of a photograph, which showed a woman holding an infant in her arms; but it startled her so that her suddenly indrawn breath made a sharp hiss. She knew that woman—of this De-Luxe Annie was sure—knew her intimately. Yet it seemed impossible to place her, and the problem was most perplexing.

"From what she could recall of her past life, she summoned forth her acquaintances in the world of crime. They were few, for De-Luxe Annie, though a successful crook and noted among crooks, had never fraternized with her kind. She had always made her headquarters amid respectable surroundings and it was her habit to associate only with well-bred people, who little dreamed of how she maintained herself. Yet somehow this woman seemed to be associated with edition de-luxe frauds. . . . Or was it that big green-goods deal? For her life, Annie could not remember. Had she chanced into the country home of one of her respectable friends? Or was this a woman once of Annie's own stripe who had turned permanently from crooked paths, married and known the joys and sorrows of motherhood?

"Motherhood! Perhaps it was the child more than its mother that affected Silky Ann so powerfully. That little infant, nestling in those loving arms, wakened a fierce longing in Annie's heart, a craving for home and husband and offspring that was fairly overpowering. Long she sat, like a tired traveler taking pleasure in the contemplation of a mirage.

"But finally she roused herself and continued her explorations, partly in the hope that she would happen on some clew to the identity of the woman in the portrait. She found quantities of expensive gowns, but of a fashion four or five years old; and in what was clearly the husband's room she found men's garments, the up-to-dateness of which was proved by the tailor's label.

"From attic to cellar she made a quick survey of the house and was more than satisfied. The place was as well stocked as an army commissariat. Gas for light and heat was supplied by an automatic machine in the basement and for this there was an abundant supply of gasoline. If she chose she might remain in the place for six months as far as the question of provisions was concerned and lack only the more perishable foods.

"And more too; if she did decide to remain she need not want entertainment. There was a player-piano, with quantities of perforated paper rolls, a phonograph and many good records. Also, there were deeply upholstered, broad-armed reading chairs and a library full of books and magazines.

"A thirst she had felt ever since wakening now became so insistent that she turned all her activities into a search for water. In the two bathrooms upstairs, and in the pantry and kitchen and laundry tubs, she had noticed that all the faucets were open, no doubt to let them drain easily when the source of supply had been cut off. So now she again sought the basement, this time taking an oil lantern she had found.

"In one corner, covered by a greasy tarpaulin, she discovered a small gasoline engine, directly connected to a pump that evidently drew its supply from the river, which, of course, still flowed beneath the ice. On the wall above the engine was a grimy card of printed directions. She partly filled the gasoline tank and, though her knowledge of engines was slight, by carefully following the instructions she soon produced from this one a succession of disconnected barks, which gradually settled down into a quiet humming.

"Running upstairs she watched anxiously at the kitchen sink. In five minutes, to her joy, water began to flow. Waiting until sediment in the pipes had cleared out, she drank deeply, and then, with a sigh of satisfaction, set about lighting the gas water-heater, for she still craved the luxury of a bath.

"She returned to the attic, where she had previously noted three portable gas stoves, with their lengths of silk-covered rubber hose. She brought them down, placed one in the room where the puzzling portrait hung, one in the bathroom adjoining, and one in the dining room. She also carried kindling and logs into the living room, where she had spent the night.

"For De-Luxe Annie was now fully determined to make a prolonged stay in the deserted house. It was remote from other houses and hidden from the road. Almost certainly it was used only as a summer home, which meant that, with ordinary precautions as to lights by night and smoking fires by day, she might remain undisturbed for at least four months. Four months! Surely in that time the police could forget such a trifle as the stealing of a diamond brooch!

"And so, her mind very much at ease, she bathed luxuriously, arrayed herself in clean, deliciously soft undergarments, and proceeded to select a handsome house dress from the wardrobe in the front room.

"With that day began a queer new life for this odd confidence lady. As the days clustered into weeks she settled down to a regular routine—sleeping, cooking, eating, amusing herself by listening to the phonograph or playing the piano or reading.

"But day after day the identity of the woman in the sepia enlargement baffled her, for, try as she would, she was unable to give this picture a definite place in memory's gallery. Such facts as were deducible from the evidence at hand Annie easily mastered. An album containing many old photographs with accompanying notations served as a Rosetta stone for this odd archæologist and proved that the woman was the mistress of the house, that her given name was Julia, and that she had one child, a girl who must now be about six years of age.

"Her husband was the nice, kind-looking fellow, of perhaps forty, whose photograph Annie found in several places. His name was Jeffry G. Stockbridge, and he had in

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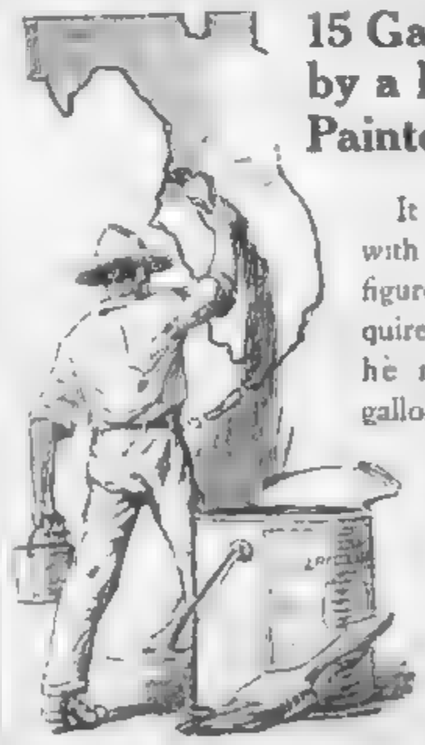

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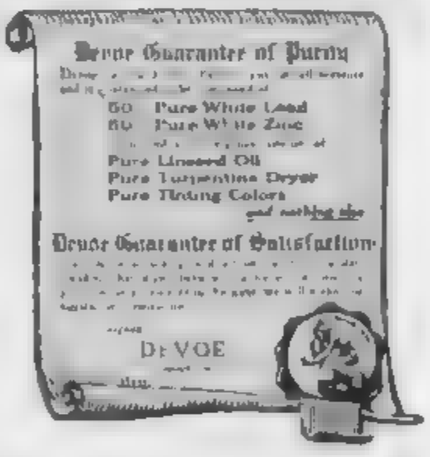

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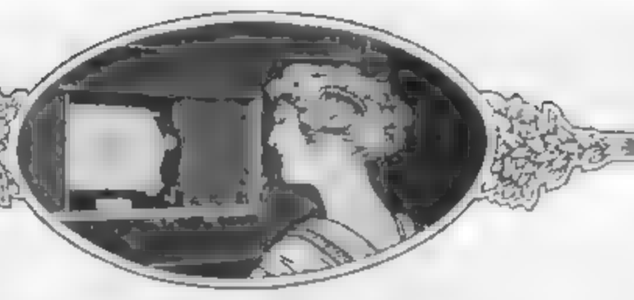

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New York what was evidently a very prosperous brokerage business. Every time she looked at one of these photographs Annie felt a tinge of inexplicable melancholy. It must be fine, she thought, to be loved by such a man, to be the mistress of his house, the mother of his children. But invariably this feeling was in the end replaced by that obsession of profound curiosity, always unsatisfied.

"One day Annie noticed some scratches on the piano; and a few moments later, to her astonishment, she found her ease-loving self, with a soft cloth and a bottle of polish, going over the entire case. Her sensations were similar to those of some hard-headed business man who suddenly and unaccountably finds himself giving away libraries or hospitals or free dinners to the poor. She was surprised and couldn't understand why she should be doing such an unusual thing. She laughed when she realized what she was doing; but, because she found that she enjoyed the work, she then set in to put the whole house to rights. So from cellar to garret she overhauled everything—swept and dusted, washed woodwork, laundered and hung curtains, and put everything in a condition of spotless and flawless order that would have delighted the most particular housekeeper. Week after week she kept busy, finding in this way an outlet for her pent-up energies.

"Just as most human creatures sometimes experience a momentary sense of profound astonishment at finding themselves in such an altogether odd and extraordinary place as this world, so Silky Ann often felt a sudden surprise at her environment and was obliged to think back and recall the succession of remarkable events that had driven her there.

"As for the portrait, it had finally come to stand for more than a mere puzzle over some forgotten identity. It now represented to Silky Ann an unattainable ideal. Here was precisely the sort of woman Annie would like to be, were it possible to overcome her fondness for getting the better of elderly and plethoric pocketbooks. And her yearning toward this unattainable ideal became stronger day by day. Yet always she realized that she was cut off from its attainment by only one thing—the evil side of her nature, her desire to do wrong, which really amounted to an obsession with poor De-Luxe Annie.

"Then, as the lengthening days began to hint of coming spring, she made another startling discovery. One evening she chanced to pick up a book entitled Daylight Tales for Children, and began carelessly to glance through it. Suddenly her eye was attracted by a word or a phrase and she read more carefully. The book was a very old one; clearly it belonged to the childhood of the master or mistress of the house; and the page that had arrested Annie's attention was part of a story called How Neezer Fooled the Hounds. It told of a fugitive slave in one of the border states who had thrown dogs off the scent by wearing ice skates, precisely as Annie herself had done.

"The confusion of vague ideas this incident sent swarming through Annie's mind drove her almost wild. Yet the harder she tried, the more impossible it seemed to formulate anything coherent. She sat down at the desk in the library and drew up a brief list of the various happenings that, combined, had put her in this house. First came the snatching of the brooch—always inexplicable—then the buying of a ticket to New Canaan instead of Bridgeport; then the flight to the river; the seemingly instinctive knowledge that there was a river; the taking of a course downstream instead of up; the stopping at that particular landing; even the hitting upon the one window in the house that had a broken catch; and the easy finding of the matches. And now the discovery of a book in which was described the very expedient she had used to throw the bloodhounds off the scent!

"This list interested her greatly. She said it was unbelievable, and then mused over the curious fact that many things supported by the evidence of our senses are well-nigh unbelievable. We know that we must die, yet no one believes it; there is nothing to prove we have a soul, yet everyone believes it.

"In a further effort to solve the mystery Annie delved back into her own life as far as her recollection carried her. But beyond a few brief, busy years she could remember nothing. A very serious illness about five years before had impaired her memory for prior events. She recalled that one night, in a sort of mad desperation, she had stolen a nurse's suit and an interne's money, and had run away from the hospital where she was convalescent. But events previous to this, even the details of her sickness, she had forgotten.

"Much confused by the vague, illusive thoughts that her new discovery stimulated, she tossed long on her bed that night, so that it was almost dawn before she fell asleep. In consequence she slept much later than usual.

"When she awoke she immediately noticed that her shutters were open. Surprised at this, she was about to rise and close them when, turning, she saw a man standing in the doorway eying her curiously.

"Under her pillow was a small revolver, which she had found in the house and which she kept near by for fear of prowling tramps. Now, as she watched this man, her hand slowly crept along the sheet until it clasped the weapon. Then she whisked it out.

"'Hands up!' she ordered; but even before she had uttered the words the man leaped to one side, behind a projecting wall, and the next instant she heard him clattering down the stairs. There was a considerable pause and then came the staccato exhaust of an automobile. Hurrying to the window she saw a touring car shoot out of the carriage entrance, careen about the oval driveway, and leap toward the road.

"Annie, of course, concluded that, as this man would undoubtedly return with others, she must leave immediately. So she put on her own suit, packed a small hand bag with a few things she calmly concluded to appropriate, and started boldly out by the front door.

"On the porch she was confronted by an elderly but stout-looking countryman, who touched his cap and spoke respectfully but none the less positively.

"'Sorry, ma'am; but I can't leave you past,' he said.

"'Oh! And why not?'

"'Mr. Hildreth's orders was that you wasn't to be let leave the house until he got back.'

"'And who is Mr. Hildreth?' asked Annie.

"'Mr. Stockbridge's secretary.'

"'Where did he go?'

"'To New Canaan.'

"'How far is that?'

"'About a mile.'

"'It's longer by the river, isn't it?'

"'Near twenty.'

"'What if I refuse to stay?' finally asked Annie.

"'We'll make you.'

"'We? Is there someone else, then?'

"'Yes, three of us; two round back. We came to start spring work on the place. Want to see the others?'

"Annie nodded and the man whistled twice shrilly. Almost immediately two more countrymen, of very much the same type as the first, hurried into view, one from each side.

"Without a word De-Luxe Annie backed into the house, closed the door and gave herself up to the consideration of plans for outwitting the energetic Mr. Hildreth when he should return.

"The afternoon waned and he did not appear; but three more men came and joined those on duty, making a veritable cordon about the house.

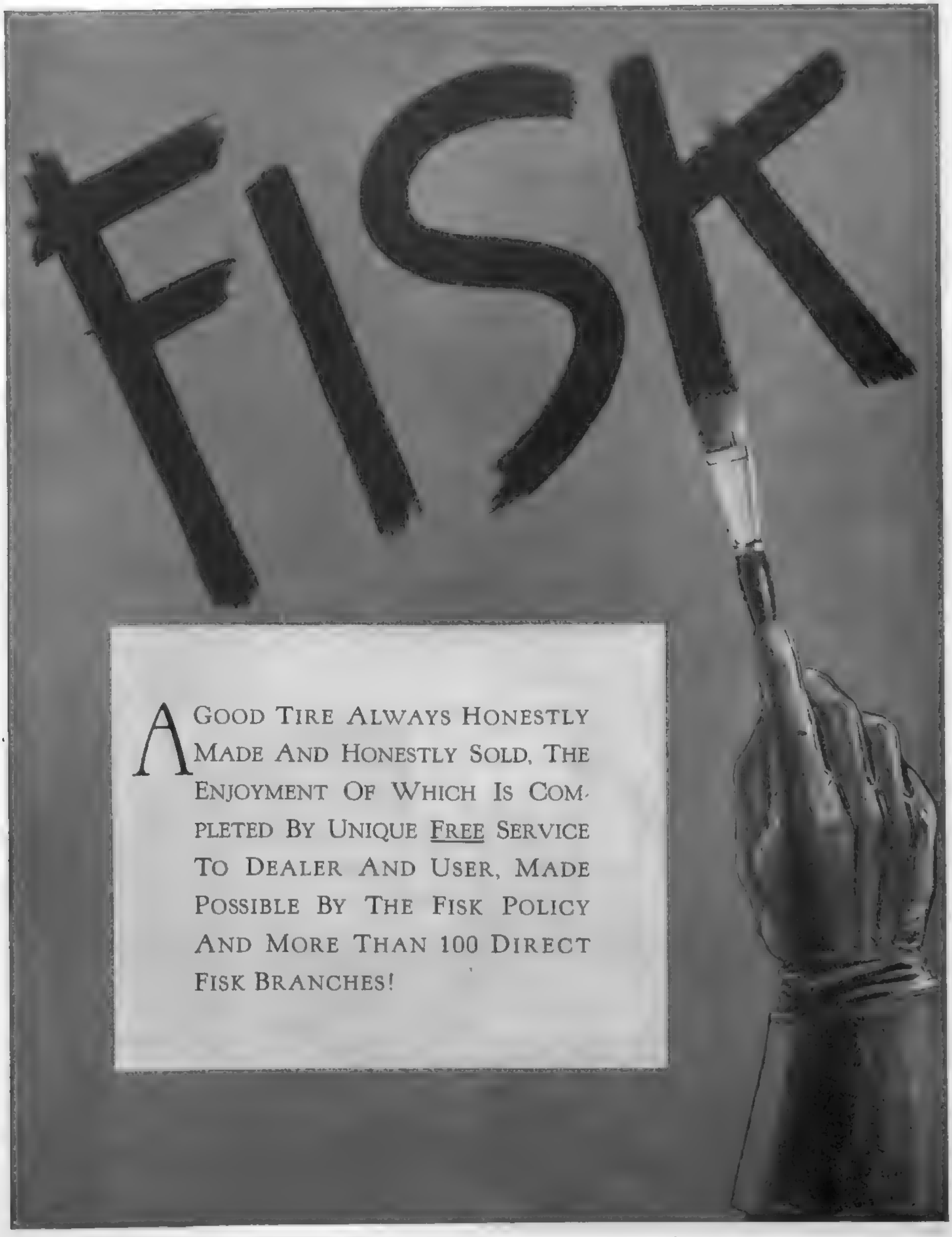
"Twice during the night the prisoner tried to slip past these guards; then, being promptly detected both times and respectfully but firmly turned back, she attempted bribery, offering the men four hundred dollars as the price of her freedom. But this also was politely refused, and so she tried to compose herself and await the issue.

"Between ten and eleven the next morning she saw not one but two automobiles turn up the driveway toward the house. In the first were Mr. Hildreth and a man whom Annie recognized by his photographs as Mr. Stockbridge, the owner of the place, and two other men, besides the driver. In the other was a woman in the uniform of a nurse, seated in front. In the tonneau of this second car was what appeared like a long, low table, covered with rugs and sheeting.

"Annie remained in the front room calmly sitting in an easy-chair near the window, and presently heard the tramp of feet on the stairs. Then Hildreth, Stockbridge and another man entered the room.

"She saw Stockbridge glance at her and turn and nod sadly to the others. Then the

(Continued on Page 36)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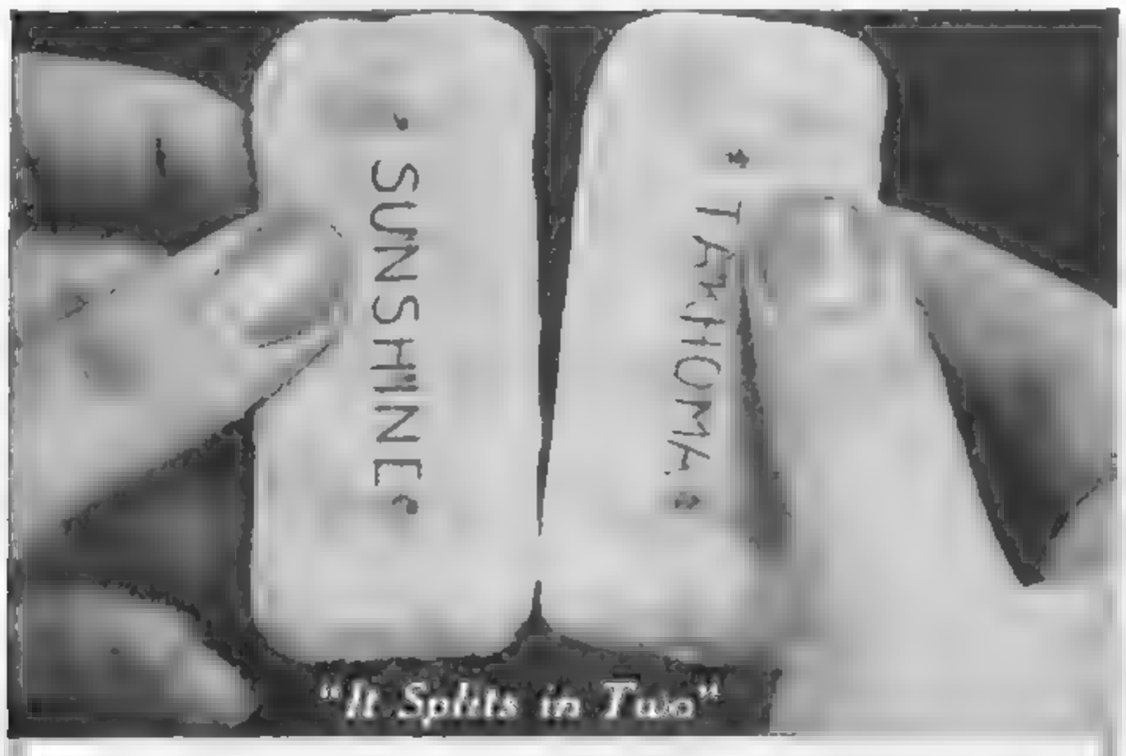

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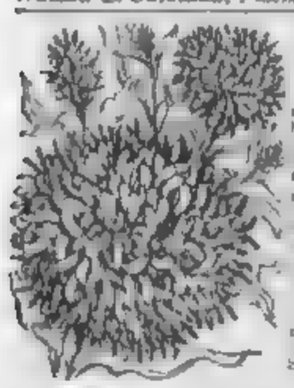

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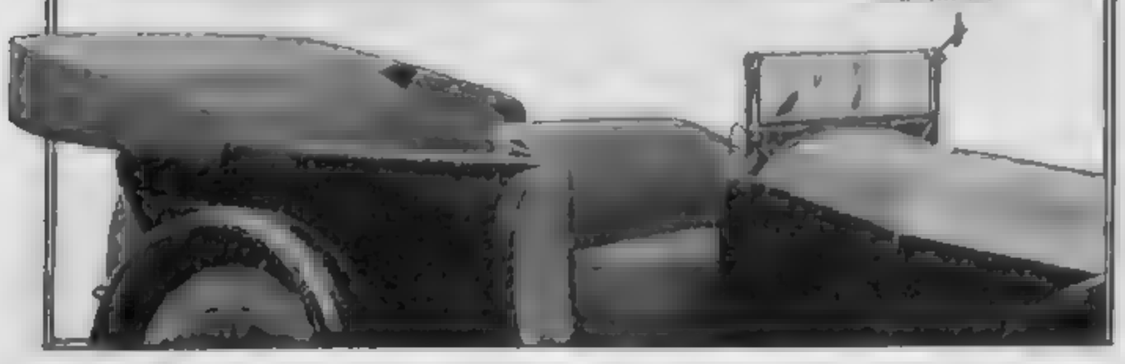

(Continued from Page 34)

third man came forward. Annie instantly recognized him as the interne whose money she had stolen the night she ran away from the hospital.

"'I wonder if you remember me?' he said kindly.

"Annie shook her head. They were not going to get damaging admissions from her so easily.

"'No,' she said; 'I never saw you before!'

"'I am a physician,' he continued imperturbably, 'and I attended you during an illness you had several years ago.'

"'It must be someone else,' insisted Annie.

"'May I ask how you got here—in this house?'

"'Well, I simply broke in. I was cold and had lost my way, and I thought the owner would not be too hard on me since I have injured nothing,' said Annie in the same well-bred tones she used on her edition-de-luxe victims.

"The man Annie had identified as Stockbridge came forward.

"'Julie! Julie!' he exclaimed. 'Don't you know me?'

"'I've seen your photographs; but my name isn't Julie.'

"'But it is Julie; you are my ——' he began, and then suddenly leaned forward and looked in amazement at the diamond brooch Annie wore pinned inside her coat.

"'How did you recover your brooch?' he asked.

"'Recover it?' said Annie, dumfounded.

"'Yes; don't you remember that it was stolen from you six years ago, when you were attacked out here on the road?'

"Annie was more mystified than ever. She thought these men were lunatics. Of the real truth, plain as the sun at midday and as all-pervading, she hadn't a suspicion, just as millions of men are unable to see a mighty truth because of its very mightiness. They cannot grasp it because they have had nothing like it in their experience. For a moment she was tempted to tell them of her own perplexity as to why she snatched the brooch and as to how she had come to this house; but the instinct of caution, always uppermost in the criminal, stopped her.

"She had forgotten entirely about the possibility of their finding the list she had so carefully drawn up the night before and left in the desk downstairs.

"The physician plucked Stockbridge by the arm.

"'It's no use,' he said; 'we had better carry out our program.'

"'How about the child?'

"'I wouldn't try it.'

"Stockbridge, with the air of a stricken man, nodded and murmured:

"'Very well, as you think best.'

"The physician again approached Annie.

"'We wish,' he said, 'to try an experiment on you. We believe that a certain part of your memory has been lost. We know you, but you do not know us. We have brought a nurse to attend you and everything to make it pass off successfully. Will you let us try?'

"'What if I won't?'

"'We can do nothing.'

"'What if it doesn't work?'

"'You will be no worse off.'

"'Isn't it dangerous?' anxiously asked Annie.

"'Not in the least.'

"'Will it be painful?'

"'No; we shall give you an anæsthetic.'

"Annie quickly considered her position. To make friends with these people by obliging a professional whim might be her very salvation. On the other hand, they could and probably would turn her over to the local authorities for breaking into the house; and, though that was not a serious matter, the local authorities knew about her having stolen the brooch, and that was decidedly serious.

"'Very well,' she finally said. 'You may do as you like.'

"'Thank you,' said the doctor. 'The nurse will help you to get ready.' Then he turned to the other men. 'We will put the table in the room nearest the east bathroom.'

"Then the woman Annie had seen in the second automobile entered and the men retired.

"The nurse was businesslike, but kind and most reassuring.

"'It's just nothing at all,' she said as she helped Annie out of her clothes. 'Don't worry for a minute.'

"But Annie was given as little time as possible to worry. Very soon she was led into one of the side bedrooms and gently helped up on the operating table. Then, just as they were about to administer the anæsthetic, Stockbridge came forward and took Annie's hand.

"'I wanted to assure you myself,' he began in a trembling voice. 'Don't worry over this; don't be apprehensive. It is nothing serious, and I promise you that I myself shall see to it that you are not injured.'

"There was something about his voice and earnest, sincere manner that made Annie feel absolutely tranquil as the first whiff of ether came to her nostrils. This feeling partly gave way to a momentary curiosity as she heard Stockbridge whisper to the physician:

"'You're sure now, are you, doctor? Remember, you must be sure!'

"And the doctor replied:

"'Don't worry a particle. There is no question about this. It is what we should have done five years ago.'

"Then De-Luxe Annie, alias Silky Ann, felt a momentary elation of spirit. Perhaps she would now learn the answer to the enigmas that had so long irritated her. And so hoping she drifted off into unconsciousness.

"Several days later in the front bedroom a sweet-faced woman, her head swathed in bandages, opened her eyes and gazed upon her own portrait, which hung upon the opposite wall. She felt drowsy and very tired, so she did not stir. Presently she heard the subdued voices of two men in a conversation of which she did not comprehend the least particle.

"'This completes the case, doctor,' said one. 'I found it in the desk in the library. From what the police have told us, as well as the account of the sheriff, it is plain that she is the one who snatched the brooch and then somehow got to this house. Now this list shows just how she did get here. She must have been trying to figure things out herself and put this account on paper to have it all clear before her. It must have looked like a series of the most extraordinary coincidences, and really every step was as inevitable as the progress of a syllogism.

"'Just look: she had carried from childhood even the knowledge of the fact that bloodhounds cannot follow the trail of a person on ice skates, because there was such a story in one of her children's books. And when the time came she used that knowledge without knowing why. And everything she did consciously with that poor inverted brain of hers was wrong. And everything she did subconsciously led her back to her home, sure as a river to the sea.'

"The other voice replied:

"'That is a feature of this case which makes it absolutely unique and extraordinary. There have been plenty of these submerged or dual-personality cases, but there never was one in which the subject was subconsciously led back to home and friends.'

"'How can you be sure, doctor?' was the objection. 'We shouldn't know it in this case if I hadn't found this memorandum.'

"'Yes, that's true; perhaps there have been others.'

"'It seems to me, doctor, it is something that is going on all the time in another sense. Isn't it almost symbolic?'

"'I don't quite see the point.'

"'Why, it's this, doctor: Just as all humanity, despite darkness of the understanding, weakness of the will, and that strong propensity to evil which is said to taint us all, gropes ever instinctively toward God and the light, or some indefinable good that we have long ago lost, so our poor wanderer has been led subconsciously to take the course that at last brought her back to us.'

"'I never saw it in that way before; it's truly an interesting analogy.'

"'Ah, if things only turn out well!'

"'They will; never fear. But you'll have a job squaring up, won't you?'

"'I'll let the lawyers do that. Still, do you know that hurts more than anything else? Not the cost of it, but the thought that she should have turned to crime the very first thing, just like a kitten to cream.'

"The physician laughed softly.

"'Don't let that trouble you,' he said. 'They nearly always do. You know man's moral nature is the last thing he has acquired during the slow accretion of the ages. His morals are probably only twenty-five or thirty thousand years old, whereas

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the predatory instinct, say, is nearly as old as the human race. Well, being the last thing acquired, man's moral nature is on the surface of his brains, so to speak, and is the first thing to be shaken and upset by any violent disturbance. Hence the criminal impulses of most victims of amnesia.'

"The woman on the bed was bored by this incomprehensible talk. She stirred and spoke.

"'Jeff, dear, what are you and the doctor talking about?'

"Stockbridge leaped to her side, an anxious look in his face.

"'Julie! How do you feel?'

"'Tired; and I feel as if I'd been away from you for months. Why, you look changed, Jeff! Have I been sick long?'

"The doctor pulled Stockbridge by the sleeve.

"'Ask her what is the last thing she remembers,' he whispered.

"The husband again turned to his wife.

"'You've been sick, dearest, and out of your head for a long time. Why, you didn't even know me; and you did some of the strangest things.'

"'Well, I know you now, Jeff, dear,' she said, seizing his hand. 'Shall I get well?'

"'The doctor says so. He wants to know what is the last thing you remember.'

"'The last thing? Let me think. Why—why, having my brooch taken, out on the road, and then being hit in the head; and then just blackness. How long ago is that?'

"'It's a very long time, dearest. Are you prepared to see Bess very much grown up?'

"'When can I see her?'

"'She will be here to-morrow.'

"'That's good. I still feel very tired, Jeff, dear.'

"Then she drowsed off again.

"Stockbridge looked inquiringly at the doctor.

"'What do you think, doctor?' he asked anxiously.

"'Couldn't be better. Her mind is clear again. All she needs is strength, and that will come fast enough.'

"'Thank God!' exclaimed the husband.

"'Very interesting case!' pronounced the physician thoughtfully."

The speaker paused with the manner of one who, having proved his proposition, dares anyone to offer an objection.

"You knew the family?" asked George Dibble.

"Intimately."

"I think you've merely proved that coincidences are much more unusual than we imagine, for even you must admit that Annie, or rather Mrs. Stockbridge, was assisted in her return home by one or two. For example, how did she come to buy a ticket to New Canaan?"

"She did it subconsciously. In her right mind she had bought hundreds of tickets to New Canaan, and so when she thoughtlessly asked for her ticket she thoughtlessly said New Canaan instead of Bridgeport, as she had consciously determined."

"I see," said George. "But if Hancock, the hardware merchant, hadn't chased her she'd never have got home; and that was pure coincidence."

"Not at all. Why did he suspect her? Simply because in the course of her talk to him she twice absently called him Mr. Stockbridge. Hancock had never seen her, but he had heard of the case—all Connecticut had heard of it; and he had had his suspicions roused."

"Well, wasn't it a coincidence that she picked Hancock?"

"No; Hancock's store was the one in which she had, while in her right mind, ordered all her pots and lawn mowers and tacks and hose reels. She'd never met Hancock, but his name very likely attracted her as she looked over the town's prospects."

No one had anything else to object and the teller of the tale concluded:

"So now whenever I hear of a coincidence I wonder what soul is unconsciously struggling toward what ancient good that it once possessed. If we could see all the fabric as we have seen this how much we might sometimes help!"

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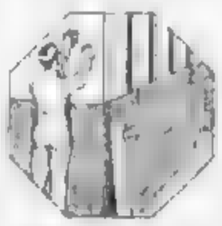

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Bait Casting for Bass

THE sinking sun was casting its level beams across a beautiful little lake in northern New England one beautiful day in August when two beautiful solitary strangers might have been seen sitting in a boat, apparently engaged in a certain sport, pastime or occupation. One of the aforesaid strangers was Mr. Irvin S. Cobb; the other, Mr. Robert H. Davis. They had not succeeded in catching a bass, though Mr. Davis was doing the fishing and Mr. Cobb was doing the rowing, because—as Mr. Cobb relates it—Mr. Davis spent all his time in changing his wooden minnows and had no time left to fish.

What would or might have happened may never be told; for, just as Mr. Davis was putting on his one hundred and twenty-fifth wooden plug, decorated with an odd dozen or two of bristling hooks, another solitary stranger came paddling along in a canoe, with a telegram, the delivery charges of which amounted to five dollars and twenty-seven cents. The telegram was from the editor of a certain periodical and ran somewhat to the following effect:

"The war has busted right in our face. Can you catch the steamer on Friday for Europe?"

Mr. Cobb, shedding raiment throughout a flight of a hundred miles or more, left his angling companion still changing baits, and hied himself to Europe, with such results as may have been noted elsewhere. Interviewed not long since, he expressed the desire to go out sometime with Bob Davis when there was no war impending, to see whether or not the latter gentleman eventually ever would catch a bass—he being much estimated to be a shark in such matters—or whether he would spend the entire summer changing baits.

Efficiency in Sport

From the meager data at hand it seems fair to believe that the noted anglers in this case were practicing the art of bait casting in its most modern form. In all likelihood the caster was using a short, stiff rod, a free-running reel, and one or more of the many-ganged, highly colored wooden minnows which are the last word in bait-casting lures in these decadent days.

Many other gentlemen of like or remotely similar standing in other communities also practice this art in that form, or one approximate thereto. There are more bait casters for bass to-day—ten to one—than there were twenty years ago, and they catch more bass. They do this not because the bass is not, but because he is, a very wary fish. If he sees you he is gone; but he cannot see you if you are thirty, forty or fifty yards away. And if you place before him something that looks like a challenge to fight or an invitation to eat, he responds, reflexes or reacts.

That, in effect, is the purpose of the art of bait casting.

This branch of sport, like many others, follows the modern tendency in its development—that is to say, it is efficient, practical and destructive. The purpose of sport to-day apparently is to get the last bird from the cover and the last fish from the water with the greatest possible certainty and celerity. Perhaps it may not be held good form to deprecate or even to mention this tendency. Perhaps it may be wiser, or at least more diplomatic, to take things as they are and not seek to alter them. Certainly bait casting has been altered—whether commendably or not—more in the last generation than any other form of outdoor sport.

Golf comes down to us practically unchanged. Canoeing, rifle shooting, snow-shoeing—these things have not changed much. Fly fishing retains something of its old characteristics. But bait casting to-day is only in name what it was once. There have been more inventions made in bait-casting adjuncts and appliances than in any half dozen other sports that can be named. Faddish and fanciful and foolish things, to make it more deadly, run into scores—all designed to give a bass no chance at all. The bait caster of to-day has a hundred different varieties of lures from which he may choose. Customarily his casting baits are armed with series of gangs or treble hooks, which not the wildest exercise of the imagination of certain protestants can call sportsmanlike, but which bring home the bacon—Q. E. D.

It has been an open secret to all who know the habits of the black bass that bait casting for bass is most efficient in shallow water. Bass are in shallow water usually in the early part of the season. They feed there in the evenings and they lie there during the spawning season. Plug casting for black bass is most efficient during the spawning season or just before it. Later in the summer the bass go down in the deeper water and bait casting is then not equally productive.

I have seen bass on the spawning beds in the lakes of Northern Wisconsin as late as the middle of August, though in lower latitudes the spawning season would be over perhaps by the middle of June. When it comes to the matter of ethics, therefore, we need not rely absolutely on the game laws so much as on the individual sense of sportsmanship. A wooden plug, with fifteen or eighteen hooks on it, cast over the bed of a spawning bass, can very quickly put an end to the lives of four or five thousand bass.

None the less, bait casting for bass, properly practiced, is as ethical as any form of angling; and it is perhaps not only the most scientific form of angling but one of the most scientific forms of sport, and one of the most difficult as well. In beauty and in art it does not compare with fly fishing, but it is far more difficult to learn than fly fishing. The fly rod is a beautiful tool—the bait rod is a brutal agent of efficiency; but before it becomes brutally efficient one needs a certain schooling in its use.

So many have mastered the art of bait casting—made easy of late years—and so efficient has it become in spite of its former difficulty, that, of late, protests begin to be heard against the treble-ganged hooks just as we hear protests against the automatic repeating shotgun. There is talk that the many-trebled lure will eventually have legislation passed against it. Perhaps at no early date, but sometime, there will be wide modification in the use of these highly developed fish-killing appliances of to-day—indeed their use is now illegal in some states, one is advised.

In defense of his five-times-trebled hooks the plug caster says he always catches a fish by the lips, whereas a single hook is swallowed and the fish is killed. In practice this does not always work out thus. The trebles lacerate worse than one hook, and sometimes fungus follows the wounds and the fish dies later. A spoon with a single hook is not swallowed; nor is even the live frog—after a long wait following the strike—always swallowed so deep that the hook fastens in the gullet and not in the mouth.

Up-to-Date Bass Tackle

Fish culture offers the greatest encouragement in the world to the bait caster. The black bass—which is the usual object of the bait caster—is one of the fishes that can be artificially bred in large numbers. Our states should make a business of planting bass.

It is almost fair to say that bait casting in twenty years has degenerated from a sport to a business. You could almost measure that much in the difference of the gear used then and now. When the middle-aged sportsman of to-day began to fish for bass he used a rod that was new-fashioned the then recently invented bait-casting rod, a trifle over eight feet in length. Now there are bait casters who use a rod not more than four feet in length; and five feet, five and a half, six, and six and a half feet are about the limits in length for the typical stiff, highly efficient instrument called a rod by the bait caster of to-day. The rod has changed and the reel also, and great changes have taken place in the form of the lures employed.

Just when bait casting began we cannot be sure; but the weight of authority ascribes the origin of the art to the South, more especially to Kentucky, where good bass streams were known to our forefathers. These gentlemen probably at first used rods cut from the Southern canebrakes. No doubt they were long—and no doubt, also, they were not long enough to get the bait out far enough to reach the shrewd and wary fish.

It was an old watchmaker of Kentucky by the name of Snider who, in the early part of the last century, invented the smooth-running, narrow, long-barreled reel which would enable him to place the bait at a considerable distance from him and still retain telegraphic communication with the aforesaid bait. Twenty years ago I saw one of those old Kentucky reels that was then said to be sixty-five years of age. I have seen many old Kentucky reels that were twenty, thirty and forty years of age.

The Old Kentucky Reels

There were several watchmakers of Kentucky who later went into the business of making fine casting reels in Lexington, in Frankfort, and in other cities of the state. We have never had handsomer specimens of the reel maker's art than those old reels. They could not be made, as they were, by hand, delicately and beautifully adjusted, at a low price. We always had to pay twenty-five or thirty dollars for such a reel, and one equally good to-day will cost thirty-five or forty dollars. The machine-made product has largely taken their place.

The type of the early casting reel was rather uniform. The barrel was long and narrow. The handle might be single-crank more often double or balance handled. Such a reel would run for thirty seconds or more when the handle was given a strong twirl. The spindle was always of steel and the box of brass, for the old reel makers knew that steel would cut steel and brass cut brass, but that steel against brass would wear indefinitely. Sometimes they put jewels at the ends of the spindles; but these did not really add much, if anything, to the ease of running of the reel. They depended on the exquisite fitting of the plates, the beautiful high temper of the spindle, and the perfect workmanship that went into the reel.

It was some such reel as this, with a rod eight feet or more in length, which made the equipment of the bait caster of twenty years or so ago—at which time, in the belief of some of us, the art was at a higher and more beautiful stage than it is to-day. None the less it was an expensive art, for few people could pay those prices for reels. Therefore the machine work of American shops began to turn out reels at fifteen dollars, ten dollars, eight dollars, five dollars. They were not so good as the old handmade reels, but they were perfectly practical. To-day there are a score of makes of casting reels on the market, any one of which will give use and deliver the goods—which is the apparent purpose of sport.

Twenty-five years ago bait casting was not generally practiced, and indeed was little known, in the Eastern States. It is little known in Great Britain to-day as we understand the art, though the British have a fashion of their own which, of course, they insist is much better.

Really, it was the city of Chicago that first gave a big boom to bait casting for bass. In the early developments of this school the old-time gentleman's bass-casting rod began to shorten. It got down to about seven feet in length, and the reel usually attached to it had shrunk in price. The light, thin, raw-silk line had been developed until it was a practical proposition. With this equipment, neat, compact, difficult to master but extremely efficient when mastered, Chicago bass anglers began to go South, West, East and North—and brought back bass when they came home. Soon it was discovered that a way had been found to beat the game of this wiliest of game fishes.

The average Western bass-casting rod—which sometimes was lancewood and sometimes was split bamboo—hung round seven feet from 1888 until about 1896. Even a

seven-foot rod was better than an eight-foot for boat work, overhead casting.

Then a man in Kalamazoo, Michigan, concluded to alter the type of the rod, which before had been a three-piece rod. He took an ordinary piece of Calcutta cane, with no joint in it at all, and fastened it in a grip just large enough to hold a reel seat—he made that out of a bicycle handle. His rod, practically a single-piece stick, was a trifle over six feet in length. It was simply a stick for propelling something just as a boy throws a crab apple off a short stick.

The newest idea about it was that of the guides—the rod had but two guides, two and a quarter inches and one and seven-eighth inches respectively—with a tip guide that measured half an inch in diameter. It was found that by the use of the large guides the line ran very freely. There was not a great deal of style about this Kalamazoo rod, but it got there.

This rod was made in the fall of 1896; and during that winter the maker got out another model, consisting of a single joint of lancewood four feet in length, with a twelve-inch handle. This may be called the father of the average bait-casting rod of to-day, which quite commonly consists of a single joint and a butt piece. The original Chicago three-piece rod usually had a winding grip, or enlarged handhold, just ahead of the reel seat. The shorter rods sometimes retained this—not always. The two guides on this later rod were one and a half inches and one and a quarter inches respectively—with a tip guide three-quarters of an inch in diameter.

The principle of large guides is, therefore, relatively modern. It was only a step to use next the large-diameter agate guides, polished and rounded, which are the last word in free-casting rods. This short rod has been made in different materials since then—steel, lancewood, Bethabara wood and split bamboo.

For one of these highest-grade short casting rods—say, six feet and a half and six ounces and a quarter—you will have to pay thirty-three dollars if you get your rod made by a topnotch maker in split bamboo. In steel you can go down to four, five or six dollars. In split bamboo good enough to kill bass you can get a bass-casting rod as low as one dollar! Certainly there is sufficient range in price.

Without attempting to counsel any man as to what he should spend for his sporting equipment, it is perhaps fair to say that the more he can pay for his bait-casting outfit the better time he will have and the longer the outfit will last him. At its top development a good bass-casting outfit, which can be carried between two fingers and in one pocket, will run something over a hundred-dollar bill. At one-tenth of that cost the plain citizen can go out and catch bass.

Self-Thumbing Reels

The steel finger hold or trigger, which one sometimes sees adjusted to the butt of one of these short casting rods, was the invention of a friend who saw the original Kalamazoo rod at work. This finger hold or trigger is made by different concerns, and one patented form is detachable from the rod. Take one of these short, stiff casting machines, with little action except just at the tip, with its finger trigger and its big steel or agate guides, and one, at first sight, would not think it was a lineal descendant of the old-time bass-casting rod of eight feet or better—pliable, flexible, with action from the reel seat to the tip.

The purpose of the longer bass rod was to handle a bait delicately and to play a fish with some enjoyment. The purpose of the short modern casting rod is to slam a bait as far as possible and to jerk a bass out of the lily pads as quickly as possible. There is no law and no obligation on anyone to join either of these schools of bait casting, save as his own fancy dictates. Personally I am having a bass rod made eight feet two inches in length—the old specification—which I fancy much more than the more recent rods. My friends laugh at me. I rejoice that I have passed beyond their present status as bait casters. It is not my ambition to kill all the bass I can, but to enjoy the beautiful side of a beautiful art.

One secret of the fascination of bait casting always has been its difficulty as matched against its desirability. One knows there is a bass out there thirty or forty yards, and one keeps on trying to get at him until finally the knack is learned. Meantime the beginner has become acquainted with the peculiarity of the casting reel known as backlashing the over-running of the line when the reel is not thumbed properly while the bait is pulling the line off the reel. In this way the line piles up in a series of knots and snarls, which run clear to the spindle and which may keep one half an hour or so in setting it free.

Of course, if one has to stop and pick out a tangle in the line before he begins to reel in his bait, much of the alluring quality of his cast is gone—the bass has had time enough to learn all about the wooden thing offered him. The bait caster, therefore, must gently thumb his reel so that the spool will be smooth as his bait lands. Then he can give it the little twitch in imitation of life and begin steadily to reel it in—to the excitement of the fish that sees it.

All bait-casting reels are made with quadruple gear, so that the line may be recovered very rapidly. As this means gain gearing in the cogwheels, it can be seen that the workmanship needs to be fine. It is so fine that ordinarily the reel is much better than the user of it, as are most rifles and shotguns. One does not learn to cast a good reel and to keep it free of snarls all the time in his first season—nay, nor in his second.

Seeing that this backlash was an injury to trade, many of our tackle makers set about freeing the angler of the nuisance. There have been many inventions for application to casting reels—anti-backlash appliances, level spooling, self-winders, self-spoolers, self-thumbers, and so on—the intention of each of which is to keep just sufficient strain on the line so that it will not overrun, but will still pay out freely enough to deliver the bait at a distance from the reel. Of course every one of these appliances takes off a little from the ultimate capacity of the reel as to distance and delicacy—all the records, so far as I recall, have been made without any such appliances attached to the reel, and certainly all of them should be.

Distance and Accuracy

None the less, the "improved" casting reel seems to be here to stay, as well as the improved casting rod. You can find good reels, for instance, made with a free spindle—that is to say, one that does not revolve its gears—only its spindle—when you cast out the line; but engages the gear when you begin to wind in.

Whether or not all these things are according to Hoyle, or even in accord with the ultimate ethics of the art, we need not inquire. No doubt if appliances could be made to alter the ancient tools of the game of golf, so one could beat the game by evading it, men would not be wanting who would use them. This is a practical day and age of the world.

Indeed, I recall that friend Davis, who derides frogs and single hooks, has recently taken out a patent on a golf club that will enable any man to avoid pulling or slicing his drive, and to outdrive the best expert who uses the old-time clubs. He will make money out of that driver. Many will use his club. A few will maintain that its use is not golf. So there you are!—the world being so very full of a number of things.

When it comes to catching fish, thirty or forty feet will kill bass; but thirty or forty yards will kill more bass if one can cast a straight line and be in control of the bait all the time. Perhaps the early users of the Kentucky reel found a hundred feet far enough to kill bass. In the later days of competitive angling, club tournaments, casting for medals, and the like, the art of bait casting has been developed to a wonderful degree. In the fall of 1914, in an angling tournament, the regulation half-ounce weight was cast two hundred and twenty-two feet one inch, this being an average of five different casts. Such a cast as this would have been deemed impossible ten years ago. It will no doubt be some time before that angler can do it again. That is almost seventy-five yards—farther than you can kill a duck with a shotgun.

In accuracy, also, the records are wonderful. In tournament casting with the quarter-ounce weight—two casts each, at the distances of sixty, sixty-five, seventy, seventy-five and eighty feet—another angler had an average of ninety-nine and six-tenths per cent—almost perfect casting. The standard event in these casting tournaments is the accuracy event with the half-ounce weight—a half ounce more nearly approximating the weight of the average

(Concluded on Page 44)

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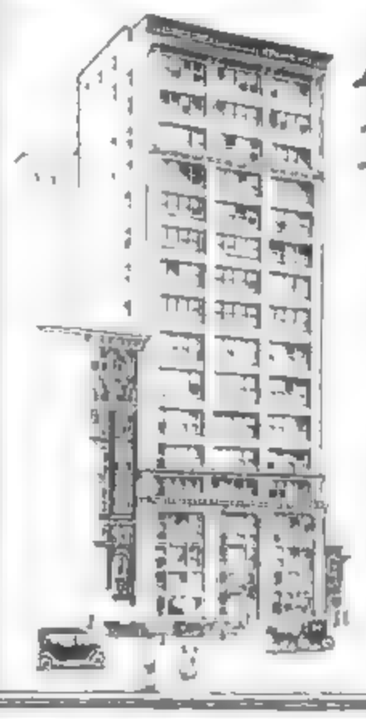

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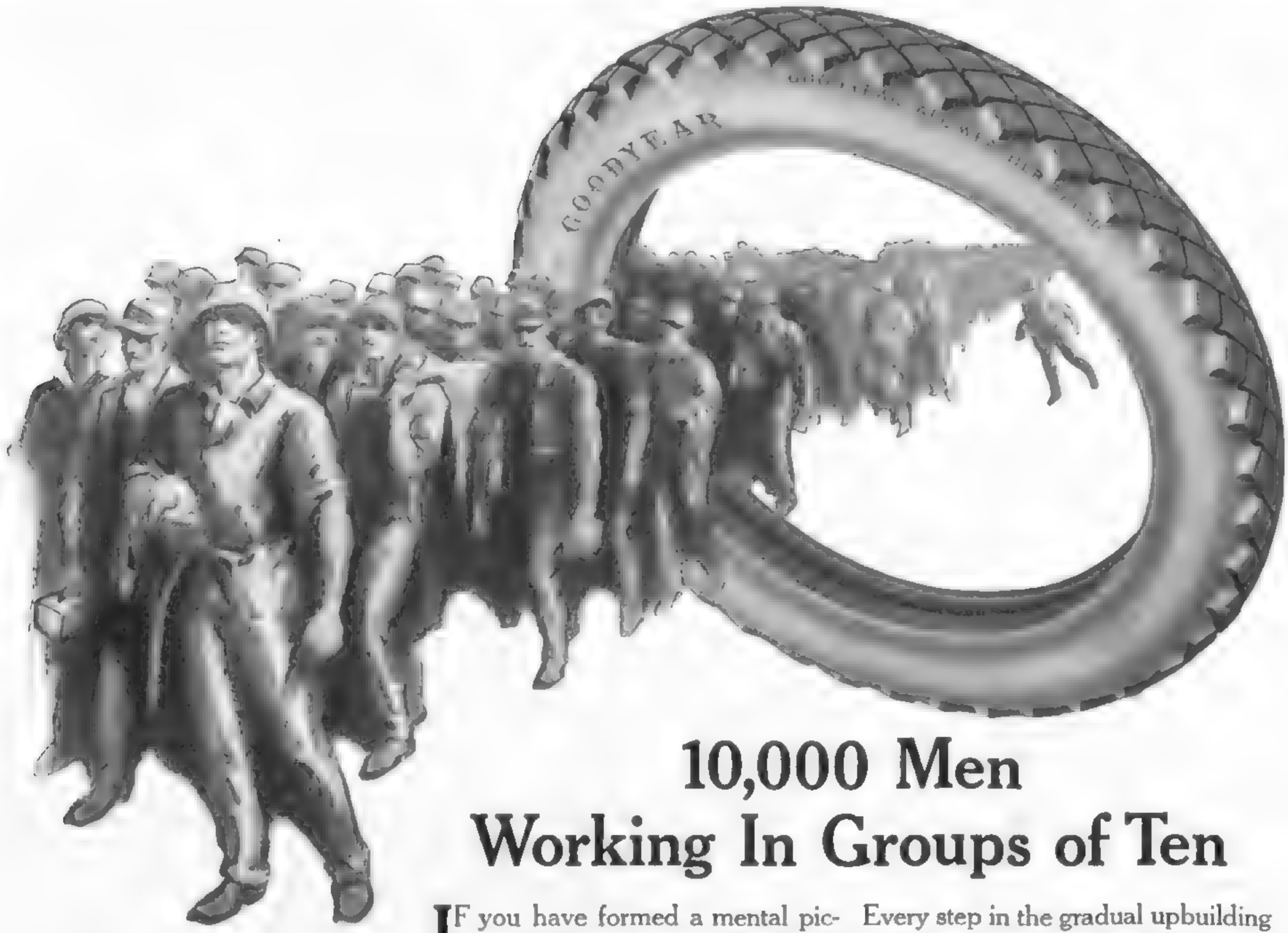

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(Concluded from Page 41)

fishing bait than the delicate quarter-ounce weight. In this event one angler also scored ninety-nine and six-tenths per cent—which was also practically perfect casting. One may tie this record, but cannot beat it very far.

In the earlier tournaments a fifty-yard cast with the half-ounce bait was thought quite wonderful. When it went up to one hundred and ninety-four feet eight inches, in 1906, everybody thought the limit had been attained; but last autumn a gentleman cast the light quarter-ounce weight one hundred and seventy-seven feet and five inches—a far more difficult performance than the former. This sort of work indicates that the lightest minnow or spoon can be used with certainty. It is far more difficult to handle these delicate weights than it is to slam away with the big wooden plug or with the average-sized fishing frog.

In the old style of bait casting with the eight-foot rod the angler stood with the tip of the rod dropped a little and held a trifle back, the line all reeled in but about a foot, or up to the loop of the snell of the hook. He cast with an upward and forward sweep of the rod, turning his wrist over; so that at the close of the cast the handle of the reel was upright, the barrel of the reel having meantime been thumbed so that the line would not overrun. This is a very pretty and graceful style of casting, and it can be practiced to a certain extent in boat fishing as well. It is a fine style for a light minnow or frog bait, with the flexible rod and a perfect reel.

Casting in Tournament Form

The tournament records, however, are not made in this way. They are all done by the overhead cast, which is more accurate and which has served in getting the greatest distance. In overhead casting the short rod is more desirable. If you will notice an expert at this work you will see that he puts the impact of his first casting movement against the side of his forefinger—sometimes there will be finger holes cut in the butt of the rod. Then, as the rod comes forward, the hand turns, so that the plates of the reel, lying horizontally, may run most easily.

As it takes some time for a bait to run out fifty yards of line, it is to be seen that the movement of the casting rod is at first sharp and accelerating; then slow; then slower and slower until the end of the cast. Naturally the line will pull out through the guides most easily when the axis of the line and the axis of the guides coincide. To learn how to do this cast, and all the time gently to thumb that steadily lessening barrel of the reel, is something not done in a day.

It is really a very pretty art. There are a great many tournament casters who learned on a park lagoon, or even on a park lawn; and very likely many of these would get greater distance and accuracy than many an old-time buss angler.

It is easy to see that the bass caster's outfit may be expensive, and it is always interesting. It deserves good care; and, in fact, must have good care if it is to be found efficient. The rod—no matter whether it is a thirty-five-dollar split bamboo of eight feet or a three-dollar rod of four feet and a half—should be well cared for, wiped dry after fishing, straightened out after use, and hung up by the tip during the winter months. This latter is a trick that adds years to any rod's life and pounds to its energy.

The bait caster's line is a rather delicate affair. It is never of enameled silk, of course, and equally of course it is never of linen. It will not do for a trolling line, because it will kink. It is made of raw silk, hard-braided. In tournament work it is so small that its breaking strain may be as low as five pounds. What is called heavy-bass size runs as high as seventeen pounds' breaking strain. The average line for good bass fishing will, at the start, be from eight to twelve pounds' breaking strain, dry. That leaves it not very thick; and as delicate raw silk is not waterproof it will rot very quickly unless one is careful to dry it whenever possible. The line should never be left on the reel overnight.

It takes a pretty good casting line to stand even two or three days' fishing, though these lines are made much better now than they were twenty years ago. The greatest wear on a line—and the continuous passing through the guides exacts a certain amount of wear, no matter how perfect everything is—will be on that portion close to the hook. There is where the strain of casting is most felt.

Therefore, when reeling in your fish remember that as your line grows shorter it grows much weaker. Do not crowd your bass if you have any doubt about your line. Give him time, and reach for him as far as you can with your net. It is the last five or six feet of your line that is most apt to break.

The bait caster's reel is another thing which must receive good care. To-day there are many reels made that can be taken apart readily, and yet others that can readily be oiled. Every man to his liking in these matters. There are owners of revolvers and rifles who boast to their friends how easily they can take those arms apart; yet there are others of an older school who ask: "Why should a rifle or a revolver ever be taken apart?"

Certainly the old-time high-class Kentucky reel was not meant to be taken apart very often. Perhaps, if you have jammed such a reel by overheating it through casting too heavy a frog for too long a time, you have taken it apart and then found you could not put it together again so that it will run as handsomely as it did when you first bought it—and this even though you oiled it abundantly. The trouble was that you oiled it too much. One of these beautiful examples of the reel maker's art is fitted so closely that even the slightest coating of oil will impede the free running of its plates.

Therefore, if you feel you must dismount it, clean your reel thoroughly with a piece of soft matchwood. Wipe it as clean as you can. Use the thinnest of oil and then wipe the oil off. When you put the reel together be careful to screw down all the screws in the end plates with equal firmness, a little at a time. If one screw is tighter than the others the plate will bind and the reel will not run free.

We are speaking now of a high-grade, delicately adjusted reel. You may get many of more modern makes, not so delicately adjusted, which will give you less trouble perhaps—reels you can take apart, rub down with a rag, oil abundantly with axle grease, and put together again without any trouble. Take your choice as to these. If you be good angler and true, you will in time have many reels, many rods—and many ideas; for this business of angling, whether with fly rod or bait rod, is a many-sided matter, and he who would lay down his own dictum for others to follow lacks wisdom in the first part and may lack following in the second.

The modern tackle store is usually equipped with bait-casting tackle according to the modern ideas—short rods; large guides; cheap reels; foolproof appliances against backlashing; good lines; and an unending multiplicity of baits, each one of which is guaranteed to beat all others in its alluring quality. It is not true that any of these painted plugs will kill bass at all times. Almost any one of them will kill some bass sometime; for the bass is an irritable, truculent fish and, at least at certain seasons of the year, will run at almost anything you throw near him.

The Weedless Hook

Personally I do not believe in fishing with ganghooks of any sort. One hook is enough for the bass caster of moderate tastes, or at most two hooks if one is fishing with live bait; sometimes a tip hook for a frog and another one lower down to catch the short-striking fish will save an angler's patience. For my own part, I have never been very keen, either, for weedless hooks, but take my own chance of fouling in the weeds—and allow the bass to take his chance.

There are, however, many weedless hooks—perhaps two or three dozen patents—calculated to pass freely over lily pads and other covers customarily sought by bass. They will kill more bass than a naked single hook.

You can invest quite a bunch of money in any good tackle shop in buying just a few of the things that will be recommended to you as the latest ideas in bass casting—the sport of many inventions.

You will find a small spoon hook, with a single hook and a piece of split pork rind a couple of inches long, about as apt to start something, and about as humane as almost any of the other baits. All manner of double and treble blade spoons; wide spoons; narrow spoons; revolving spoons; beaded spoons; pearl spoons; flanges that turn round inside the body of a wooden minnow; glass cylinders, with live minnows inside them and hooks outside them, plugs; bugs; nipples; bulbs; feathers, glass; tinsel—these things you may buy if you like, and probably you will like if you see them on the counter. Almost any of them will catch bass—sometimes. There are many factories engaged in making them and they are widely advertised.

The art of bait casting originally had to do with the use of live bait, and the long rod of old, cast with a gentle delivery of a live bait. It is a cruel thing to cast a live frog; and the ordinary bait caster's outfit certain dozens of live frogs squatting round in a basket awaiting their turn at being impaled and flung half a hundred yards through the air, only to alight in a life-extinguishing thump on the water—is a thing that does not stand analysis, though that sort of thing is precisely what bait casting was in its most refined mechanical phase.

Therefore, kill your frog—rap his head on the side of the boat before you use him—since he must die. Depend for the rest on your skill in delivering the dead frog and retrieving him so that he shall look alive.

When a bass strikes a frog or a minnow of any size, he almost invariably will do so from the side. I have often seen a buss hold a frog, its head and legs sticking out from the sides of his mouth, for what seemed to be two or three minutes—just lying still and not making a move. A bass will grasp a frog thus and move off several yards, usually before he turns the frog and swallows it, head first. Then he will start off at a faster gait.

A Two-Man Job

It is customary to wait for the second run of the bass; and it is thought better to wait too long rather than too short a time before striking. The bass will rush quite a distance to seize a bait and then return toward his lying ground, where always he will swallow the bait. Sometimes he will start down into deep water before he swallows it.

The angler with live bait who has but a single hook takes his chances as to the time to strike. If he waits too long with a dead frog, perhaps the bass may reject it. If he strikes too soon—even with a live frog—perhaps he pulls the bait out of the bass' mouth. The man with the wooden minnow and many gangs does not miss many bass—it is impossible for the fish to strike the lure without getting fastened by several hooks.

Usually there are five gangs of three hooks each, and sometimes two or three gangs will nail the fish in and outside his mouth. Thus fastened, he is not apt to fight very long or very well, even if he could in any case against the stiff, short and merciless rod that yanks him out.

Among all these different phases of the art you will very naturally pick out the one that pleases you best. The art of bait casting can be made very beautiful and sportsmanlike, and it can be made very simple and efficient. You take your own choice for always you pay your own money—and far be it from this writer to dictate.

It takes two men to go bass fishing—one to row the boat and one to do the casting. It is rather difficult to handle the boat and to cast at the same time. In the best form of practice the caster should lie thirty or forty yards outside the edge of the rushes the pockets of which he intends to work. If he is alone in his boat he may drift in too close and so frighten the fish he is approaching. The boat should advance slowly; and each little inlet among the rushes, each stump or sunken log, should be tapped with the lure.

The best part of the sport is the savage rush with which the bass strikes the lure on the surface. Sometimes he will throw the white water far on each side of him as he seizes the floating bait. There are underwater lures, and in live-bait fishing one often has the bass strike below the surface; but surface work is the cream of bait casting, and it is true because thus one sees the strike of the quarry itself. A minnow sinks, but a frog floats; and that is why the frog is the more usual live bait for the caster.

When you fish for bass in the summer time it is best, if possible, always to have a cake of ice wrapped up in a burlap sack and put into a box that will not leak. When you catch a bass kill him by sticking the blade of a knife into the back of his neck; then put him at once on the ice and keep him cold until used.

WHAT IS COMING

(Concluded from Page 13)

In the figure of such a gentleman as Sir Edward Grey the old order mingles with the new. But most of her colleagues are of the new order. They would have been incredible in the days of Lord Melbourne. In its essential quality the present British Government is far more closely akin to the French than it is to its predecessor of a hundred years ago. Essentially it is a government of lawyer-politicians with no close family ties or intimate political traditions and prejudices. And its natural and proper corrective is the press, over which it fails to exercise even a shadow of the political and social influence that once kept that power in subjection.

It is the way with all human institutions; they remain in appearance long after they have passed away in reality. It is on record that the Roman Senate still thought Rome was a republic in the third century of the Christian era. It is nothing wonderful, therefore, that people suppose that the King, the Lords, and the Commons, debating through a Ministry and an Opposition, still govern the British Empire. As a matter of fact, it is the lawyer-politicians, split by factions that simulate the ancient government and opposition, who rule, under a steadily growing pressure and checking by the press. Since this war began the press has released itself almost inadvertently from its last association with the dying conflicts of party politics, and has taken its place as a distinct power in the realm, claiming to be more representative of the people than their elected representatives, and more expressive of the national will.

Now, there is considerable validity in this claim. It is easy to say that a paper may be bought by any proprietor and set to put what he chooses into the public mind. As a matter of fact, buying a newspaper is far more costly and public a proceeding than buying a politician. And if, on the one hand, the public has no control over what is printed in a paper, it has, on the other, the very completest control over what is read. A politician is checked by votes cast once in several years, a newspaper is checked by sales that vary significantly from day to day. A newspaper with no circulation is a newspaper that does not matter; a few weeks will suffice to show if it has carried its public with it or gone out of influence. It is absurd to speak of a newspaper as being less responsible than a politician.

Nevertheless, the influence of a great newspaper is so much greater than that of any politician, and its power more particularly for mischief—for the creation of panic conditions, for example—so much swifter, that it is open to question whether the press is at present sufficiently held to its enormous responsibilities. Let us consider its weaknesses at the present time; let us ask what changes in its circumstances are desirable in the public interest, and what are likely to come about. We have already reckoned upon the press as a chief factor in the adequate criticism, cleansing and modernization of the British lawyer-politician; is there any power to which we may look for the security of the press? And I submit the answer is the press. For while the legal profession is naturally homogeneous, the press is by nature heterogeneous. Dog does not eat dog, nor lawyer lawyer; but the newspapers are sharks and cannibals, they are in perpetual conflict, the press is a profession as open as the law is closed; it has no antisocial guild feeling; it washes its dirty linen in public by choice and necessity and disdains all professional etiquette. Few people know what criticisms of the Lord Chief Justice may have ripened in the mind of Lord Halsbury or Sir Edward Carson, but we all know, to a very considerable degree of accuracy, the worst of what this great journalist or group of newspaper proprietors thinks of that.

We have, therefore, considerable reason for regarding the press as being, in contrast with the legal profession, a self-reforming body. In the last decade there has been an enormous mass of criticism of the press by the press. There has been a tendency to exaggerate its irresponsibility. A better case is to be made for what I will call, using the word in its least offensive sense, its venality. By venality I mean the fact—a legacy from the now happily vanishing age of individualism—that in theory and law at least anyone may own a newspaper and sell it publicly or secretly to anyone, that its circulation and advertisement receipts may be kept secret or not as the proprietors choose, and that the proprietor is accountable to no one for any exceptional incomings or any sudden fluctuations in policy.

A few years ago we were all discussing who should buy the Times. I do not know what chances an agent of the Kaiser might not have had if he had been sufficiently discreet. This venality will be far more dangerous to the Allied countries after the war than during its continuance. Directly peace is signed, unless we provide for the event beforehand our press will pass under neutral conditions.

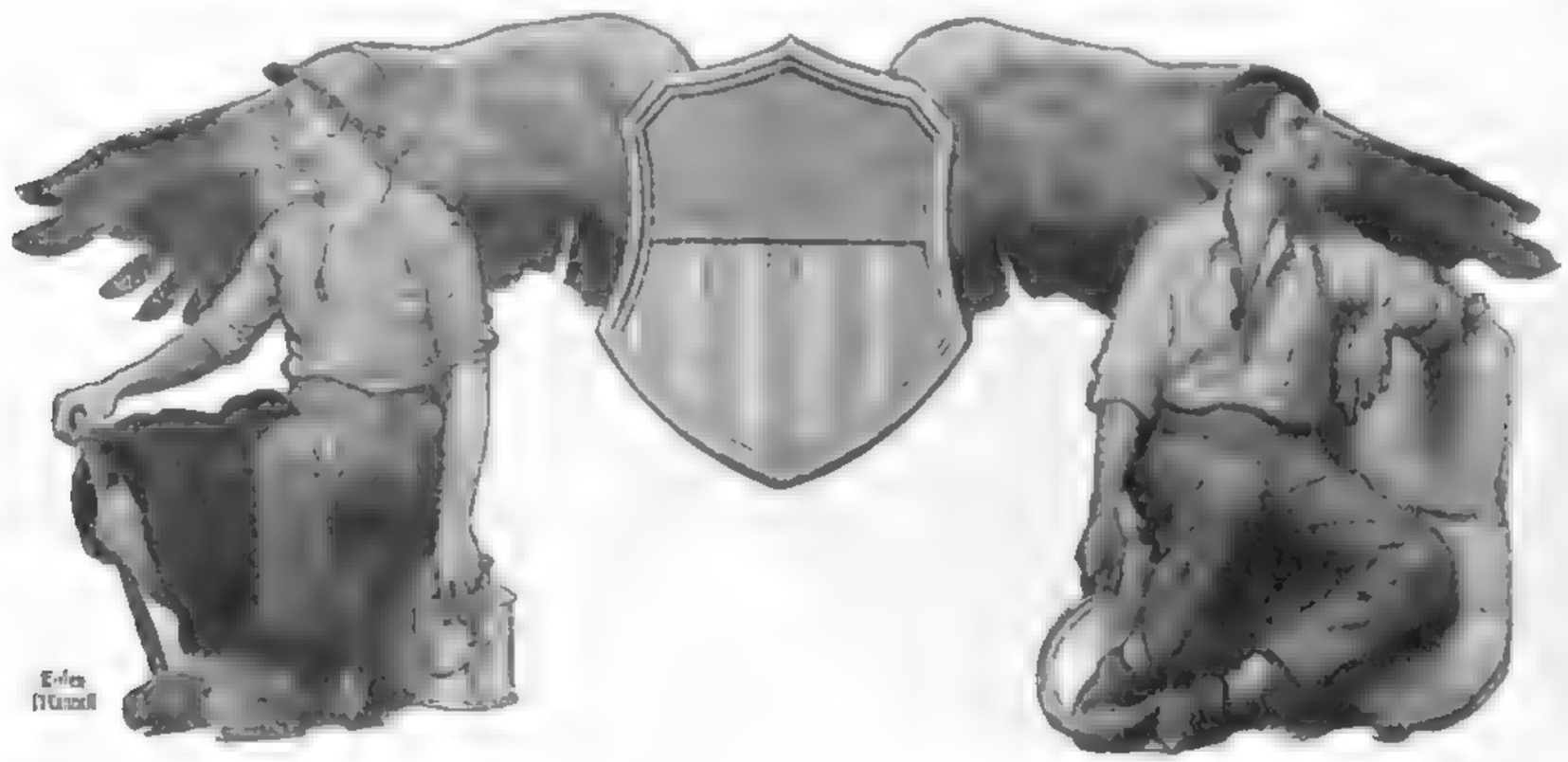
There will be nothing to prevent, for example, any foreseeing foreign power coming into Great Britain, offering to buy up not only this paper or that, but also—what is far more important—to buy up the great book and newspaper distributing firms. These vitally important public services, so far as law and theory go, will be as entirely in the market as railway tickets at a station, unless we make some intelligent preventive provision. Unless we do, and if, as is highly probable, peace puts no immediate stop to international malignity, the Germans will be bigger fools than I think them if they do not try to get hold of these public services. It is a matter of primary importance in the outlook of every country in Europe, therefore, that it should insist upon and secure responsible native ownership of every newspaper and news and book distributing agency, and the most drastic punishment for newspaper corruption. Given that guaranty against foreign bribery, we may, I think, let free speech rage. This is so much a matter of common sense that I cannot imagine even British "wait and see" waiting for the inevitable assault upon our national journalistic virtue that will follow the coming of peace.

So I spread out the considerations that I think justify our forecasting, in a very changed Great Britain and a changed Europe, firstly, a legal profession with a quickened conscience, a sense of public function and a reformed organization, and, secondly, a press that is recognized and held accountable in law and in men's minds as an estate of the realm, as something implicitly under oath to serve the state.

I believe that the tremendous demonstration of this war—a demonstration that gains weight with every week of our lengthening effort—of the waste and inefficiency of the system of 1913–1914 will break down at last even the conservatism of the most rigidly organized and powerful and out-of-date of all professions. It is not only that I look to the indignation and energy of intelligent men who are outside our legal and political system to reform it, but to those who are in it now. A man may be quietly parasitic upon his mother and yet incapable of matricide. So much of our national energy and ability has been attracted to the law in Great Britain that our nation with our lawyers in modern clothing instead of wigs and gowns, lawyers who have studied science and social theory instead of the spoutings of Cicero and the speeches of W. E. Gladstone, lawyers who look forward at the destiny of their country instead of backward and at the markings on their briefs, may yet astonish the world.

The British lawyer really holds the future of the British Empire, and, indeed, I could almost say of the whole world, in his hands at the present time, as much as any single sort of man can be said to hold it. Inside his skull imagination and a heavy devil of evil precedent fight for his soul and the welfare of the world. And generosity fights against tradition and individualism. Only the men of the press have anything like the same great possibilities of betrayal. To these two sorts of men the dim spirit of the nation looks for such leading as a democracy can follow. To them the men with every sort of special ability, the men of science, the men of this or that sort of administrative ability and experience, the men of creative gifts and habits, every sort of man who wants the world to get on, look for the removal—or the ingenious contrivance—of obstructions and entanglements; for the allaying—or the fomentation—of suspicion, misapprehension, and ignorant opposition; for administration—or class blackmail.

Yet while I sit as a prophetic amateur, weighing these impalpable forces of will and imagination and habit and interest in lawyer, pressman, maker and administrator, it dawns upon me that there is another figure present, who has never been present before in the reckoning up of British affairs. It is a silent figure. This figure stands among the pressmen and among the lawyers and among the workers; for a couple of decades at least he will be everywhere in the British system; he is young and he is uniformed in khaki, and he brings with him a new spirit into British life, the spirit of the soldier, the spirit of subordination to a common purpose. France, which has lived so much further and deeper and more bitterly than Britain, knows.



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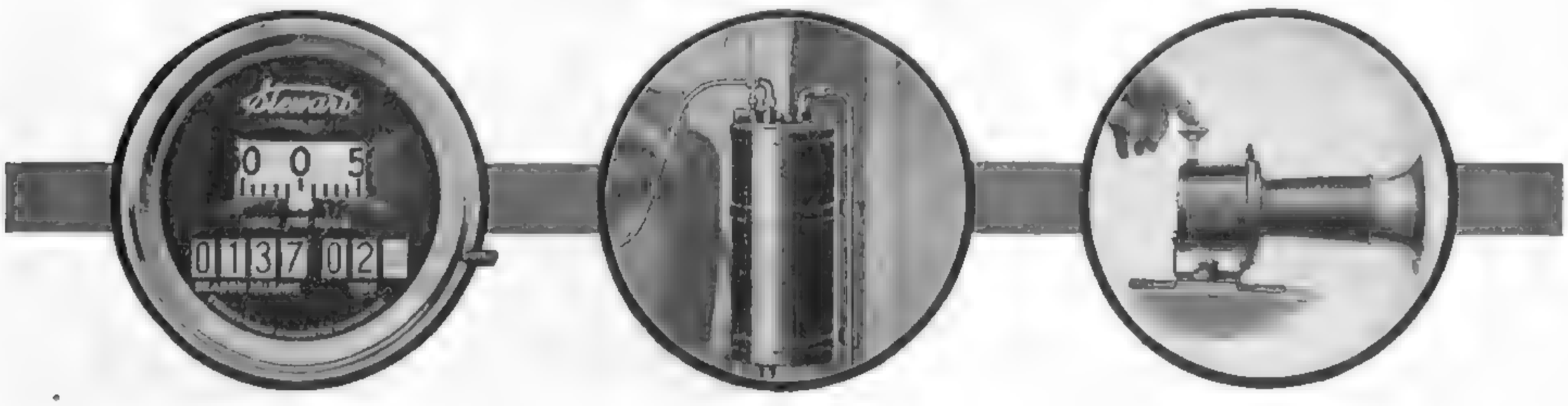

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Large production cuts retail price.

Heretofore motor-driven signals were expensive—from $10 to $35.

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Nothing finer on the market.

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Remember the last time you felt as if you had broken your back trying to pump up a tire by hand?

Has your wife ever had the tiresome job? And your daughter? Does she have to do it?

What's the use! Life is too short.

Here's a way that gives your back and temper a rest.

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No work at all. Not necessary to even take off your gloves. Just attach the Stewart motor-driven pump and in a jiffy your tire is inflated and what is more—properly inflated.

Built for all cars—old or new. Easy to install.

A year ago it sold for $15.

Its great popularity resulted in a tremendous production.

This reduced the price to

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Stewart Motor-Driven Tire Pump

New Ford Starter at a New Price

Don't you hate to have to crank your Ford? Isn't it a nuisance and often a hot, hard, mean job? Hasn't your wife often said: "If our Ford only had a starter—"

Well, here it is—the Stewart Air Starter—only $40.

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The Stewart is the lightest starter made. Weighs only 40 pounds. Also the easiest to install.

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Anyone can install it. Better get one for your Ford today.

Price

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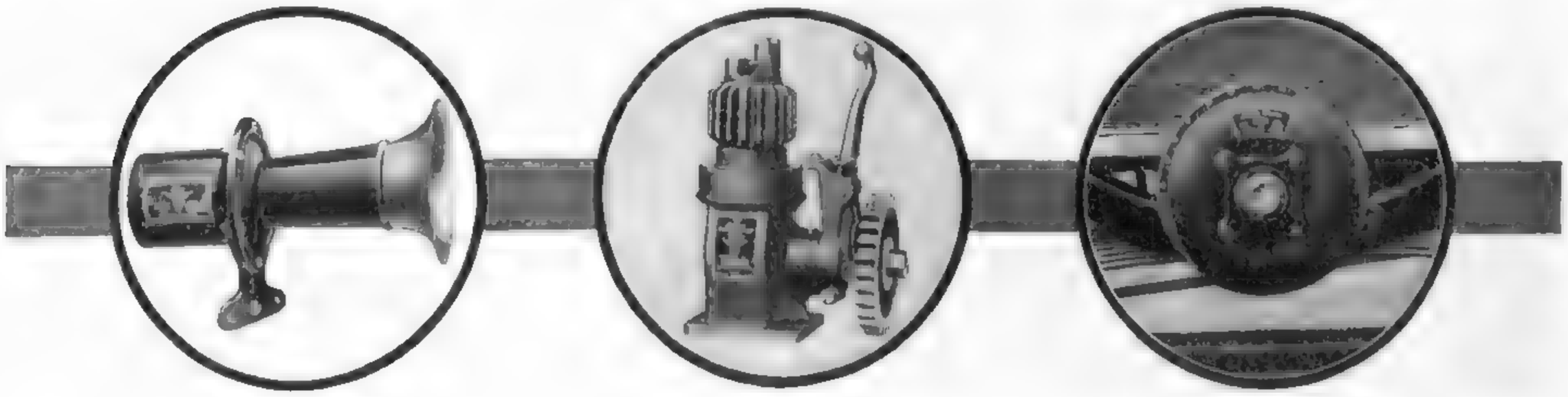

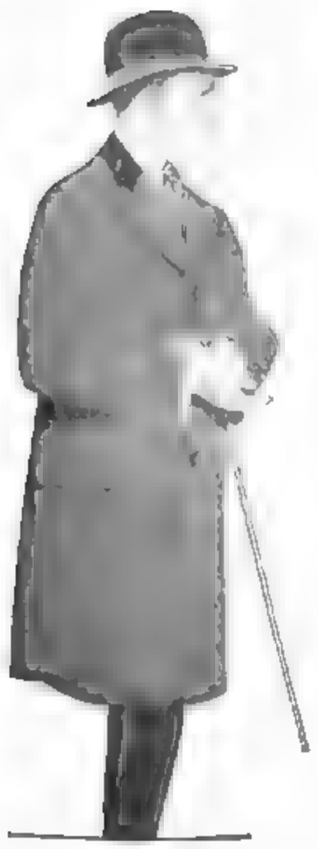

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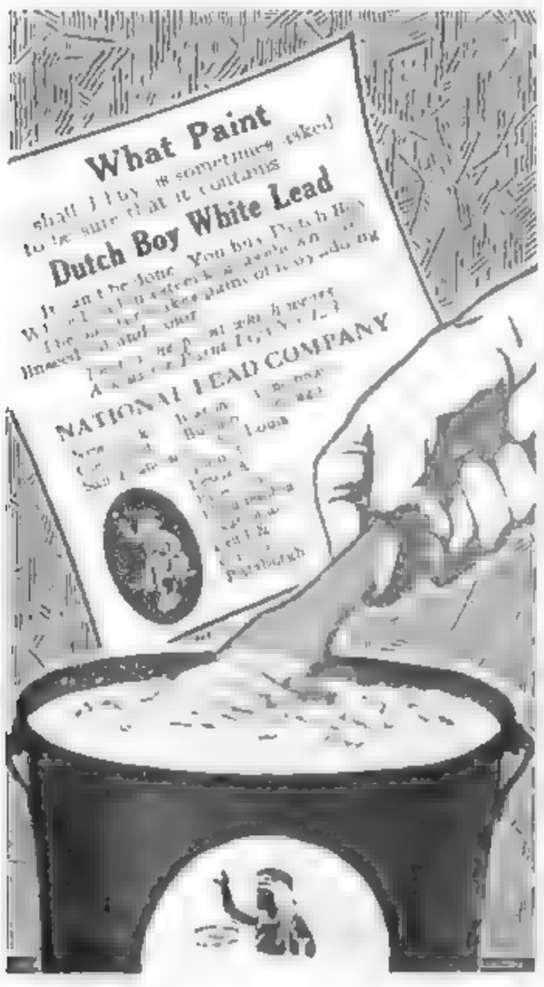

A CHAPTER FROM THE LIFE OF AN ANT

(Continued from Page 6

It was at the close of a most agreeable meal when Emanuel, following Mr. Caruthers' invitation and example, had emptied his second glass of beer and was in the act of putting down the tumbler, that a sudden sensation of drowsiness assailed his senses. He bent back in his chair, shaking his head to clear it of the mounting dizziness, and started to say he believed he would step to the window for a breath of fresh air. But, because he felt so comfortable, he changed his mind. His head lolled over on one side and his lids closed down on his heavy eyes. Thereafter a blank ensued.

When Emanuel awoke there was a flood of sunshine about him. For a moment he regarded an unfamiliar pattern of wall paper, the figures of which added to their unfamiliarity by running together curiously; he was in a strange bed, fully dressed, and as he moved his head on the rumpled pillow he realized that he had a splitting headache and that a nasty dryish taste was in his mouth.

He remembered then where he was and what had happened, and sat up with a jerk, uttering a little remorseful moan.

The disordered room was empty. Caruthers was gone and Caruthers' suit case was gone too. Something rustled, and a folded sheet of hotel note paper slid off the bed cover and fell upon the floor. With trembling fingers he reclaimed the paper, and, opening it, he read what was scrawled on it in pencil:

"*Dear Old Scout:* I'm sorry! I didn't suppose one bottle of beer would put you down and out. When you took the count all of a sudden, I figured the best thing to do was to let you sleep it off; so I got you into the bed. You've been right there all night and nobody's any the wiser for it except me. Sorry I couldn't wait until you woke up, but I have to catch the up train; so I've paid my bill and I'm beating it as soon as I write this. Your clarinet is with you. Think of me sometimes when you tootle on it. I'll let you hear from me one of these days. Yours in haste,

"J. P. C.

"P. S. If I were you I'd stay off the beer in future."

The up train? Why, that left at eight-forty-five! Surely it could not be that late! Emanuel got out his old silver watch, a legacy from a long-dead sire, and took one look at its two hands; and then in a quiver of haste, with no thought of breakfast or of his present state of unwashed untidiness, with no thought of anything except his precious clarinet, which he tucked under his coat, he let himself out of the door, leaving the key in the lock, and slipping through the deserted hallway he hastened down two flights of stairs; and taking a short cut that saved crossing the lobby, where inquisitive eyes might behold him in all his unkemptness and distress, he emerged from the side door of the Hôtel Moderne.

Indeed, Emanuel had proper cause to hurry. Never in all his years of service for the Commonwealth Bank had he failed to be on hand at eight o'clock to sort the mail out; and if his watch was to be believed here it was a quarter of nine! As he padded across the street on shaky legs a new apprehension that he had come away the day before without locking the combination of the vault smote him. Suppose—suppose something was wrong!

The street door of the Commonwealth stood open, and though the interior seemed deserted he realized, with a sinking of the heart, that someone had arrived before him. He darted inside, dropped the clarinet out of sight in a cuddy under his desk, and fairly threw himself at the vault.

The outer door was closed and locked. Nevertheless, his hands shook so that he could hardly work the mechanism. Finally the tumblers obeyed him and he swung open the thick twin slabs, unlocked the inner door with the key which he carried along with his other keys on his key ring—and then fetched a sigh of relief that was half a sob. Everything was as it should be—cash, paper money, books, files and securities. As he backed out of the vault the door of the president's office opened and Mr. Blair stood there in the opening, confronting him with an accusing glare.

"Young man," said Mr. Blair, "you're late!"

"Yes, sir," said Emanuel. "I'm very sorry, sir. I must have overslept."

"So I judge!" Mr. Blair's accents were ominous. "So I judge, young man—but where?"

"W-where?" Emanuel, burning with shame, stammered the word.

"Yes, sir; that's what I said—where? Twenty minutes ago I telephoned to Mrs. Morrill's to find out what was keeping you from your duties, and they told me you hadn't been in all night—that your bed hadn't been slept in."

"Yes, sir; I slept out."

"I gathered as much." Mr. Blair's long white chin whiskers quivered as Mr. Blair's condemning eyes comprehended the shrinking figure before him from head to foot—the rumpled hair; the bloodshot eyes; the wrinkled clothes; the soiled collar; the skewed necktie; the fluttering hands. "Look here, young man; have you been drinking?"

"No, sir—yes, sir; that is, I—I had a little beer last evening," owned Emanuel miserably.

"A little beer, huh?"

Mr. Blair, who was popularly reputed to keep a private quart flask in his coat closet and at intervals to refresh himself therefrom behind the cover of the closet door, had a righteous contempt for wantons who publicly plied themselves with potables, whether of a malt, a spirituous or a vinous nature.

"A little beer, huh?" He put tons of menace into the repetition of the words. "Forever and a day traipsing off on vacations seems to breed bad habits in you, Moon. Now, look here! This is the first time this ever happened—so far as I know. I am inclined to excuse it this once. But see to it that it doesn't happen again ever!"

"No, sir," said Emanuel gratefully. "It won't."

And it did not.

So shaken was Emanuel as to his nerves that three whole nights elapsed before he felt equal to practicing on his new clarinet. After that, though, in all his spare moments at the boarding house he played assiduously.

For the purposes of this narrative the passage of the ensuing fortnight is of no consequence. It passed, and that brings us to a Friday afternoon in mid-October. On the Friday afternoon in question the paymaster of the Great Western Crosstie Company deposited in the Commonwealth Bank, for overnight safeguarding, the funds to meet his semimonthly pay roll due to contractors, subcontractors, towboat owners and extra laborers, the total amounting to a goodly sum.

Next morning, when Herb Kivil opened the vault, he took one look and uttered one strangled cry. As Emanuel straightened up from the mail he was sorting out, and as Mr. Blair stepped in off the street, out from between the iron doors staggered Herb Kivil, white as a sheet and making funny sounds with his mouth. The vault was empty—stripped of cash on hand; stripped of the Great Western Company's big deposit; stripped of every scrap of paper money; stripped of everything except the bank books and certain securities—in a word, stripped of between eighteen and nineteen thousand dollars, specie and currency. For the thief, whoever he might be, there was one thing to be said—he had an instinct for thoroughness in his make-up.

To say that the news, spreading with a most miraculous rapidity, made the town hum like a startled hive, is to state the case in the mildest of descriptive phrases. On the first alarm, the chief of police, accompanied by a good half of the day force, came at a dogtrot. Having severely questioned the frightened negro janitor, and examined all the doors and windows for those mysterious things known as clews, the chief gave it as his deliberate opinion that the robbery had been committed by someone who had means of access to the bank and its vault.

Inasmuch as there was about the place no evidence of forcible entry, and inasmuch as the face of the vault was not so much as scratched, and inasmuch, finally, as the combination was in perfect order, the population at large felt constrained to agree that Chief Henley had deduced aright. He took charge of the premises for the time being, Mr. Blair having already wired to a St. Louis detective agency beseeching the immediate presence and aid of an expert investigator.

It came out afterward that privily Mr. Blair suggested an immediate arrest, and gave to Henley the name of the person he desired to see taken into custody. But the chief, who was good-hearted—too good-hearted for his own good, some people thought—demurred. He stood in a deep and abiding awe of Mr. Blair. But he did not want to make any mistakes, he said. Anyhow, a big-city sleuth was due before night. Would not Mr. Blair consent to wait until the detective had arrived and made his investigation? For his part, he would guarantee that the individual under suspicion did not get away. To this postponement of the decisive step Mr. Blair finally agreed.

On the afternoon train over the Short Line the expert appeared, an inscrutable gentleman named Fogarty with a drooping red mustache and a brow heavily wrinkled.

This Mr. Fogarty first conferred briefly with Mr. Blair and with Chief Henley. Then, accompanied by these two and trailed by a distracted group of directors of the bank, he made a careful survey of the premises from the cellar coal hole to the roof scuttle, uttering not a single word the while. His manner was portentous. Following this he asked for a word in private with the head of the rifled institution.

Leaving the others clustered in a group outside, he and Mr. Blair entered Mr. Blair's office. Mr. Fogarty closed the door and faced Mr. Blair.

"This here," said Mr. Fogarty, "was what we call an inside job. Somebody here in this town—somebody who knew all there was to know about your bank—done it. Now, who do you suspicion?"

And, lowering his voice, Mr. Blair told him, adding that only a deep sense of his obligations to himself and to his bank inspired him now to detail certain significant circumstances that had come to his personal attention within the past three weeks—or, to be exact, on a certain Wednesday morning in the latter part of September.

In his earlier movements Mr. Fogarty might have been deliberate; but once he made up his mind to a definite course of conduct he acted promptly. He came out of Mr. Blair's presence, walked straight up to Emanuel Moon, where Emanuel sat at his desk, and, putting his hand on Emanuel's shrinking shoulder, uttered the words:

"Young man, you're wanted! Put on your hat."

Then Mr. Fogarty silently turned and beckoned to Chief Henley, invoking the latter's official cooperation and assistance.

Between the imported detective and the chief of police, Emanuel Moon, a silent, pitifully shrunken figure, walked round the corner to the City Hall, a crowd following along behind, and was locked up in a cell in the basement calaboose downstairs. Lingering about the hall after the suspect had been taken inside, divers citizens ventured the opinion that if the fellow was not guilty he certainly looked it. Well, so far as that goes, if a face as pale as putty and downcast eyes brimming with a numbed misery betokened guilt Emanuel had not a leg left to stand on.

However, looks alone are not commonly accepted as competent testimony under our laws, and Emanuel did not abide for very long as a prisoner. The Grand Jury declined to indict him on such dubious proof as the bank people and Mr. Fogarty could offer for its consideration. Undoubtedly the Grand Jury was inspired in its refusal by the attitude the Commonwealth's Attorney maintained, an attitude in which the Circuit Judge concurred.

It was known that Mr. Blair went to Commonwealth's Attorney Flournoy, practically demanding that Emanuel be held for trial, and, failing in that quarter, visited Judge Priest with the same object in view. But perversely the Judge would not agree with Mr. Blair that the evidence in hand justified such a course; would not on any account concede that Emanuel Moon was the only person, really, who might properly be suspected.

On that head he was as one with Prosecutor Flournoy. They held—these two—that possession of a costly musical instrument, regarding which the present owner would admit nothing except that it was a gift from an unknown friend, coupled with that individual's stubborn refusal to tell where he had spent a certain night and in whose company, did not constitute a fair

presumption that he had made away with nearly nineteen thousand dollars.

"But look here, Judge Priest," hotly argued Mr. Blair upon the occasion of his call upon His Honor, "it stands to reason Moon is the thief. Why, it couldn't have been anybody else! And I want the facts brought out."

"What facts have you got, Hiram?" asked the Judge.

"Moon knew the combination of the safe, didn't he? He carried the keys for the inside door of the safe, didn't he? And a key to the door of the building, too, didn't he?"

"Hiram," countered Judge Priest, looking Mr. Blair straight in the eye, "ef you expect the authorities to go ahead on that kind of evidence I reckin we'd have to lock you up too."

Mr. Blair started as though a physical blow had been aimed at his head.

"Why—why —— What do you mean by that, Judge?" he demanded, gripping the arms of his chair until his knuckles showed white through the skin.

"You carry the keys of the bank yourself, don't you? And you know the combination of the safe, don't you? And so does Herbie Kivil"

"Do you mean to insinuate "

"Hiram, I don't mean to insinuate nothin'. Insinuations don't make the best of evidence in court, though I will admit they sometimes count for a good deal outside of court. No, Hiram; I reckin you and your detective friend from St. Louis will have to dig up somethin' besides your personal beliefs before you kin expect the Grand Jury of this county to lay a charge aginst a man who's always enjoyed a fair reputation in this here community. That's all I've got to say to you on the subject."

Taking the hint, Mr. Blair, red-faced and agitated, took his departure. After he was gone Judge Priest remained immersed in reflection for several hours.

So Emanuel went free. But he might almost as well have stayed in jail, for the smell of it seemed to cling to his garments garments that grew shabbier as the weeks passed, for naturally he did not go back to the bank and just as naturally no one cared to offer employment to one who had been accused by his own late employer of a crime. He fell behind with his board at Mrs. Morrill's. He walked the streets with drooping shoulders and face averted, shunning people and being shunned by them. And, though he kept to his room in the evening, he no longer played on his clarinet. And the looting of the Commonwealth Bank's vault continued, as the Daily Evening News more than once remarked, to be "shrouded in impenetrable mystery."

One evening at dusk, as Judge Priest was going home alone from the courthouse, on a back street he came face to face with Emanuel. The younger man would have passed by him without speaking, but the old Judge thrust his broad shape directly in the little man's course.

"Son," he said, putting a hand on the other's arm, "I want to have a little talk with you—ez a friend. Jest you furgit all about me bein' a judge. I wisht, ef you ain't got anythin' else to do, you'd come up to my house to-night after you've had your supper. Will you, son?"

Emanuel, his eyes filling up, said he would come, and he did; and in the Judge's old sitting room they spent half an hour together. Father Minor always said that when it came to hearing confessions the only opposition he had in town came from a nonprofessional, meaning by that Judge Priest. It was one of Father Minor's little jokes.

"And now, Judge Priest," said Emanuel, at the latter end of the talk, "you know everything—why I wouldn't tell 'em how I got my new clarinet and where I spent that night. If I had to die for it I wouldn't bring suspicion on an innocent party. I haven't told anybody but you—you are the only one that knows."

"You're sure this here friend of yourn Caruthers—is an innocent party?" suggested the Judge.

"Why, Judge, he's bound to be—he's just naturally bound to be. If he'd been a thief he'd have robbed the bank that night when I was asleep in his room at the hotel. I had the keys to the bank on me and he knew it."

"Then why didn't you come out and say so, son?"

"Because, as I just told you, it would be bringing suspicion on an innocent party. He holds a responsible position with that big New York firm I was telling you about and it might have got him into trouble. Besides"—and Emanuel hung his head "besides, I hated so to have people know that I was ever under the influence of liquor. I'm a church member, Judge, as you know. I never drank—to excess—before that night, and I don't ever aim to touch another drop as long as I live. I'd almost as lief be called a drunkard as a thief. They're calling me a thief—I don't aim to have them calling me the other thing too."

Judge Priest cloaked an involuntary smile behind a pudgy hand.

"Well, Emanuel," he said, "jest to be on the safe side, did it ever occur to you to make inquiry amongst the merchants here as to whether a traveling gent named Caruthers sold goods to any of 'em?"

"No, Judge; I never thought of that."

"Did you look up Gatling & Moore—I believe that's the name—in Bradstreet's or Dun's to see ef there was sech a firm?"

"Judge, I never thought of that either."

"Son," said the old man, "it sorter looks to me like you ain't been doin' much thinkin' lately." Then his tone changed and became warmly sympathetic. "But I reckin ef I was in the trouble you're in I wouldn't do much thinkin' neither. Son, you kin rest easy in your mind—I ain't a-goin' to betray your confidences. But ef you don't mind I'm aimin' to do a little inquirin' round on my own account.

"This here robbery interests me powerfully, someway. I've been frettin' a lot about it lately.

"And—oh, yes—there's another thing that I was purty nigh furgittin'," continued Judge Priest. "I ain't purposin' to pry into your personal affairs—but tell me, son, how are you off fur ready money these days?"

"Judge, to tell you the truth, I'm just about out of money," confessed Emanuel desperately. "I owe Mrs. Morrill for three weeks' board now. I hate to keep putting her off—her being a widow lady and dependent for her living on what she takes in. I'd pack up and go somewhere else—to some other town—and try to get work, only I can't bear to go away with this cloud hanging over my good name. It would look like I was running away; and anyway I guess the tale would follow me."

The old Judge dug into his right-hand trousers pocket. He exhumed a small wad of bills and began counting them off.

"Son," he said, "I know you won't mind my makin' you a temporary loan to help you along till things git brighter with you. By the way, how would you like to go to work in the circuit clerk's office?"

"Me, Judge! Me?" Fresh-kindled hope blazed an instant in Emanuel Moon's voice; then the spark died.

"I reckon nobody would hire me," he finished despondently.

"Don't you be so shore. 'Lishy Milam come to me only yistiddy sayin' he needed a reliable and experienced man to help him with his books, and askin' me ef I could suggest anybody. He ain't had a capable deputy sence Clint Coombs died on him. I sort of figger that ef he gave you a job on my say-so it'd go a mighty long way toward convincin' this town that we both regarded you ez an honest citizen. I'll speak to 'Lishy Milam the very first thing in the mornin'—ef you're agreeable to the notion."

"Judge," exclaimed Emanuel, up on his feet, "I can't thank you—I can't tell you what this means ——"

"Son, don't try," bade the old Judge. "Anyhow, that ain't whut I want to hear from you now. Set down there agin and tell me all you kin remember about this here friend of yourn—Caruthers; where you met up with him and whut he said and how he said it, and the way he looked and walked and talked. And how much beer you drunk up that night and how much he drunk up, and how you felt when you woke up, and whut Hiram Blair said to you when you showed up at the bank—the whole thing all over agin from start to finish. I'm interested in this here Mr. Caruthers. It strikes me he must 'a' been a mighty likely feller."

When Emanuel Moon walked out of Judge Priest's front door that night he was pumped dry. Also, for the first time in weeks, he walked with head erect and gaze straightforward.

In the morning, true to his promise, Judge Priest made a certain recommendation to Circuit Clerk Milam. This done, he

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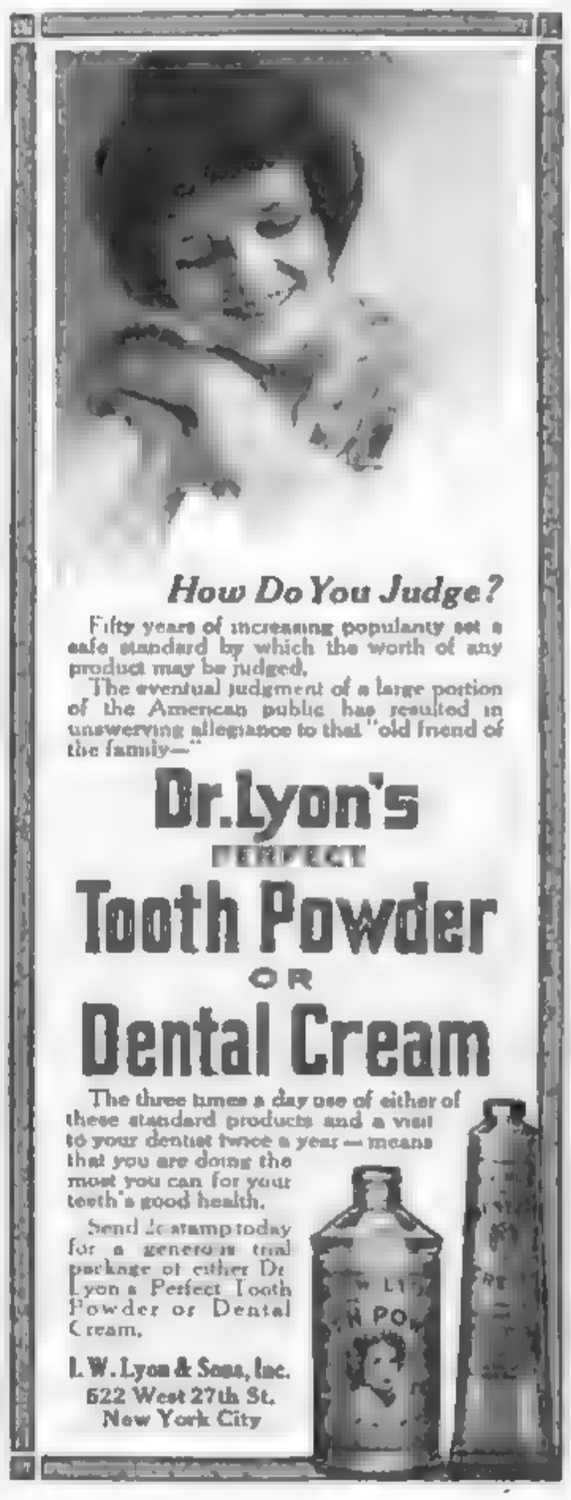
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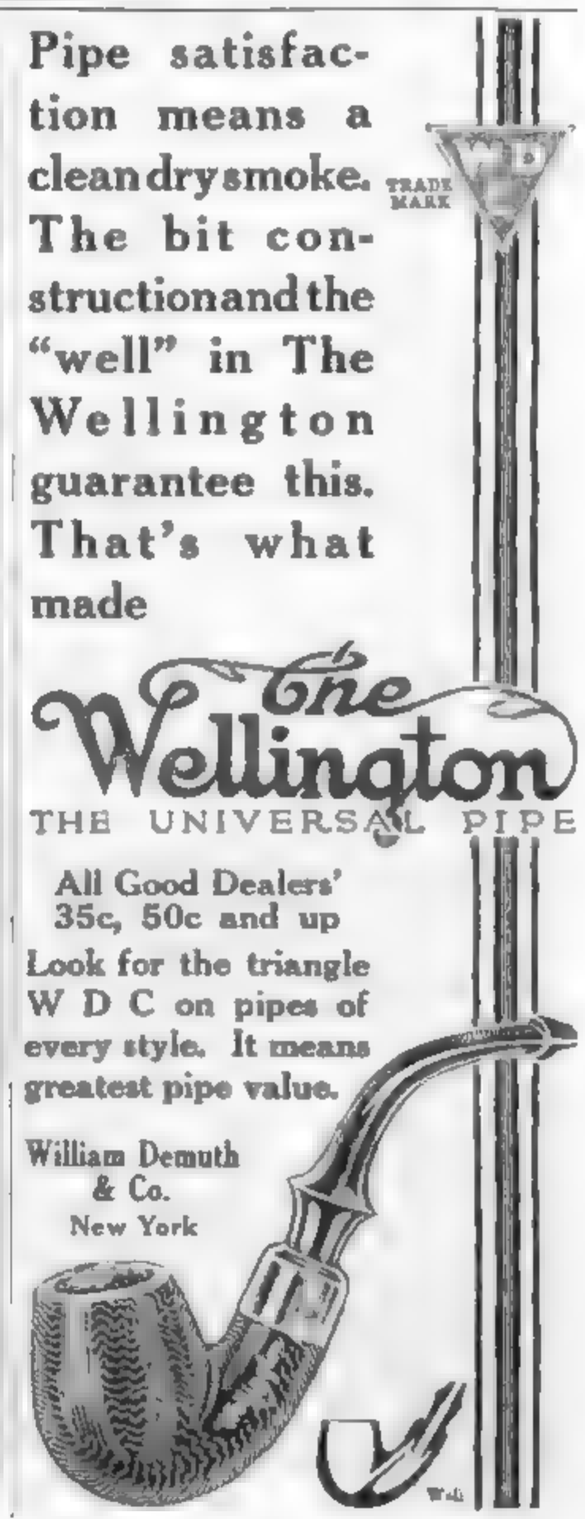
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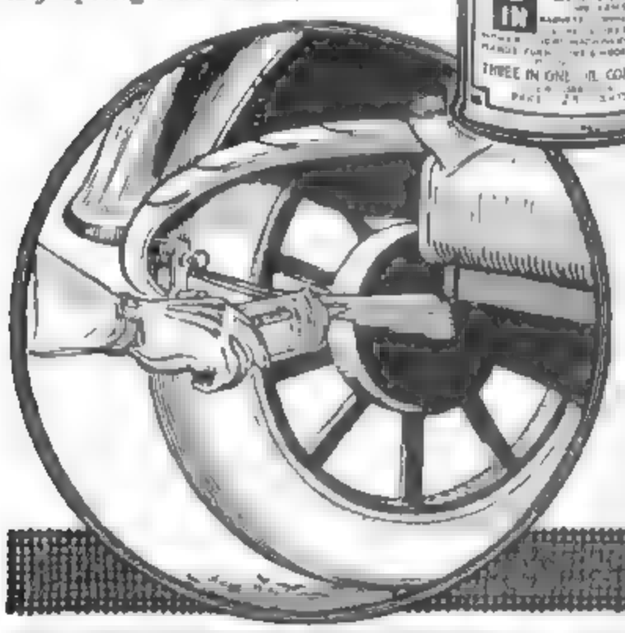

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left the courthouse and, going down Legal Row, dropped in at the law office of Fairleigh & Fairleigh, to find young Jere Fairleigh, junior member of the firm, sitting by the grate fire in the front room.

"Jere," asked Judge Priest, directly the young man had made him welcome, "whutever become of them three post-office robbers that hired you to defend 'em—still over in the Marshallville jail, ain't they?"

"Two of them are," said young Fairleigh. "The one they call the Waco Baby got out on bail and skipped. But the other two—Frisco Slim and Montreal Red—are in jail over there awaiting trial at the next term of United States Court."

Judge Priest smiled softly.

"Young man," he said, "it certainly looks to me like you're climbin' mighty fast in your chosen profession. All your clients 'pear to have prominent cities named after 'em. Tell me," he went on, "whut kind of persons are the two that are still lingerin' over there in Marshallville?"

"Well," said the young lawyer, "there's a world of difference between 'em. Frisco is the glum, morose kind; but Montreal Red—his real name is Mooney, he tells me, though he's got half a dozen other names—he's certainly a wise individual. Just associating with him in my capacity as his counsel has been a liberal education to me in the ways of the underworld. I firmly believe he knows every professional crook in the country."

"Aha! I see," said Judge Priest. "I figger Mister Montreal is the party I want to meet. I'm thinkin' of runnin' down to Marshallville on business right after dinner to-day. I reckin you wouldn't mind—in strict confidence—givin' me a little note of introduction to your client, tellin' him I want his advice on a private matter, and sayin' that I kin be trusted?"

"I'll be mighty glad to," said Fairleigh, Junior, reaching across his desk for pen and paper. "I'll write it right now. Turning detective, Judge?"

"Well, son," conceded Judge Priest, "you mout call it that and not make sech an awful big mistake."

"Sort of a Sherlock Holmes, eh?"

The Judge made a gesture of modest disclaimer.

"No; I reckin Sherlock would be out of my class. By all accounts Sherlock knowed purty nigh ever'thing wuth knowin'. If he'd struck two different trails, both seemin'ly p'intin' in the same direction, he'd know right off which one of 'em to take. That's where he'd be one pawpaw above my tallest persimmon. Sometimes I git to thinkin' I'm a poor purblind old idiot that can't see a thing when it's shoved right up under my nose. No; I ain't aimin' to qualify as a Sherlock. I'm only endeavorin' to walk ez an humble disciple in the hallowed footsteps of Old Cap Collier."

"What do you know about Old Cap Collier?" demanded Fairleigh, astonished. "I thought I was the only grown man in town that still read nickel libraries—on the sly."

"Boy," said Judge Priest, "you and me have got a secret bond between us. Wasn't that there last one that come out a jimdandy?—the one called Old Cap Collier and the Great Diamond Robbery."

"It was so," stated Fairleigh. "I read it last night in bed."

Three o'clock of that same day disclosed Judge Priest perched on the side of a bunk in a cell in the Marshallville jail, close up alongside a blocky person of unkempt appearance whom we, for convenience, may call Montreal Red, more especially as this happens to be the title to which he commonly answered within the fraternity of which he was a distinguished member.

They made a picture sitting there together—the old Judge, nursing his soft black hat between his hands, with the half light bringing out in relief his bald round skull, his chubby pink face and his tuft of white beard; the captive yeggman in his shirt sleeves, with no collar on and no shoes on, holding Mr. Fairleigh's note in his hand and, with the look upon his face of one who feels a just pride in his professional knowledge, hearkening while the Judge minutely described for him a certain individual. Before the Judge was done, Montreal Red interrupted him.

"Sufficiency, boss," he said lightly; "you've said enough. I know the gun you're talkin' about without you goin' any farther—it's Shang Conklin, the Solitary Kid."

"But this here gentleman went by the name of Caruthers!" demurred the Judge.

"Wot else did you figure he'd be doin'?" countered Montreal Red. "He might 'a' called himself Crowley, or Lord Copeleigh, or half a dozen other things. He might 'a' called himself the King of Bavaria—yes, and got away with it, too, because he's there with the swell front and the education. The Solitary Kid's got a different monniker for every day in the week and two for Sundays. It couldn't be nobody else but him; you've called the turn on him same as if you'd mugged him for the Gallery."

"You know him personally, then?" asked Judge Priest.

"Who don't know him?" said Montreal Red. "Everybody that knows anybody knows Solitary. And I'll tell you why! You take 'most any ordinary gun and he's got just one regular line—he's a stick-up, or he's a moll buzzer, or a peterman, or a con man; or he belongs to the hard-boiled people, the same as me. But Shang he doubles in brass; it's B. and O. for him. Bein' there with the front, he's worked the wire; and before that he worked the bat. Knowin' all there is to know about the pasteboard papes, he'd done deep-sea fishin' in his time—playin' for rich guys on the big liners, you know.

"And when it comes to openin' boxes—say, bo, since old Jimmy Hope quit the game and sneezed in, I guess Shang Conklin's the wisest boxman that ever unbuttoned a combination crib with his bare hands. He's sure the pure McCoy there—not no common yegg, you understand, with a steel drill and a gat in his kicks and a rubber bottle full of soup tied under his coat; but doin' the real fancy stuff, with nothin' to help him but the old ten fingers and the educated ear. And he never works with a mob neither. Any time you make Shang he'll be playin' the lone hand—providin' his own nut and goin' south with all the clean-up. No splittin' with anybody for Shang—it's against his business principles. That's why he's labeled the Solitary Kid."

Most of this was as pure Greek to Judge Priest, who, I may say, knew no Greek, pure or otherwise. Suddenly aware of the bewilderment revealed in the countenance of his interviewer, Montreal Red checked up and took a new tack.

"Say, boss, you ain't makin' me, are you? Well, then, maybe I'd better spiel it out slow. Know what a peterman is?"

The Judge shook his head.

"Well, you know what a box is, don't you?"

"I'm skeered that I don't, though I believe I'm beginnin' to git a faint idea," said Judge Priest.

As though deploring such ignorance Montreal Red shook his flame-colored head.

"I'll frame it for you different—in sucker language," he said.

And accordingly he did, most painstakingly.

"Now then," he said at the end of five minutes of laborious translation, "do you get me?"

"I git you," said Judge Priest. "And I'm mighty much obliged. Now, then, ef it ain't too much trouble, I'd like to git in touch with this here Mister Conklin, et cetery. Do you, by any chance, know his present whereabouts?"

Before replying to this the Montreal Red communed with himself for a brief space.

"Old-timer," he said finally, "if I thought you was playin' in with the dicks I'd see you in Belgium before I tipped you off to anything. But this here mouthpiece of mine"—he indicated the note from young Mr. Fairleigh—"says you're on the level. I judge he wouldn't take my good fall-money and then cross me this way. I take it you ain't tryin' to slip one over on Shang? All right, then; I'll tell you where he is—he's in Atlanta, Georgia."

"And whut is his address there?" pursued Judge Priest.

"The Federal prison—that's all," said Montreal Red. He smiled softly. "If I don't beat this little case of mine I'm liable to meet him down there along toward spring, or maybe even sooner. The bulls nailed him at Chattanooga, Tennessee, about a month and a half ago for a little national-bank job, and right quick he taken a plea and got off with a short bit in Uncle Sammy's big house. I was readin' about it in the papers. You wouldn't have no trouble findin' him at Atlanta—he'll be in to callers for the next five years."

"Bein' an amatoor Old Cap Collier certainly calls fur a lot of travelin' round," murmured Judge Priest, half to himself, and he sighed a small sigh of resignation as he arose.

(Continued on Page 53)

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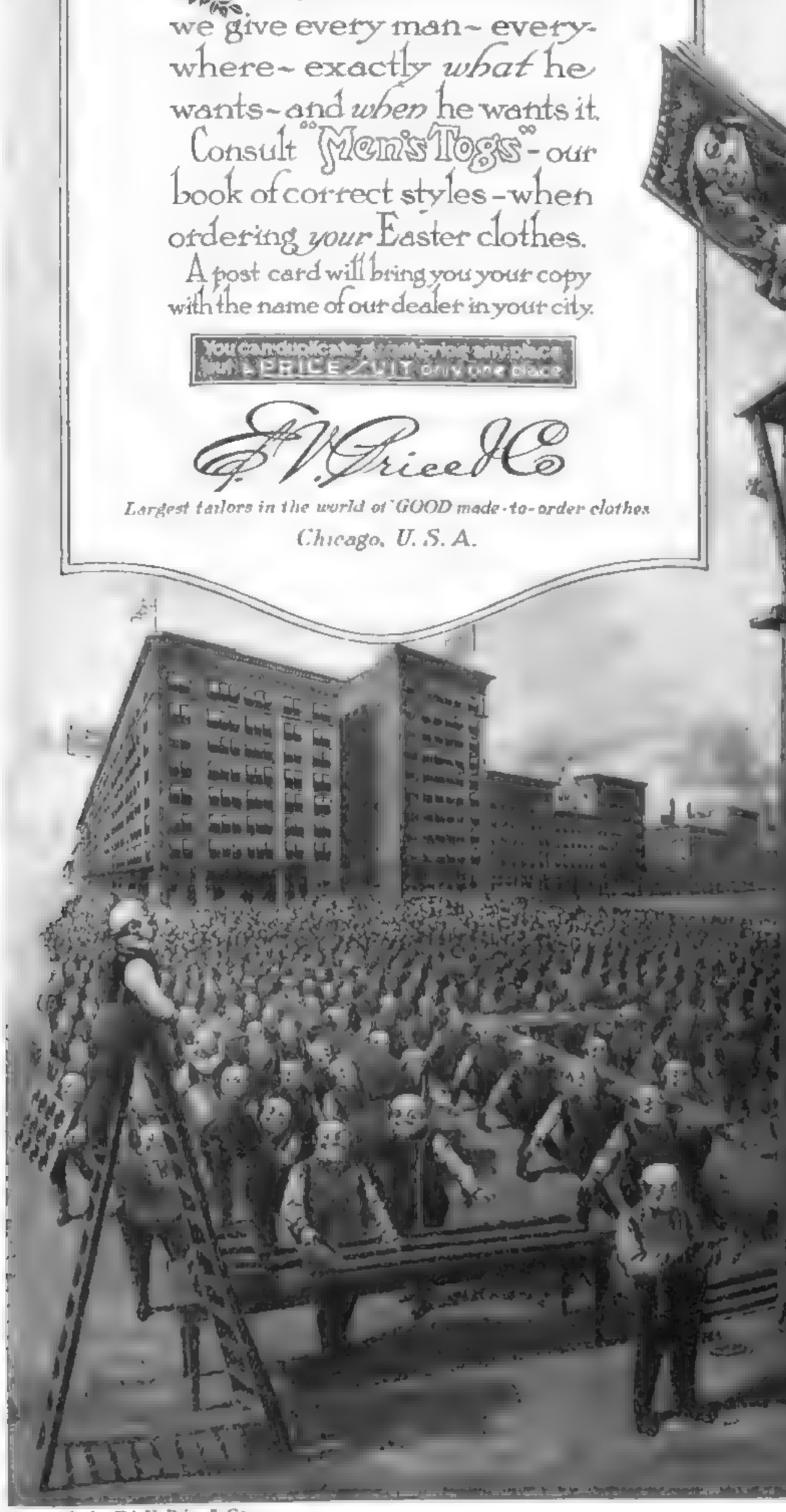

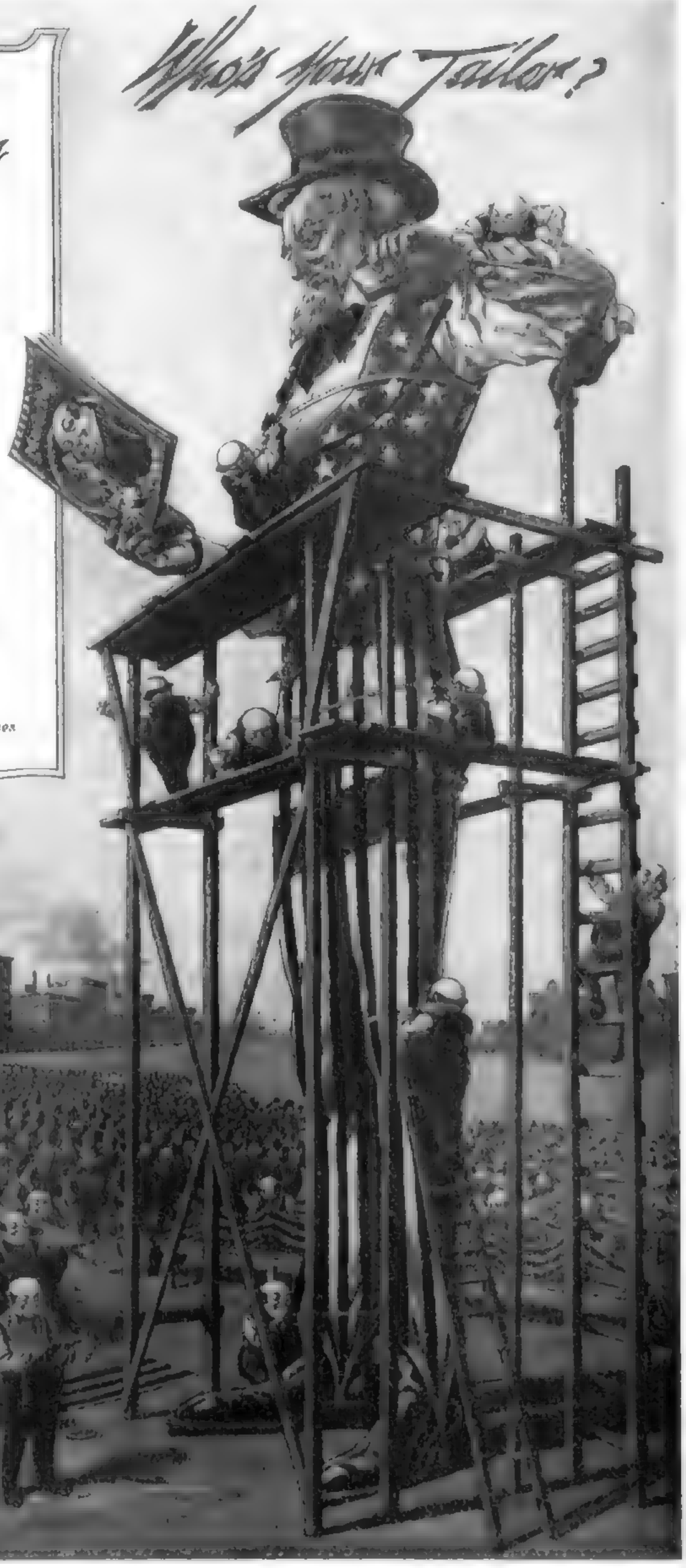

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(Continued from Page 50)

"What's that? I don't make you?" asked Montreal Red.

"Not a-tall," said Judge Priest; "nothin' a-tall. I was jest thinkin' out loud; it's a sort of failin' of mine ez I git older. You said, didn't you, that these here sleepin' potions which you was mentionin' a minute ago are mostly administered in beer?"

"Mostly in beer," said Montreal Red. "The little old knock-out seems to work best in the lather stuff. I don't know why, but it does. It's like this: You take the beer ——"

"Oh, I wasn't figgerin' on usin' it myself," explained Judge Priest hastily. "Much obliged to you all the same, young man."

A night in a sleeping car brought Judge Priest to Atlanta. A ride in a trolley car brought him to the warden's office of a large reformatory institution beyond the suburbs of that progressive city. A ten-minute chat with the warden and the display of divers credentials brought him the privilege of an interview, in private, with a person who, having so many names to pick from, was yet at this time designated by a simple number. Even in convict garb, which is cut on chastely plain lines and which rarely fits perfectly the form of its wearer, this gentleman continued somehow to bespeak the accomplished metropolitan in his physical outlines and in his demeanor as well, maintaining himself, as you might say, jauntily.

In the first few moments of his meeting with Judge Priest there was about him a bearing of reserve—almost of outright suspicion. But half a dozen explanatory sentences from the Judge served speedily to establish an atmosphere of mutual understanding. I believe I stated earlier in my tale that Judge Priest had a little knack for winning people's confidences. Perhaps I should also explain that at a suitable time in the introductory stages of the conversation he produced a line in the characteristic handwriting of Mr. Montreal Red. Being thereby still further enlightened as to the disinterestedness of the venerable stranger's motives, the Solitary Kid proved frankness itself. Preliminarily, though, he listened intently while Judge Priest recited in full a story that had mainly to do with the existing plight of Emanuel Moon.

"Now then, suh," said Judge Priest at the conclusion of his narrative, "I've laid all the cyards that I hold on the table right in front of you. Ef I'm correct in my guess that you're the party of the second part in this here transaction I don't need to go on, because you know a sight more about the rest of it than whut I do. The way I figger it, a decent, honest little man is in serious trouble, mainly on your account. Ef you're so minded I calculate that you kin help him without hurtin' yourself any. Now then, presumin' sech to be the case, is there anythin' you'd like to say to me—ez his friend?"

Conklin, alias Caruthers, alias Crowley, and so on, put a question of his own now:

"You say the president of that bank is the one that tried to fasten this job on Moon, eh? Well, then, before we go any further, suppose you tell me what that president looks like?"

Judge Priest sketched a quick word picture of Mr. Hiram Blair—accurate and fair, therefore not particularly complimentary.

"That's enough," said the convict grimly; "that'll do. Why, the long-whiskered old dog! Now then, Judge—you said you were a judge, didn't you?—I'm going to spill a funny yarn for you. Never mind what my reasons for coming through are. Maybe I want to get even with somebody that handed me a large disappointment. Maybe I don't want to see that little Moon suffer for something he didn't do. Figure it out for yourself afterward, but first listen to me."

"I'm listenin', son," said Judge Priest.

"Good!" said Conklin, lowering his voice cautiously, though he knew already they were alone in the warden's room. "Up to a certain point you've got the thing figured out just as it came off. That day on the train going into Louisville I started to take the little man at cards. I was going to deal him the big mitt and then clean him for what he had; but when he told me he worked in a bank—a nice, fat little country bank—I switched the play, of course. I saw thousands of dollars where I'd seen lunch money before. Inside of an hour I knew everything there was to know about that bank—what he knew and what I could figure from what he told me. All I had to do was to turn the spigot once in a while and let him run on. And then finally, when he began to spill his cravings for a new clarinet, I almost laughed in his face. The whole thing looked like a pipe.

"The dope was working lovely when I hit that town of yours two weeks later. At the right minute I flashed the clarinet on him and made him forget to spring the combination of the vault. So far, so good. Then, when I got him where I wanted him—over in my room—I slipped the drops into his beer; not enough to hurt him but enough to start him pounding his ear right away. That was easy too—so easy I almost hated to do it.

"Then I waited until about two o'clock in the morning, him lying there all the time on my bed, dead to the world. So I took the keys off him and dropped across the street without being seen by anybody—the main street of your town is nice and quiet after midnight—I'll say that much for it anyway—and walked into the bank the same as if I owned it—in fact, I did own it and made myself at home. I opened up the vault and went through it, with a pocket flash to furnish light; and then after a little I locked her up again, good and tight, leaving everything just like I'd found it, and went back to the hotel and put the keys in the little man's pocket, and laid down alongside of him and took a nap myself. D'ye see my drift?"

"I reckin I don't altogether understand—yit," said Judge Priest.

"You naturally wouldn't," said Conklin with the air of a teacher instructing an attentive but very ignorant pupil. "Here's what happened: When I took a good look at the inside door of that vault and tried the tumblers of the outside door I knew I could open her any time I wanted to—in five minutes or less. Besides, I wouldn't need the keys any more, seeing as I could make impressions of 'em in wax, which I did as soon as I got back inside of my room at the hotel. So I was sure of having duplicates whenever I needed 'em."

"I'm feared that I'm still in the dark," said Judge Priest. "You see it's only lately that I took up your callin' in life—ez a study."

"Well, figure it out for yourself," said Conklin. "If I made my clean-up and my getaway that night it was a cinch that they'd connect up Moon with his strange friend from New York; even a hick bull would be wise enough to do that. And inside of twenty-four hours they'd be combing the country for a gent answering to my general plans and specifications. At the beginning I was willing to take that chance; but after I had a look at that combination I switched my play. Besides, there wasn't enough coin in the box that night to suit me. I always play for the big dough when I can, and I remembered what the little man told me about that lumber company—you know the one I mean: that big crosstie concern—depositing its pay roll every other Friday night. So why wouldn't I hold off?"

"I begin to see," said Judge Priest. "You're making me see a number of things that've been pesterin' me fur three-four days now."

"Wait till you get the final kick," promised the convict. "That'll open your eyes some more, I guess. Well, I skinned out next morning and I went elsewhere—never mind where, but it wasn't far away. Then on the night of the fifteenth—the third Friday in the month—I came back again, traveling incog., as they say on the other side of the duck pond; and about two o'clock in the morning I paid another call to your little old Commonwealth Bank and opened up the vault—outside door and inside door—in four minutes by my watch, without putting a mark on her. That's my specialty—nice, clean jobs, without damaging the box or making any litter for the janitor to sweep up in the morning. But I didn't clean her out that time either."

"Ahem!" said Judge Priest doubtfully. "You didn't?"

"Oh, I didn't expect you to believe that right off," stated Mr. Conklin, prolonging his climax. "The reason I didn't clean her out then was because she was already cleaned out; somebody had beat me to it and got away with everything worth having in that little old box. It was considerable of a disappointment to me—and a shock too."

"It shorely must've been," agreed the Judge, almost sympathetically. "Mout I ask ef you've got any gineral notion who it

ORDINARY OIL AFTER USE VEEDOL AFTER USE
Showing finely divided solid matter in suspension

New Lubricant Resists Heat

Intense heat in your automobile engine turns a large part of ordinary oil into black solid matter, a cause of rapid wear.

This new lubricant prevents rapid formation of solid matter in your crank case.

ORDINARY oil breaks down under the terrific heat of an automobile engine. Within a few hours black sediment is formed and part of the oil loses its lubricating value. This sediment is destroyed oil—all lubricating value in it has been killed by heat.

Sediment means friction. The sediment which has an inactive or negative effect partially crowds out the remaining liquid oil. This under-supply of oil causes friction—heat—wear—loss of power and expensive repairs.

Ordinary motor oils make trouble and increase maintenance cost in direct proportion to their rate of destruction when exposed to heat.

Relative Oil Destruction

The contents of the two bottles shown illustrate the relative durability of ordinary oil and of Veedol, the new lubricant that resists heat. Veedol deposits only a small fraction as much sediment as ordinary oils.

Ordinary oils are unstable and therefore unserviceable because of non-heat-resisting chemical structure.

Special processes of manufacture developed by this company and the use of Pennsylvania paraffine-base crude oil give Veedol, the new lubricant, its excellent chemical structure and its remarkable heat-resisting ability.

Make This Road Test

Clean out your crank case. Fill with kerosene. Run your motor about thirty seconds under its own power. Draw out all kerosene and refill with Veedol.

Then make a test run over a familiar road, including steep hills and straight level stretches.

You will find that your motor has acquired new pick-up and hill-climbing ability, due to the maximum mechanical efficiency made possible through Veedol.

What It Means in Actual Saving

The average mileage of all automobiles is conceded to be approximately 6000 miles per year and the annual expense of operating the typical or average car ($850 car), as figured by an expert statistician, is approximately $416 per year. Depreciation, repairs and gasoline come to about $468.

Friction and wear vary directly as the amount of solid matter formed within the oil. For this reason ordinary oil runs up your repair bills. Fully 50% to 75% of repairs and 50% of depreciation are due to improper lubrication.

Veedol prevents rapid sedimentation and saves you money on all three items. The records of taxi-cab companies and bus lines that use cost accounting show that Veedol should save you from $50 to $115 per year on gasoline, repairs and depreciation. Your lubrication bill itself will be smaller, since Veedol wears several times longer than ordinary oils.

If you are interested in saving money you will be interested in making your own tests of this remarkable new lubricant.

Get a five-gallon can of Veedol and make the road test described above.

Where You Can Buy Veedol

Progressive dealers everywhere have secured Veedol and can supply you. Look for the orange and black Veedol sign. If, for any reason, you cannot get Veedol at once, write direct to the Platt & Washburn Refining Co., 12 Broadway, New York. By return mail you will receive a copy of the Veedol book, free, and name of dealer who can supply you.

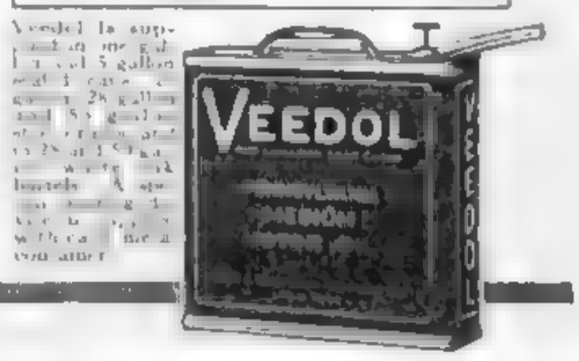
PLATT & WASHBURN REFINING CO.
12 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

NEW 92 PAGE BOOK FREE

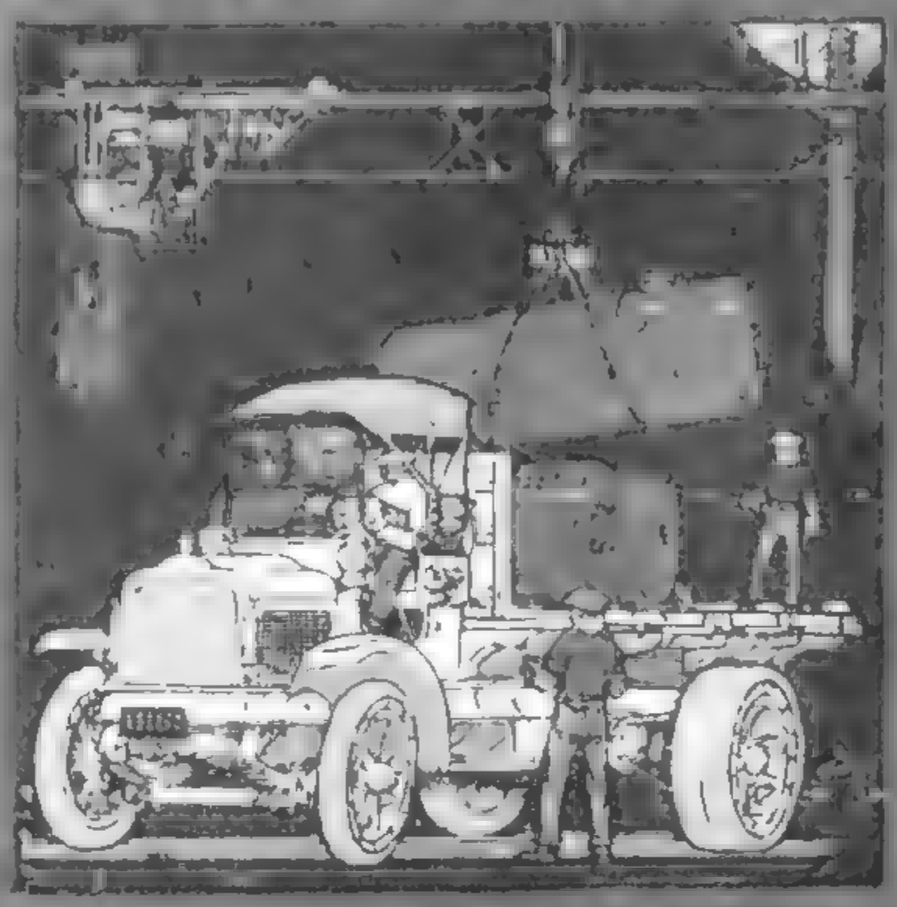
Write for the new Veedol book "The Lubrication of Internal Combustion Motors." It contains [illegible] formation and scientific facts on lubricants and lubrication from many angles.

This book also shows how the Veedol Engineering Department, which is at your service, is helping car owners.

92 pages profusely illustrated in colors—
WRITE TODAY



WHITE TRUCKS



PREDOMINATE

WHEN the annual sales of a higher priced truck like the White exceed those of *any grade* competitor two to one, it must have unusual value to its owner. There is no sentiment about buying trucks. Low eventual cost is the only criterion of value.

THE White is the dominant truck of America, judged both by the number annually put into service and by their aggregate value.

ONLY GRAND PRIZE for Motor Trucks, Panama-Pacific International Exposition, San Francisco.

The WHITE COMPANY Cleveland

was that—that deprived you of the fruits of your industry and patience?"

"I don't have to have any general notion," quoth Conklin *et al.*, with bitterness creeping into his voice. "I know who it was—that is, I'm practically certain I know who it was. Because, while I was across the street in a doorway about half past one, waiting to make sure the neighborhood was clear, I saw the gink I suspect come out of the bank and lock the door behind him, and go off up the street.

"I thought at the time it was funny—him being in that bank at that hour of the night; but mostly I was glad that I hadn't walked in on him while he was there. So I just laid low and let him get away with the entire proceeds—which was my mistake. I guess under the circumstances he'd have been glad enough to divide up with me. I might even have induced him to hand over the whole bunch to me—though, as a rule, I don't believe in any strong-arm work. But, you see, I didn't know then what I found out about half an hour later. So I just stood still where I was, like a boob, and let him fade away out of my life. Yes, Judge, I'm reasonably sure I saw the party that copped the big roll that night. And I presume I'm the only person alive that did see him copping it."

"Would you mind describin' him—ez nearly ez you kin?" asked Judge Priest; he seemed to have accepted the story as a truthful recital.

"I don't need to," answered the Solitary Kid. "You did that yourself just a little bit ago. If you're going back home any time soon I suggest that you ask the old pappy-guy with the long white whiskers what he was doing coming out of his own bank at half past one o'clock on the morning of October the sixteenth, with a long overcoat on, and his hat pulled down over his eyes, and a heavy sackful of dough hid under his coat. I didn't exactly see the sack, but he had it, all right—I'll gamble on that. You needn't tell him where you got your information, but just ask him."

"Son," averred Judge Priest, "I shorely will do that very thing; in fact, I came mighty nigh practically doin' so several weeks ago when I didn't know nigh as much as I do now—thanks to you and much obliged."

But Judge Priest was spared the trouble—for the time being, at least. What transpired later in a legal way in his courtroom has nothing whatever to do with this narration. It is true that he left Atlanta without loss of time, heading homeward as straight and as speedily as the steam cars could bear him.

Even so, he arrived too late to carry out his promise to the Solitary Kid. For that very day, while he was on his way back, at a point several hundred miles distant from our town—in the city of Chicago, to be precise—the police saw fit to raid an establishment called vulgarly a bucket shop; and finding among the papers and books, which they coincidentally seized, entries tending to show that our Mr. Hiram Blair had, during the preceding months, gone short on wheat to a disastrous extent, the police inconsiderately betrayed those records of a prolonged and unfortunate speculation to one of the Chicago afternoon papers, which in turn wired its local correspondent down our way to call upon the gentleman and ask him pointblank how about it.

But the correspondent, who happened also to be the city staff of the Daily Evening News, a young man by the name of Rawlings, was unsuccessful in his attempts to see Mr. Blair, either at his place of business in the bank or at his residence. From what he was able to glean, the reporter divined that Mr. Blair had gone out of town suddenly. Putting two and two together the young man promptly reached the conclusion that Mr. Blair might possibly have had also some word from Chicago. Developments, rapidly ensuing, proved the youth correct in his hypothesis.

Two days later Mr. Blair was halted by a person in civilian garb, but wearing a badge of authority under his coat, as Mr. Blair was about to cross the boundary line near Buffalo into the adjacent Dominion of Canada. Mr. Blair insisted at first that it was not him. In truth it did not look like him. Somewhere en route he had lost his distinguishing chin whiskers and his commanding manner, acquiring in lieu of these a name which did not in the least resemble Hiram Blair.

Nevertheless, being peremptorily, forcibly and over his protests detained—in fact, locked up—he was presently constrained to make a complete statement, amounting to a confession. Indeed, Mr. Blair went so far that the Daily Evening News, in an extra issued at high noon, carried across its front page, in box-car letters, a headline reading: Fugitive, in Durance Vile, Tells All!

Mr. Blair having told all, and the reader knowing already much of what Mr. Blair had to tell, there remains for me, as the chronicler of this most amazing chapter in the history of our times and our town, but little more to say. But this much I feel I must add, although it be but an incidental and an inconsequential thing:

Old Judge Priest was passing Mrs. Teenie Morrill's boarding house one night on his way home from Soule's drug store, where he had spent the evening in the congenial company of Mr. Soule, Sergeant Jimmy Bagby and Squire Roundtree. This was perhaps a week after his return from a flying trip to Atlanta, Georgia, the results of which, as the saying goes, still were locked within his breast.

As he came opposite Mrs. Morrill's front gate a blast of harmonious sound, floating out into the night, saluted his ears. He looked upward. Behind a front window on the second floor, with his upper lip overlapping the mouthpiece of a handsome clarinet and his fingers flitting upon the polished shaft of the instrument, sat little Emanuel Moon, now, by virtue of appointment, Deputy Circuit Clerk Emanuel Moon, playing The Last Rose of Summer with the fervor inspired by a happy heart, a rehabilitated reputation, a lucrative and honorable employment in the public service, and a newly acquired mastery of the melodic intricacies of the air in question—four things calculated, you will allow, to make anyone blithe of the spirit.

The old Judge halted and smiled up at the window. Then, as he moved onward, he uttered the very word—a small coincidence, this—which I have chosen for the opening text of this tale.

"Poor little ant!" said Judge Priest to himself; and then, as an afterthought: "But a dog-gone clever little feller!"

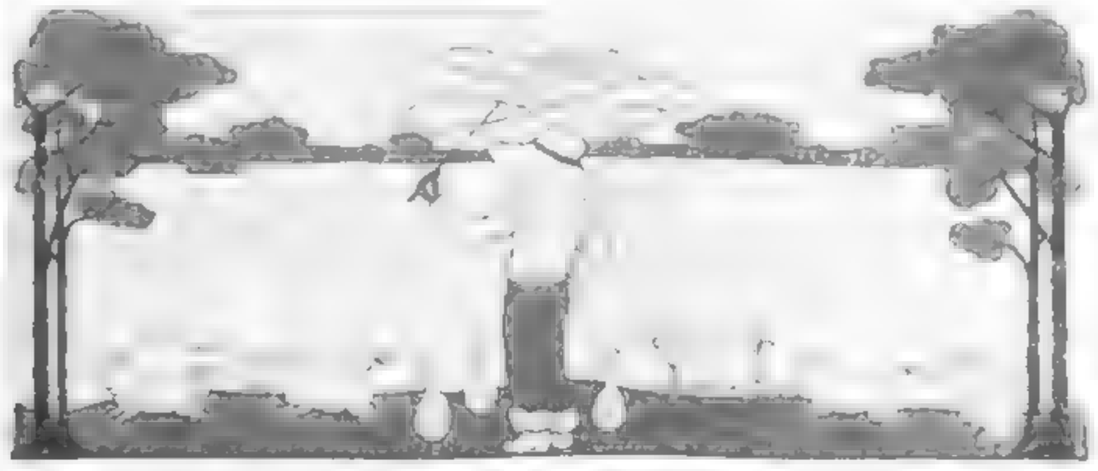
Faith vs. Fact

GEORGE PATTULLO tells of a bad year in Eastern Texas during which the citizens of Rockwall organized prayer meetings to break the drought. Everybody got up and prayed long and fervently—everybody except one old-timer, who sat aloof watching the others and grunting from time to time.

At last somebody invited him to offer a few words of supplication, but he firmly declined.

On being urged and pushed to his feet he said, with great reluctance:

"All right; I'll pray. But I tell you right now it ain't no use, because the wind's in the north."



He wanted to make sure the Varnish was Valspar!

HE had seen our advertisements picturing a man pouring boiling water on a Valsparred table, so he decided to *make the same test on his own newly varnished floor.*

This little scene actually took place.

The family was very much startled—but they survived the shock.

And so did the floor, for it *really was Valsparred.*

Therefore, even the boiling water could not spot it white or harm it in the slightest.

That's why Valsparred floors are so desirable—to clean them you simply wash them with hot water—even hot soapy water.

Thus our friend thoroughly satisfied himself on two points—

First, that our advertising claims for Valspar are true, and

Second, that he got Valspar on his floor *as ordered.*

And so, this man, like many others who have tested Valspar, decided then and there to use nothing else when varnish was needed.

There are many places about the house where Valspar—the absolutely waterproof varnish—should be used. On woodwork and floors in bath rooms, kitchens, pantries and front halls; on porch ceilings, furniture, front doors or window sills;—where ordinary varnishes would spot from water, Valspar remains bright and new.

Valspar may be had from most good paint and varnish dealers. *You will know where to buy it by the large posters in the dealers' windows.*

Special Offer In order that you may test it yourself, we will send, upon receipt of 10c. in stamps to cover mailing and package, sufficient Valspar to finish a small table or chair

VALENTINE'S VALSPAR
The Varnish That Won't Turn White

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 458 Fourth Ave., New York
Largest Manufacturers of High-grade Varnishes in the World

New York Chicago Boston TRADE VALENTINES VARNISH MARK ESTABLISHED 1832 Amsterdam

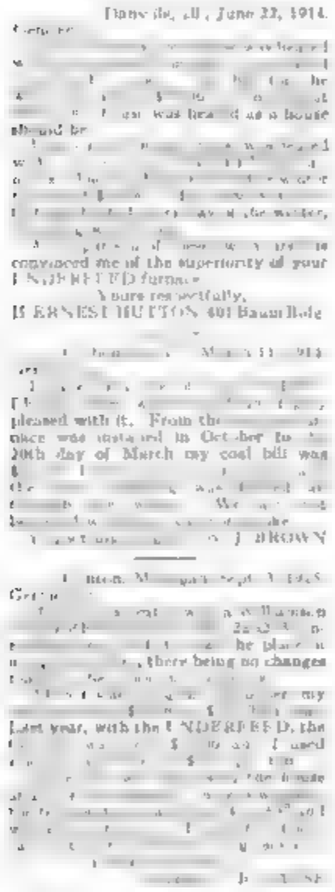
W. P. FULLER & Co., San Fran[illegible] and principal Pacific Coast Cities

VALENTINE & COMPANY,
458 Fourth Avenue, New York
[illegible] can of Valspar. I enclose [illegible] mailing and package.
Name _____
Addres[illegible]

How they save half their coal cost

GUARANTEED the Underfeed Way

Read These Letters!



Cut-out view of [illegible] Underfeed Furnace—how the clean, live fire on top is never smothered nor chilled, always on [illegible]

AND still they come—letters upon letters from delighted UNDERFEED users telling of ½ to ⅔ coal cost saved—with *less* work and *more* and *better* heat.

Such letters mean something to you where your coal economy and comfort are concerned. When you come to install that new heating equipment—whether hot air, hot water or steam—you'll be glad that you learned of this UNDERFEED comfort and saving in time.

Bear in mind that these are not few-and-far-between cases. There are over forty thousand UNDERFEED users everywhere. We can send you thousands of such letters. And, we do not publish the very best.

Also bear in mind that a saving of one-half to two-thirds coal cost is actually *Guaranteed* the UNDERFEED Way—a guarantee backed by a million dollar concern.

The wonderful success of the UNDERFEED is due to its scientific principle of combustion. Fresh coal is fed from *below*. Thus the clean, live fire on top is never smothered nor chilled. All smoke, dirt and gas are consumed because they must pass up *through* the flame.

Burns Cheaper Coal

Because of this scientific principle, the UNDERFEED will burn the cheaper grades of coal as effectively as other heaters burn the costlier grades.

Thus you are assured of a real saving at the very outset. *You save by keeping the money in your pocket.* And you know that every bit of coal you buy will be consumed to a clean white ash—no clinkers—no partly burned coal.

The operation of the UNDERFEED is simplicity itself. A boy of 12 can easily do it all with excellent results. The fire pot is replenished by coal being pumped into it by means of the handy lever—a few easy strokes from a standing position and the fire pot is full.

A Helpful Book—FREE

You'll be glad to have this free book, "From Overfed to Underfeed." It [illegible]res and describes the UNDERFEED to the last detail. Very interesting. Solves many a heating problem for you. Having it will save you many a dollar when you come to install that new heating system you're thinking of. Send for it today. Use the coupon. No charge, no obligation. Remember the *guaranteed* saving

THE WILLIAMSON HEATER COMPANY
Formerly The Peck Williamson Company
161 Fifth Avenue Cincinnati, Ohio

FREE BOOK BRINGS YOU ALL THE FACTS

THE WILLIAMSON HEATER CO., 161 Fifth Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Tell me how to cut my coal bills from ⅓ to ⅔ with a Williamson New-Feed

Warm Air_____ Steam or Hot Water_____
(Mark X after System interested in.)

Name *Address* _____

My Dealer's Name is

Dealers: Let us tel[illegible]about the New-Feed UNDERFEED and our new proposition. Both are winners.

RAISING OUR WAR BABIES

(Concluded from Page 11)

In England the other day there was a sale of unclaimed freight by one of the railroads, and a keg of German methylene blue turned up among the junk. It held a hundred and fifty pounds and in peace was worth about sixty dollars. Bidding was very brisk and the auctioneer knocked it down at fifteen hundred and fifty dollars.

England has access to the German patents and made an arrangement for establishing a dye industry with government aid at the beginning of the war; but development seems to go slowly. Embargoes have been placed on logwood and other old-fashioned dyestuffs grown in the British Empire; and crude coal-tar derivatives, which were formerly sold to Germany as raw material, are now being sent to Switzerland to be worked up into finished dyes. Switzerland had a creditable dye business before the war, but it depended upon intermediates from Germany. There are still many odd lots of German dyes in the hands of American speculators, and manufacturers are now hunting them up and acquiring them at advances of many hundred per cent. They will probably be exhausted very soon.

As the color shortage grows more acute the discussion and political maneuvering will increase. In one way that is good, for all the facts will come out. In another way it is bad, for there will be delay.

Those who ask for a tariff to protect an American dye industry are straightforward enough, acting more from public than private motives. They argue that we have the raw materials, technical skill and capital to build this industry, and that only security for the future is necessary to set those three factors at work. They claim that the Germans have played politics with dyes all through the war to strangle our export trade—that German dyes could have been shipped to this country at any time without complications—and can be to-day.

Wildcat Promotions

It is assumed that they will play politics after the war. For instance, some advisers think we shall go far enough if we create an industry in the big staples of the coal-tar dyes—things that run into tonnage, like sulphur black—and let the Germans supply us with thousands of fancy colors used in small quantities. But in that case, after the war, the Germans might refuse to sell fancy colors by the pound to concerns that bought sulphur black by the ton elsewhere.

Those who oppose a tariff show that our total imports of dyes amount to only ten million dollars a year in normal times; that it would probably take ten years and fifty million dollars to establish a real dye industry in the United States; and that, as the Germans have taken care of us so well in the past, and must sell us something to square the trade balance, they had better have the business as of old. Tariff opponents also question our ability to build up a dye industry, saying that Austria, Belgium, England, France, Italy, Russia and Switzerland have all tried it and failed. Finally, persons who are against a tariff question the motives of those who are for it.

Not long ago the Government published a list of thirty to forty concerns in the dye business. A manufacturer thoroughly familiar with the situation took that list and divided it into four groups. In the first group he placed all the American concerns honestly making coal-tar dyes, that existed before the war or have developed solidly since. In the second group he put concerns making intermediates for dyes, but not the dyes themselves—these were also a pretty solid lot of business houses. In the third classification he grouped all the inventors who are trying out new processes, most of whom, he thought, were mistaken and impractical, yet honest. Finally there was nothing left for the fourth group but wildcat promoters, with factories of all sorts and projects they were financing largely with the money of the inexperienced investor.

The moral of which is: In all the talk you will hear about dyes during the next months do not lose your head and buy stock in a wildcat dye enterprise. Let those who know the business finance this war baby.

Editor's Note—This is the first in a series of articles by Mr. Collins. The second will appear in an early number.

Famous Wonders—Pike's Peak and "Chocolates Extraordinary"

Are You Secure

in your position? Do you know that your future is assured?

YOU will know it if you have a business of your own. You need no capital to start; only an ambition to be independent.

There are thousands of men and women in our agency organization making from two to five dollars a week, just by devoting an occasional leisure hour to subscription work. Many make a thousand dollars a year. Some make five thousand or more.

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PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

FOR THE MAN WHO CARES

The Florsheim SHOE

THE SHOE FOR MEN

ECONOMY is not a matter of price—the number of days' wear and the satisfaction you get is the true measure of value. Put on a pair of Florsheims—have comfort from the first to the last day's wear.

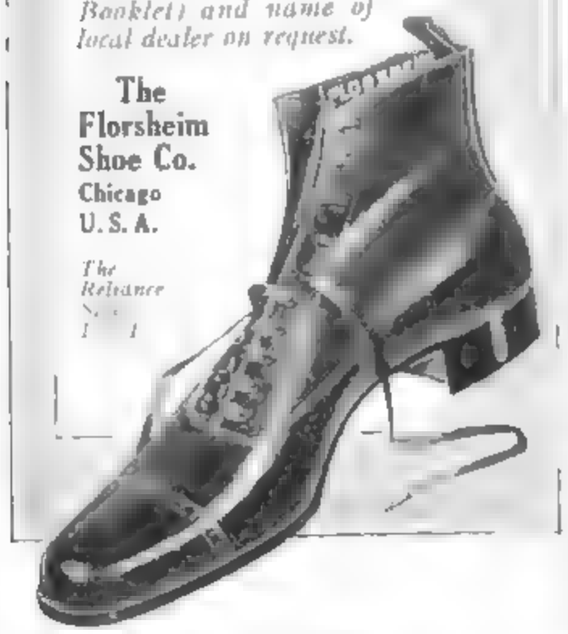
Ask the Florsheim dealer for the style you prefer.

$5—$6—$7

"Styles of the Times" (Free Booklet) and name of local dealer on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago
U. S. A.

The Reliance Last



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The prices are from $15 up [illegible] $1 or more a week [illegible] etc., free. No special room is needed [illegible] set on your dining-room or [illegible] not in use. [illegible] and are scientifically correct in every way

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for home practice. The most delicate [illegible] skill of the highest type, can be executed with [illegible] accuracy. Great expert [illegible] to [illegible] High Speed Rubber C[illegible]

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On receipt of first instalment we will ship Table. Play on it one week. If unsatisfactory return it, and on its receipt we will refund your deposit. This insures you a free trial. Write to-day for illustrated catalog, giving prices, terms of payment and full information

THE E. T. BURROWES CO.
821 Center Street, Portland, Me.

THREE KINGS AND A PAIR

(Continued from Page 19)

of him because his beard's longer, and Archibald, that's the old king's name, won't sing what the orchestra's playin', but just snarls and growls, and the orchestra can't locate what key he's snarlin' in, so they don't get along at all, and finally Flamingo, that's the old king's chauffeur, steers him off'n the stage.

Acrost on the other side o' the stage from where they go off they's a bungalow, and out of it comes Flora and another o' the kings, a young fella with a tenor voice named Veto. They sing about what a fine mornin' it is in Wop and she tells him he'd better fly his kite before Archibald catches him.

It seems like she's married to Archibald's son, Fred, but o' course she likes Veto better or it wouldn't be no op'ra. Her and Veto was raised in the same ward and they was oncet engaged to be married, but Archibald's gang trimmed Veto's in a big roughhouse one night and Flora was part o' the spoils. When Archibald seen how good she could fix spaghett' he was bound she'd stick in the family, so he give her the choice o' bein' killed or marryin' his boy, so she took Fred but didn't really mean it in earnest. So Veto hangs round the house a lot, because old Archibald's blind and Fred's generally always on the road with the Erie section gang.

But old Archibald's eyes bein' no good, his ears is so much the better, even if he don't sometimes keep with the orchestra, so he comes back on the stage just after Veto's went and he hears Flora tryin' to snoop back in her bungalow.

"Who was you talkin' to?" he says.

"Myself," says Flora.

"Great Scud!" says Archibald. "I up and outdoors at 5 A. M. to talk to yourself! Feed that to the goldfish!"

She can't get him fooled for a minute, but w'ile they're arguin' Fred blows in. So Archibald don't say nothin' about his superstition because he ain't sure, so Fred and his Missus goes in the bungalow to have breakfast and Archibald stays on the stage quarrelin' with the conductor.

If Fred was eatin' all through the intermission, he must of been as hungry as me, because it was plain forty minutes before the second act begin. Him and Flora comes out o' their house and Fred says he's got to go right away again because they's a bad wash-out this side o' Huntington. He ain't no sooner gone than Veto's back on the job, but Flora's kind o' sorry for her husbun', and Veto don't get the reception that a star should ought to expect.

"Why don't you smile at me?" he says.

So she says:

"It don't seem proper, dearie, with a husbun' on the Erie."

But before long she can't resist his high notes and the next five or ten minutes is a love scene between the two, and they was a couple o' times when I thought the management would ring down the asbestos curtain. Finally old Archibald snoops back on the stage with Flamingo, and Veto runs, but Archie hears him and it's good-night. The old boy gives Flora the third degree and she owns up, and then Flamingo says that Fred's comin' back to get his dinner pail. So Archibald insists on knowin' the fella's name that he heard him runnin' away, but Flora's either forgot it or else she's stubborn, so Archie looses his temper and wrings her neck. So when Fred arrives he gets the su'prise of his life and finds out he's a widow.

"I slayed her," says Archibald. "She wasn't no good."

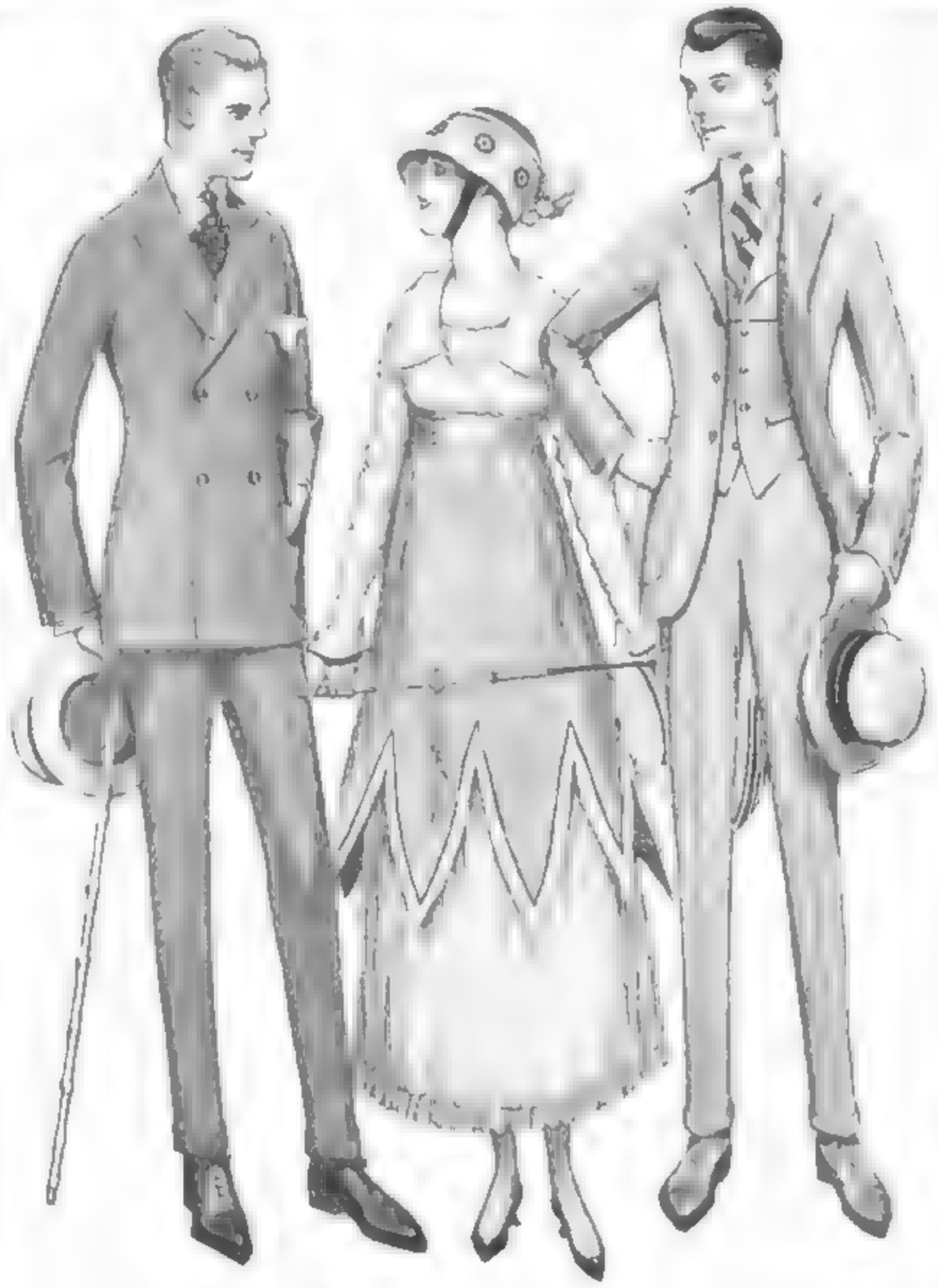
"She was the best cook we ever had," says Fred. "What was the matter with her?"

"She had a gentleman friend," says his old man.

Well, so far, they's only one dead and nothin' original about how it was pulled. You can go over to the Victoria and see any number o' throttlin's at fifty cents for the best seats. So it was up to the management to get a wallop into the last act. It took them pretty near forty minutes to think of it, but it was good when it come.

The scene is Colosimo's undertakin' rooms and Flora's ruins is laid out on the counter. All the Wops from her ward stand round singin' gospel hymns.

When they've beat it Veto approaches the bier bar and wastes some pretty fair singin' on the late Flora. Then all of a



Brandegee-Kincaid Clothes
Are Made In Utica, The Birthplace of American Tailoring

Tailoring, more than any other handicraft, has its traditions, its ideals, the pride and skill of the father born in the son. Utica, N. Y., was the original tailoring town. Its traditions and ideals find modernized expression in

Brandegee-Kincaid Clothes

They are tailored away from the rush and roar of "clothing markets." They are tailored upon the fundamental principle that you must begin with *good fabrics*, follow with *thorough workmanship* and end with *sane style*—not one of the three or two of the three, but *all three*.

That is why these garments *seldom need "busheling,"* meaning those dreaded alterations after trying on which rob your clothes of their shape and symmetry.

College Chap Clothes

is the name of our *Young Men's Clothes*. They have that smart metropolitan style in pattern and cut that Young America demands.

Brandegee-Kincaid Clothes are probably sold in *your* town. If not, write us and we will send you the name of a dealer together with a charming *Portfolio of Spring Styles*, including a complete and authentic "*Dress Guide*" about what to wear and when to wear it—*free*

Brandegee, Kincaid & Co.
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Nature Baffles Science!

THE Dumbest Oyster can make a better pearl than the brightest man. The oyster uses Nature's methods.

When I'm maturin' tobacco for VELVET, I go by old Mother Nature's book.

Velvet Joe

Nature says smoking tobacco is at its best after two years' curing.

There may be *quicker* ways and cheaper ways to cure tobacco. But we believe in Nature's way—the VELVET way—two years' mellowing in big, wooden hogsheads.

Just fill a pipe with VELVET, and draw in the cool, mild smoke that's so fragrant and rich that—but what is the use of trying to describe a *taste?* Take our word for VELVET long enough to try a pipeful, and you won't need to take *anybody's* word after that.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

10c Tins
5c Metal-lined Bags
One Pound Glass Humidors

sudden he leans over and gives her a kiss. That's all for Veto. You see Old Fox Archibald had figured that the bird that loved her would pull somethin' like this and he'd doped out a way to learn who he was and make him regret it at the same time, besides springin' some brand new stuff in the killin' line. So he's mixed up some rat poison and garlic and spread it on the lips of his fair daughter-in-law.

While Veto's dyin' Fred comes in and finds him.

"So it was you, was it?" he says.

"I'm the guy," says Veto.

"Well," says Fred, "this'll learn you a lesson, you old masher, you!"

"I'll mush you in a minute," says Veto; but the way he was now, he couldn't of mashed turnips.

"I kissed her last, anyway," says Veto.

"You think you did!" says Fred, and helps himself to the garlic.

So Veto's dead and Fred's leanin' over the counter, dyin', when Archibald wabbles in. He finds his way up to Fred and grabs a hold of him, thinkin' it's the stranger.

"Lay off'n me, pa," says Fred. "This ain't the other bird. He's dead and it's got me too."

"Well," says the old man, "that'd ought to satisfy them. But it's pretty tough on the Erie."

"How grand!" says Bess when it was over.

"But it leaves you with a bad taste," says Bishop.

"And a big appetite," I says.

"Did that old man kill them all?" ast the Missus.

"All but hisself and Flamingo," says I.

"What was he mad at?" says she.

"He was drove crazy by hunger," I says. "His wife and his sister-in-law and her fella was starvin' him to death."

"Bein' blind, he prob'ly spilled things at table," says the Missus. "Blind men sometimes has trouble gettin' their food."

"The trouble ain't confined to the blind," says I.

When we got outside I left Bess and Bishop lead the way, hopin' they'd head to'rds a steak garage.

"No hurry about gettin' home," I hollered to them. "The night's still young yet."

Bishop turned round.

"Is they any good eatin' places out by your place?" he says.

I thought I had him.

"Not as good as downtown," says I, and I named the Loop restaurants.

"How's the car service after midnight?" he says.

"Grand!" says I. "All night long."

I wondered where he was goin' to take us. Him and Bess crossed Wabash Avenue and stopped where the crowd was waitin' for southbound cars.

"He's got some favoright place a ways south," says the Missus.

A car come and I and her clumb aboard. We looked back just in time to see Bessie and Bishop wavin' us farewell.

"They missed the car," says the Missus.

"Yes," I says, "and they was just as anxious to catch it as if it'd been the leprosy."

"Never mind," says the Missus. "If he wants to be alone with her it's a good sign."

"I can't eat a sign," says I.

"We'll stop at The Ideal and have a little supper of our own," she says.

"We won't," says I.

"Why not?" says the Missus.

"Because," I says, "they's exactly thirty-five cents in my pocket. And offerin' my stomach seventeen and a half cents' worth o' food now would be just about like sendin' one blank cartridge to the Russian Army."

"I think they's some crackers in the house," she says.

"Prob'ly," says I. "We're usually that way—overstocked. You don't seem to realize that our household goods is only insured for a thousand."

About one o'clock I went to sleep from sheer weakness. About one-thirty the Missus shook me and woke me up.

"We win, Joe!" she says, all excited. "I think Bishop and Bess is engaged!"

"Win!" says I. "Say, if you was a Frenchman you'd have a big celebration every anniversary o' the Battle o' Waterloo."

"I was goin' out in the kitchen to get a drink," she says. "Bess was home, but I didn't know it. And when I was comin' back from the kitchen I happened to glance in the livin' room. And I seen Bishop kiss her! Isn't it great!"

"Yes," I says. "But I wisht she'd of had Archibald fix up her lips."

Doubt Your Own Books before you doubt your banker's

As an efficient organization the composite bank stands preeminent. It is not because this business is different or simpler, but because they have to be right, as there are from 500 to 10,000 or more expert bookkeepers checking them back

From the standpoint of efficiency in business forms, books and office equipment, the bank stands at the head of all classes of business

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Supplies over 14,000 of the Banks in the United States

with the necessary office forms, blanks, reports, statements, files, and other office working tools.

Baker-Vawter Company put on the market the first loose leaf ledger—the first steel storage unit—the first five-drawer correspondence file—and innumerable "first" forms and systems.

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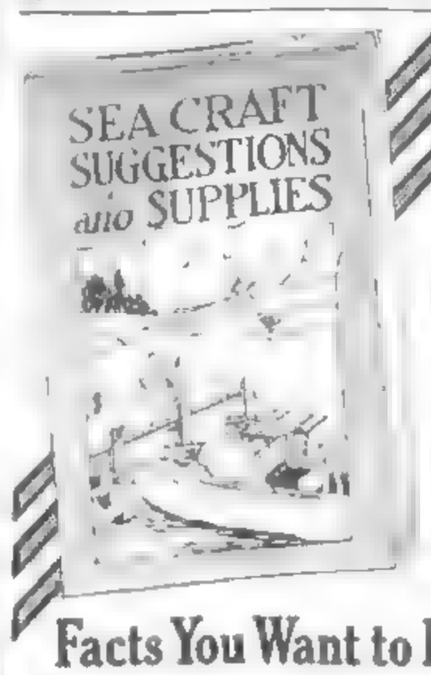

A Valuable Book For Boat Owners

Facts You Want to Know

What is safe mooring equipment for your boat in exposed or sheltered waters? What weight of Anchor—what size and length of Cable—is required when cruising?

Such questions confront every boat owner "Sea Craft Suggestions and Supplies" will give you an answer. How to buy the Compass, the size of Compass best suited to power boats, also facts about many others are clearly presented in this new 112 page book. It is illustrated throughout with reproductions of photographs and diagram drawings, and also shows representative articles—of particular interest to motor boat owners—from the well-known line of

Dependable Marine Hardware

It is a book well worth having in your locker—more than a mere catalogue—highly commended and appreciated by boatmen who have seen it. Mailed promptly on receipt of 10c. Write for your copy now.

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LACEY'S, Patent Lawyers, 708 Barrister Bldg., Washington, D. C.

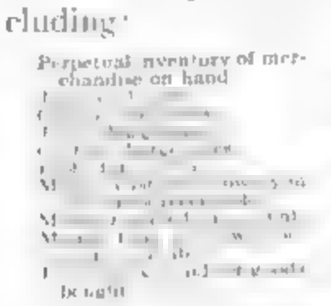
Before the Customers Come

How the Matson Company (Buster Brown Shoes) of Cedar Rapids, Ia., are building a business on two hours a day.

WHAT do you think of a retailer who takes the early hours before the rush of customers—the hours that look least valuable—and makes them the most profitable of all?

What do you think of a man who has all the office and book work of his business finished by 9:30 a. m. and has all the rest of the day to make friends and pile up profits?

What do you think of a simple set of books that shows *every day* a complete record of yesterday's transactions, including:



That's the information which L. D. Matson has about his business every day.

How Was It Made Possible?

IT is possible and practical. Matson and many other retailers are getting this complete information, easily, quickly, by the use of a Burroughs Figuring Machine.

That's the secret. You can't *know* your business without correct figures. Every one of those entries in Matson's book is a total secured on a Burroughs. Human brains plus pen or pencil and a lot of time can get the figures but the mechanical brain of the Burroughs is equal to the whole job in two hours or less each day.

Sales Slips Tell Big Story

IT'S astonishing what a bunch of sales slips reveals when you put a Burroughs at work on it.

Your fingers run over the keys, listing the items—you press the Total Key, pull a lever, and you've printed your total cash sales for the day.

Charge sales come just as easily—then total sales.

Total cost of sales takes only a few minutes more—for the code figures are on the slips.

It's not so much work to add up sales by clerks either and know which makes the most sales and the most profit.

Perpetual Book Inventory

THE machine enables Matson to keep a perpetual book inventory, which aids in buying and results in bigger profits and quicker turn-overs.

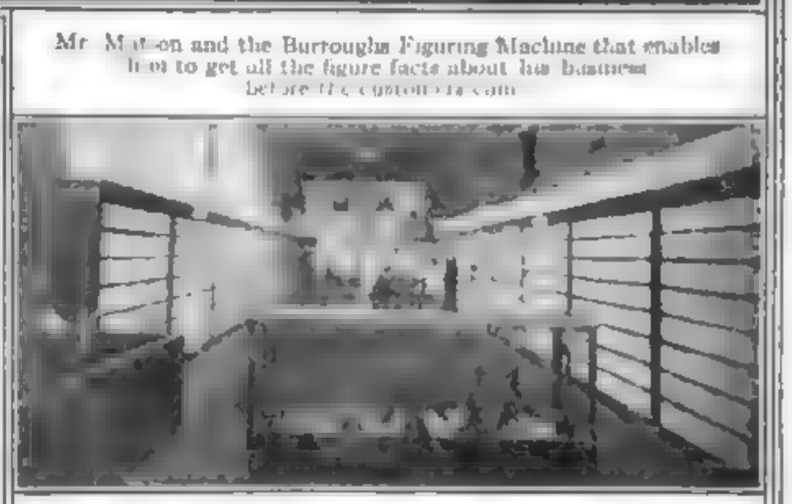
Besides that the Burroughs enables him to take an actual stock inventory often. Comparison of book and actual inventories puts a check on leaks.

* * *

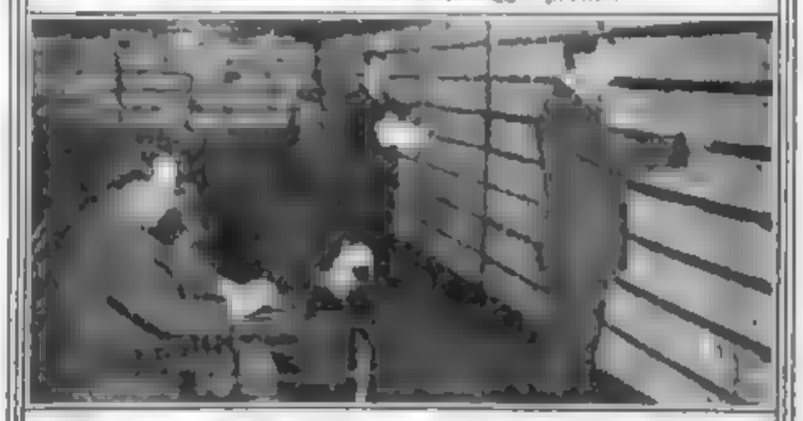
THE remarkably simple and effective way Mr. Matson gets all the facts about his business is typical of what a Burroughs will do for *any* business. Whatever your kind of business—there's a Burroughs to handle the figures.

Write to our nearest office—your telephone book or your banker will give you the address—and simply say that you are interested in the figures which a Burroughs will enable you to get about your business. If you prefer to write to the factory, address Burroughs, Detroit, Michigan.

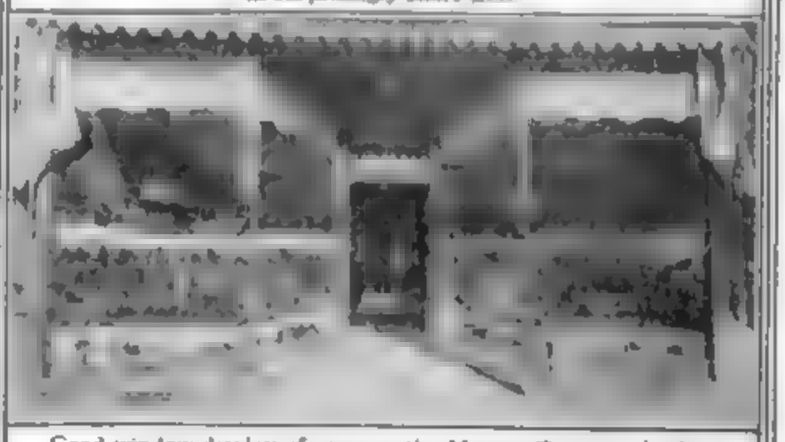
Mr. Matson and the Burroughs Figuring Machine that enables him to get all the figure facts about his business before the customers come



In the slack time of the day the Matson Store gets the figure facts on which to build for bigger profits.



The Burroughs makes it easy to inventory every item in stock in surprisingly short time



Good window display of course—the Matson Company is alive to all the angles of modern storekeeping.

FIGURING AND BOOKKEEPING MACHINES
PREVENT COSTLY ERRORS - SAVE VALUABLE TIME

PRICED AS LOW AS $125

Burroughs

Efficiency

You can identify CERTAIN-TEED Roofing by the name, which is conspicuously displayed on every roll or bundle. Look for this label, and be satisfied with none that doesn't show it

Efficiency built the Panama Canal, where inefficiency failed. The efficiency of the Panama Canal doubled the effectiveness of the U. S. Navy without adding a ship to it. It took over 8,000 miles out of the trip from New York to San Francisco, and changed the highway between London and Australia from Suez to Panama.

Efficiency insures against lost motion—produces the utmost service out of equipment; it yields the finest product, at the least cost.

Certain-teed Roofing

is an efficiency product

CERTAIN-TEED is made in rolls; also in slate-surfaced shingles.

There is a type of CERTAIN-TEED for every kind of building, with flat or pitched roofs, from the largest skyscraper to the smallest residence or out-building

CERTAIN-TEED is guaranteed

CERTAIN-TEED is guaranteed for 5, 10 or 15 years, according to ply (1, 2 or 3). Experience proves that it lasts longer

Every advantage that men, money and machinery can offer is used to increase the production, maintain the quality and lower the cost. Each of the General's enormous mills is advantageously located to serve the ends of efficient manufacture and quick distribution. Each is equipped with the most up-to-date machinery. Raw materials are purchased in enormous quantities and far ahead, thus guarding against increased cost due to idle machinery. This also insures favorable buying, and the pick of the market.

Expert chemists at each mill select and blend the asphalts. Every roll of CERTAIN-TEED is made under their watchful supervision.

CERTAIN-TEED resists the drying out process so destructive to ordinary roofing, because the felt is thoroughly saturated with a blend of soft asphalts, prepared by the General's Board of expert Chemists. It is then coated with a blend of harder asphalts, which keeps the inner saturation soft. This makes a roofing more pliable, and more impervious to the elements, than the harder, drier kind.

CERTAIN-TEED is sold by responsible dealers everywhere, at reasonable prices. Investigate it before you decide on any type of roof.

GENERAL ROOFING MANUFACTURING COMPANY

World's Largest Manufacturers of Roofing and Building Papers

New York City Chicago Philadelphia St Louis Boston Cleveland Pittsburgh Detroit San Francisco Cincinnati New Orleans
Los Angeles Minneapolis Kansas City Seattle Indianapolis Atlanta Richmond Houston London Sydney

A WESTERN WARWICK

(Continued from Page 23)

them a new phase of political excitement. It made no difference how much we shouted about the prosperity that was evident. They seemed to think they would get more if they defeated the persons who gave it to them. They couldn't subdue my organization. State after state, manipulated by my managers, came to my standard, but that didn't mean there was not revolt in these very states. It merely showed the power of organized politics and the potency of money.

My plutocrats were scared and righteously indignant. They thought Canterbury should be hanged, drawn and quartered. They held me personally responsible for him and insisted they were far within the law in what they had done, when I pointed out to them that Canterbury had not criticized me, but had devoted himself to them and their methods. They were frightened, but they didn't stop. I reckon when a man gets habituated to sleuthing after other people's money he never can stop. I know I've seen retired millionaires fighting for nickels in a bridge game just as hard and just as unscrupulously as they used to fight for millions in the Street. And the way they often cheat and lie at golf! Oh, dear, dear. I wonder where those chaps go after they die!

I kept their minds on the actualities of the situation by squeezing them unmercifully for money. I didn't ask, I demanded. They contributed with groans. Their lawyers assured them that, even if they were compelled to replace the component parts of some of their combinations, they would lose nothing; but that didn't please them. Horrified as they might be over the prospect of losing something, they were limp over the idea that perhaps they might not be permitted to make any more money in the easy way they had made this. I don't suppose the man ever lived who had enough money. Always he wants a little more. As nearly as I can figure it, the only time money doesn't worry you is when you have none to worry over. I suggested that to Broud one day.

"Why don't you practice what you preach?" he barked at me.

Congress was in the throes of adjourning in time for the conventions, which were held in early June, when Canterbury made a final attack on us. He had gone much farther than I had thought he could. He had not only secured enough delegates to make him a most important factor, but there were enough uninstructed delegates, from states where my men were not able to secure Rogers instructions but were strong enough to prevent Canterbury instructions, to create a balance of power that I must have.

He charged on the floor of the House that I was corrupting the voters of the country and that I was buying delegates to the national convention. He claimed that the very men who had financed my campaign four years before were financing me again. He pointed out the dilatory tactics of our Department of Justice, which had done nothing but make a noise—I saw to that—and he again showed how easy it would be to make summary examples of these men who had plundered the people. He reviewed my Southern delegate activities, and charged that if Rogers was renominated—which he would not admit—he would be selected because of the votes of the men he had appointed to office and who were thus coerced into voting for him.

He said many more things. He was vicious. I had one of our best orators reply to him, but our man didn't have a good case, and though we sent his speech to every corner of the country, it never did catch up to that speech of Canterbury's. But I was in good spirits when I went out to the convention. I had been through fights like this before, and I knew what won—organization and money. I had both. Mr. Canterbury would have a hard time breaking down my lines of offense and defense.

I was no scared amateur at this game. We couldn't lose, that was all there was to that. I had a great war chest. I had levied a big assessment on every Federal officeholder. I had taken money away from the plutocrats in great, rectangular chunks. I was well supplied, and I resolved to spend it all, down to the last dollar, to win.

The President had behaved admirably. He had publicly kept aloof and he had privately done what was necessary. He hadn't a place to fill. Every one had been given to men who would be of use to us. We had gone as far as we could go in the line of patronage dispensing, and we were facing a battle for our continued political lives.

I had ordered the National Committee to come early. When the members had arrived, either in person or by proxy, I made a poll. I found that Canterbury had made little impression on them. There were a few men who did not dare to be against him, but most of these sturdy patriots stood with me, regardless of what their state's sentiment was. I called all my men into a room and talked to them.

"Boys," I said, "there's no use trying to fool you; we are up against it good and hard. We lack some votes. Now it is absolutely essential that we win this fight, otherwise our organization is gone, our party is split wide open, and we are off the map politically for years to come. I want to call your attention to the fact that if it hadn't been for this man Canterbury none of this would have happened. We were going along quietly and prosperously, and then for some reason, which I haven't fathomed yet but which I will, he ran out on us and stirred up all this mess. If we lose he will be the person responsible. He will be the man who throws us all out. You know what that will mean to me and I know what it will mean to you. Now, then, the question is, will you stick? Will you go through?"

Every man in that room stood up and yelled. They would stick. There was nothing I would ask them they wouldn't do.

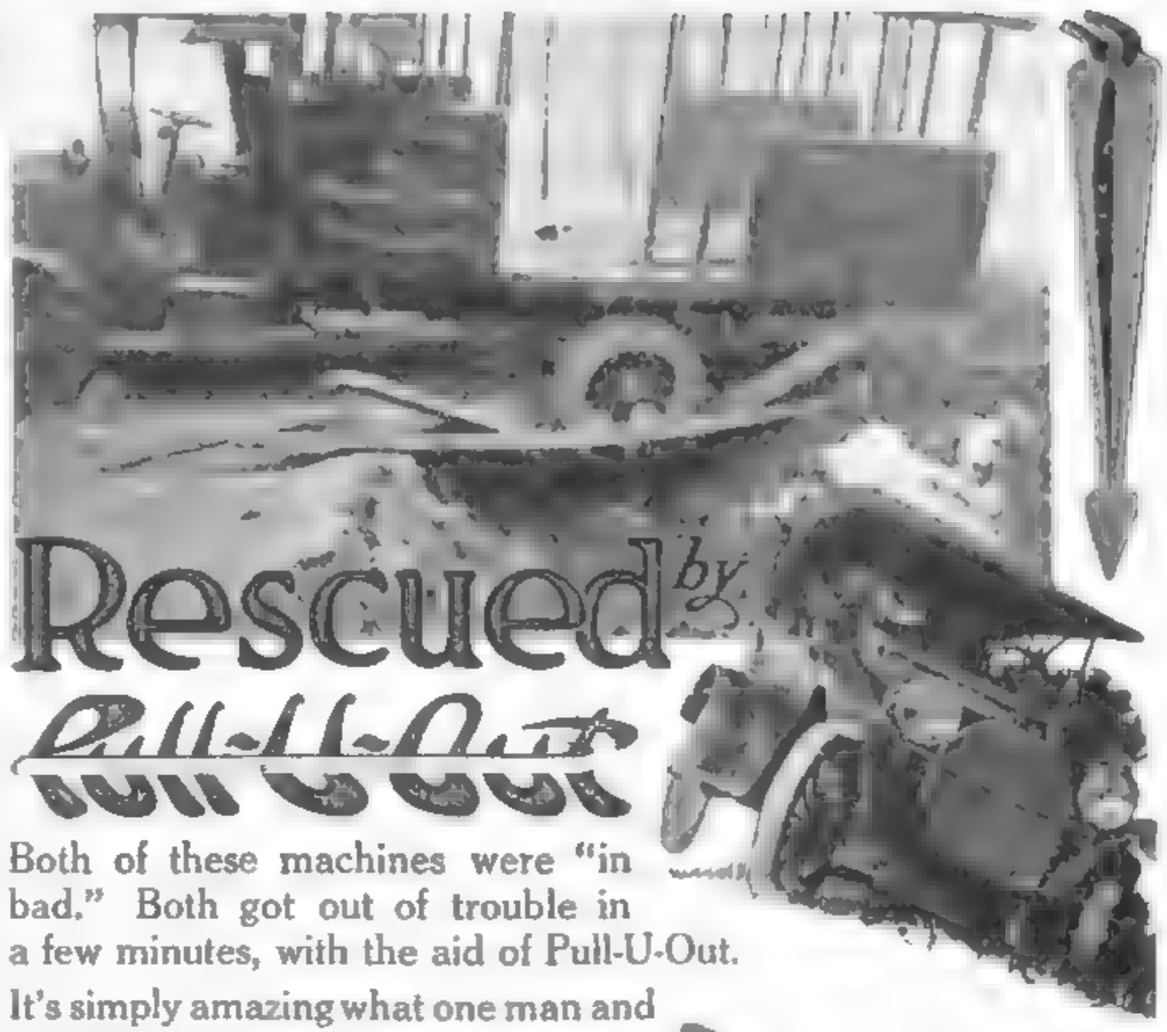
"All right," I said. "I knew you would and I thank you. Now, then, you will begin hearing contests in a few days. I have only one instruction, and that is this: Don't give a Canterbury delegate a seat under any pretext. I have provided for contesting delegations from states where there wasn't even a shadow of a ground. In those cases, throw out his men and put my men in. The motto of this convention is this: Let none but Rogers men get anything. Roll the rest of them, throw them out, murder them, do anything you like to them; but don't you let any one of them vote. That's all."

They filed out—as highly respectable a collection of patriots as ever dropped a contesting delegate down an elevator shaft.

Things began to happen immediately. I had for a time looked forward to this convention as a ratification meeting, all quiet and harmonious. Here I found myself in the middle of a fight that was cruel and bloody. Canterbury had strength, plenty of it. He had many supporters, among whom were former Rogers men who had not been successful in getting office or were aggrieved for other reasons. He had all the professional reformers, and, most of all, he had a band of determined, earnest, sincere men, who were fighting for what they conceived to be the right. They were honest in their beliefs, I give them that credit.

I set Pliny on guard at the contest hearings. The Canterbury Southern contests were given short shrift. They were thrown out expeditiously and the Rogers men placed on the temporary roll. When we came to our first Northern contest we had to use care. We were the aggrieved parties to that dispute. The Canterbury men claimed election and we contested it. I suppose, in the interests of truth and veracity, to which I have always been wedded, it is necessary for me to say here that the Canterbury delegates were entitled to the seats in the convention. I admit that now; but I had acres of press stuff sent out then showing how utterly false and absurd their claims were, and how justice had been trampled on, the right of free suffrage outraged, and the principles on which this Republic was founded trampled in the mud when my men were not given credentials in the original instance.

The Canterbury men sent in their best lawyers to argue their side. They fought desperately. My lawyers upheld our contention. The struggle lasted two days. I did not care to hurry things. I wanted to be in a position to show that no resource for getting at the facts was unexhausted. Finally the case was made. Then, while a great crowd stood outside to hear the result, the committee went into secret session and voted.



Rescued by Pull-U-Out

Both of these machines were "in bad." Both got out of trouble in a few minutes, with the aid of Pull-U-Out.

It's simply amazing what one man and Pull-U-Out can do in cases like this. The big 5,000 lb. car and the little light runabout both yield when Pull-U-Out takes hold.

When trouble comes simply drive in the three stakes, tandem fashion, *leaning towards the auto*, attach Pull-U-Out and turn the crank. You're out of trouble in short order, and nothing is injured—not even your clothes.

Pull-U-Out pays for itself on its first job, for it saves wear on tires, wasted gasoline, and a bill for help. If you're overturned it even may save a life because of the quick relief it provides.

Every Auto Should Carry One

Touring is risky without a Pull-U-Out. Salesmen, physicians, farmers—anyone who leaves paved streets needs a Pull-U-Out. Even city driving is subject to collisions, overturns, etc., that Pull-U-Out can handle quickly. If the engine fails, Pull-U-Out chains make an ideal tow line.

Indispensable in Garages and Repair Shops

For quick, easy lifting on repair jobs, removing bodies, engines, etc., it has no equal. On the trouble car it will save time, labor, wear on tires and do the job better.

Consists of a winding drum, lever crank, 40 feet of steel cable, two 7 ft. chains and 3 stakes. Weighs only 28 lbs. and goes in space 4x6x14 inches

Cuts the Cost of Hoisting

One Pull-U-Out will do the work of several chain blocks, because it can easily be moved about by one man and used wherever needed. It is lighter than a chain block, has longer reach, costs less than half, will work in any position and pulls as well as lifts. Dead weight lifting capacity 3,000 lbs.; will pull 100,000 lbs. on wheels. (Larger sizes have considerably greater capacity.)

Does Jobs No Other Machine Can Do

Jobs for which no mechanical help has heretofore been provided. It's great for setting boilers, shifting machinery, lowering vaults in cemeteries, placing radiators, pulling wires through conduits, jerking cars, stretching wire fences, pulling stumps, setting telegraph poles, hoisting painters' rigging, loading and unloading trucks, farm wagons, etc. Pull-U-Out and one man will do such jobs which now require several men.

Positive Guarantee—Pull-U-Out is sold on a make-good basis. Give it a good test at our risk. If it fails your money will be refunded in full. Leading dealers are selling Pull-U-Out on these terms. Canadian orders promptly filled from our Canadian Depot. If your dealer doesn't sell Pull-U-Out write us.

Ask for interesting booklet. Shows how and why Pull-U-Out works.

Pull-U-Out Sales Co., 2025 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

To Dealers: Pull-U-Out is new and certain to [illegible] extensive sale. If you are interested in introducing a "best seller" in your city, write us for our proposition to dealers.

Shows how Stakes are set

We can supply this portable crane with Pull-U-Out attachment. Capacity [illegible] Weighs only 240 lbs. Ask about it.

On the Farm

Setting Boilers

1775 1916

We Are Prepared

Within the wide boundaries of our country, embracing more than three million square miles, dwell a hundred million people.

They live in cities, towns, villages, hamlets and remote farms. They are separated by broad rivers, rugged mountains and arid deserts.

The concerted action of this far-flung population is dependent upon a common understanding.

Only by a quick, simple and unfailing means of intercommunication could our people be instantly united in any cause.

In its wonderful preparedness to inform its citizens of a national need, the United States stands alone and unequaled. It can command the entire Bell Telephone System, which completely covers our country with its network of wires.

This marvelous system is the result of keen foresight and persistent effort on the part of telephone specialists, who have endeavored from the first to provide a means of communication embracing our whole country, connecting every state and every community, to its last individual unit.

The Bell System is a distinctly American achievement, made by Americans for Americans, and its like is not to be found in all the world.

Through it, our entire population may be promptly organized for united action in any national movement, whether it be for peace, prosperity, philanthropy or armed protection.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy *One System* *Universal Service*

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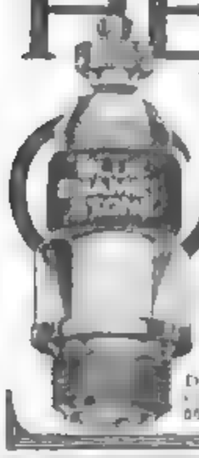


Famous BOUGIE MERCEDES

BURNS UP THE SOOT

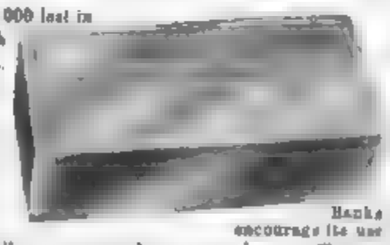
and all fire depart-

Plug for Ford Cars)

HERZ & CO., 245 W. 55th St. New York, or your dealer.

Protect Your Bank Account

Over $34 000 000 lost in 1914 through altered checks.



Banks encourage its use

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"Old Town Canoes"

They seated the Rogers men. I knew they would. Pliny telephoned the news to me.

"How'd the crowd take it?" I asked.

"Take it!" said Pliny. "Listen—I'll hold the receiver off."

I listened, and I heard "Thieves!" "Robbers!" and many other disconcerting and contumelious noises.

"Boss," said one of my handiest men on that National Committee as we were talking over the events of the day, "it's going to be hard sledding. They've got a bunch of shouters here who will make it mighty uncomfortable for us. Ain't there some way we can stall them off with a compromise or two?"

"Jim," I answered, "if we let down on them anywhere along the line they will ride over us. They'd claim a victory on the slightest concession, and be justified, for any break by us must be a justification for them. This isn't politics, Jim, it's murder. There is no middle ground. Either they will slaughter us or we will slaughter them. Now get back on the job to-morrow and go through. I don't want to hear even a whisper about compromise. There's nothing to compromise. It's a case of life or death. Let them talk their heads off—free speech, you know—but when it comes to voting, use an ax. You are in it as deeply as I am. What will you fellows get if they win? Think that over."

"All right, boss, I just wanted to know. We'll go through, don't fret about that. If any Canterbury delegate gets on that roll he will have to chloroform us first."

The leaders came gathering in, Freeman and Masters and Uncle Lem Sterry and Mortor and Bancroft and others, all nervous and some of them scared. I wouldn't go so far as to say the regular political leader is so timid over reflexes that he is frightened by his own shadow, for most of them stay in the dark and cast no shadows, but I do insist that he goes into an ague of fear over the shadow of somebody else. When you get a crowd of so-called leaders in a tight situation you find them all hinting at the advisability of compromise—not speaking out boldly, but hinting. Their idea isn't to save the party, but to save themselves. There were some vague intimations, in the talk we had that night, that perhaps harmony might be secured by naming Canterbury for vice president, or honoring him in some other way—the old patronage idea, you see. In a case like that nothing counts but brute force. No halfway measures can be used. So I waded in.

"There won't be any compromise," I said, pounding on the table. "There won't be any suggestion of compromise. If you men try any double-dealing or double-crossing on me I'll take your own delegations away from you, and dump you in the alley so quick and so hard you'll think you've fallen off the Washington Monument onto a stone pile. We can't compromise. We can't even hint at compromise. We're in this fight to kill or be killed. The stake is our continued existence as owners and managers of our party. If we compromise we immediately become clerks and porters. You all know that. Don't you come round here snuffling that perhaps it can be fixed up. There is no fixing in it, except the fix we're in. I'm going to win this fight, and I'm going to do it whether you backslide or stay put. Do you understand?"

They sat and looked at me like a lot of naughty boys who were being scolded by their teacher for playing hookey. There was an immediate chorus that they had no organized or individual idea of trying to smooth the situation over. They became bloodthirsty at once.

"Of course," said the rubber-tired Bancroft, "there may arise ——"

"Of course nothing!" I shouted. "No contingency can come that will make any change. It's a case of self-preservation, and that's all there is to it. You are letting a lot of onlookers scare you by hollering 'Robber!' at you, when you know we'll have the votes and the galleries, too, at the convention. One would think some of you men were at your first convention. You act like a lot of amateurs. What are you afraid of? Look that man Canterbury over and see what you will get if he wins. Every one of you will be set down forever, and you know it. He has nerve, even if you haven't."

They took it. They had to. I never was so earnest about a thing before. I would have beaten with my fists any one of them who openly advocated quarter or surrender, and I made my impression. They went out convinced there was nothing for them to do but fight it out. They weren't happy about it, but they were determined enough for my purposes. However, I had every one of them trailed to see that there was no maneuvering I didn't know about. I trusted them, of course, but only up to a certain point.

Two or three Southern contests were expeditiously disposed of next day. The Canterbury men were deftly deposited on the dustheap. Then came a Northern state where Canterbury had won, and where I had found grounds for setting up a contest—not very strong grounds, but grounds. As I look back at it I admit that was raw, but it had to be done. Needs must when self-preservation drives. The two batteries of lawyers faced one another. They roared and ranted and raged and recriminated. They pushed the republic on the rocks and pulled the republic off. They each assumed all the political virtue there is, and more. They threatened retribution, revenge, reprisal and revolt. We countered by stigmatizing them as traitors, for a start, and working gradually up to the expression of our real feelings about them. It was a hot and horrible mess. When the vote was taken the solid and secure National Committee voted to seat my delegates and eliminate the Canterbury patriots. Every thumb attached to my henchmen was turned down at the proper time.

There were more shouts of "Robbers!" and "Thieves!" by the sweating crowd when the vote was announced. The opposition afternoon papers screamed of outrage. Ours said that justice had been done. The morning papers followed with their condemnation or commendation. The country, already feverish over the campaign, began to heat rapidly. Telegrams came pouring in to me, protesting viciously or urging me to stand pat. Things were boiling at my rooms. Excited men rushed in, cursed me or congratulated me, and rushed out, to spin wildly down below while emitting disjointed praise or blame. The lobby of the hotel where I was contained the greatest collection of human pinwheels this world had seen up to that time, and the bars—the bars were choked with patriots who highballed themselves into hiccuping indignation or driveling joy.

The National Committee ground steadily. They kept at it eighteen hours a day. They listened politely to the claims of the Canterbury men, and unseated them ruthlessly. When the territories were reached I had a good safe margin. I called "Main, Six" Washington on the long-distance telephone, and told the President the day was saved, and to pay no heed to the wails of a defeated and discredited opposition.

The Old Guard—my friends—performed nobly. After my jacketing they stood in such fear of me that they did not dare to desert me, even if they had had the inclination. And I do not think they had. Their preliminary quavers and qualms were the result of first impressions. Once you get it into the head of a politician that his own interests are at stake, he will go to the last sanguinary ditch with you to protect his perquisites.

We were in order on the day before the convention. All the theatrical claptrap had been arranged. Our presiding officers had been picked and rehearsed. Our prayers had been judiciously scattered among the various religions. Freeman was to be permanent chairman again, for we needed his cold nerve. Freeman was chilled steel. He'd make the Rogers rulings if the opposition charged on him with Gatling guns to prevent them. The plan was to let the opposition talk until they were tired, and then proceed to establish James Jason Rogers as the choice of our great party for standard bearer in this momentous campaign, where the liberties of the people were at stake, and so forth—see our pronouncements of the period.

Then, just as all seemed calm and serene, save for the yells of the expiring opposition, Canterbury came to town.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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JIM HENRY, OPTIMIST

He maps out a busy 1916 for himself

Jim Henry

"Jim, you increased the sale of Mennen's Shaving Cream 141% last year," the Boss said to me the other day, "but there are at least a million more men you ought to convert this year."

The Boss isn't long on talk, and that one remark was a pat on the back for my last year's work, and my order for this year. A million doesn't sound big when you say it fast, but just think for a moment how much cream that means to people who never saw or used it before.

That's 250 million shaves

There are 125 inches of cream to a tube, and that means 125 million inches, or a strip about 2000 miles long. At two shaves to the inch, that's 250 million shaves, and that'll mow down some hair. Now, that looks like some job, but it doesn't scare me a bit.

If each of you men who wrote me last year and told me what a regular fellow I was for putting you wise to our Shaving Cream, and what great stuff it was, would just tell your friends the same story you wrote me, I'll get a good start on my year's work.

And your face felt so fine

You remember those letters you wrote telling me how the lather softened your beard without "rubbing in" when you were sure it would not; and how you used cold water and hard water and still got a quick creamy lather; and then fooled around for a quarter of an hour trying to make it dry up and it wouldn't, and then when you got all through, your face felt so fine and soft where it used to feel all drawn and "smarty." Do you know, one man actually wrote me he thought he could almost shave with the back of the blade, the lather "mellowed" his beard so.

Now, I would not want you to run away with yourself like that, but it's sometimes hard not to, when a fellow's been in misery all his shaving life and then suddenly wakes up to a pleasanter existence.

I want to take this chance to straighten out the idea that in addition to our cream, we also put up a shaving stick and a shaving powder. That is not the case. It is impossible to make a dry soap of the same character as our cream and embody in it the proportions of the ingredients which make it so effective.

You don't need to rub it in

The Mennen formula is so designed that the lather will absorb more than the usual amount of water, insuring a cool, moist shave and a rich, creamy lather, which will not dry before you are finished shaving. Then, too, the peculiar properties of this cream enable the lather to soften the beard so that "rubbing in" is totally unnecessary.

Finally, the consistency of the cream allows us to put in more of that soothing, healing emollient, glycerine, than would otherwise be possible, and which tops off your shave with a soft "velvety" feel to your skin.

Now, we couldn't change our formula to produce a dry soap without sacrificing some of these things, and you know as well as I do that would be bad business.

Three years to perfect it

I have talked this whole matter over with Mr. Mennen and the head chemist and they said "it would be impossible to make any changes in the Mennen formula, and still get Mennen results" and I guess they know what they are talking about, because they experimented about three years to perfect that formula.

The tube itself has a couple of points I want you to notice. It's sealed, so that the cream comes to you absolutely pure and fresh. And the cap on the regular size tube is made big, so that it can't fall down the drain-pipe or get lost if you drop it on the floor.

When I consider the quality of the article I have to sell, the number of boosters I already have, and the 2,000,000 or more men I can appeal to in the Post alone, I don't think I am going to have such an awful hard time of it during 1916, and I'll land my 1,000,000 converts before I know it and still have time to do a little fishing this summer.

Here's that "side partner"

While I'm at it, I want to put in a good word for that "side partner" of the Shaving Cream—Mennen's Talcum for Men. It's got a—I don't know what color you would call it, but anyhow it doesn't show on the face and you don't look as if you had just been scared to death when you use it. It's got a dandy masculine smell, too, and the can—well, it's a regular male package.

For those who want to try before they buy—this is bargain day. For a dime we will send a medium-sized tube of Shaving Cream and throw in a similar size can of that Talcum for Men, free.

Write to me about it

Write your name and address plainly on the coupon, wrap it around a dime, and send it to me. I'll be at my desk early on Monday and see that you get a quick answer. Remember, once in a while packages go astray in the mail, so if you don't hear from me within a week, let me know and I'll start something.

Jim Henry.

This Coupon brings you two samples for 10 cents

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Enclosed is 10c for which please send me a medium-sized tube of Mennen's Shaving Cream and, free, a trial can of Mennen's Talcum for Men.

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AMERICAN DIPLOMATISTS WORKING FOR A LIVING

(Continued from Page 16)

From the terrace and from the rear windows there is a fine view of the Golden Horn and Stamboul, on the opposite shore. All in all, it is quite satisfactory as an Embassy, and perhaps its very compactness makes it more easily possible for our Ambassadress to give it that air of homy simplicity which is supposed to be characteristically American.

It has one very special feature—a gorgeous marble stairway which reminds one of Dorchester House, the one-time American Embassy in London, into which the Prince of Wales, now the King, once said he hesitated to go because he felt embarrassed in the midst of so much grandeur. As I remember the Dorchester House stairway, it was decorated with a double line of purple-velveted, knee-breeched and white-wigged lackeys. On our stairway in Constantinople Mrs. Morgenthau has placed the palms and other potted plants belonging to the British Embassy. She is taking care of them for England until such time as England is able to take care of them for herself.

Down in the basement of the Embassy there is a collection of treasures and things that is perfectly fascinating. They belong to nearly everybody but ourselves. In the first place, there is gold—enough gold to arrest covetous attention. It is not in a fireproof vault, because there isn't any fireproof vault, and some of it has not even been put away in the many crowded safes; but there it is in the securest place in Turkey—the gold of foreign institutions, of closed Embassies, and of individuals. And with the bags and boxes of gold there are other treasures—jewels, household silver, valuable papers, and trunks and boxes full of things that nobody knows the mystery of. Maybe one should not write about such things. It is almost like inviting a raid, but you may be sure that any possible raiders in Turkey know as much about these treasures as we do. The American Embassy is not responsible for any of the things, but it accepts them perforce, under the circumstances, and exacts a certificate from each depositor that he assumes all risk. If anything happens each loss is borne by the loser and that is all there is to it. The American Embassy is the one real place of even comparative safety. Besides, the American Embassy is now the Embassy of most of the other great nations of the earth.

Taking over the diplomatic establishment of a belligerent country, by the way, means something more than storing its archives and accepting its keys. It means, among other things, assuming responsibility for that country's nationals and doing for them, under all circumstances, what their own Embassy would do to assist them. It means the careful discharge of all the diplomatic business incident to war, of which there is more than one would think. Much of it relates to prisoners, wounded, field reports, hospital bases and relief.

International Courtesies

A cablegram came into the Embassy one day when I was there asking for information about a certain famous British regiment. It was reported that all its officers but four were killed or missing at the Dardanelles; the London War Office was being overwhelmed with frantic appeals for information and it was the business of the American Embassy in Constantinople to supply it. This necessitated a careful search of all prison camps and hospitals, and diplomatic endeavors to obtain details from the German and Turkish authorities—an almost everyday event.

Mr. Hoffman Philip, the first secretary of the American Embassy, has charge of this kind of work; and in the line of duty he has had to make trips to places in Asia Minor, up on the Black Sea, down on the Peninsula, here, there and everywhere, to some points almost inaccessible. He has traveled under all conditions, by all manner of conveyance, and has done what he had to do under a continuous surveillance and in the face of such gentle but persistent opposition as wears a man down.

There are almost no British prisoners in or near Constantinople. They have always been sent to remote camps outside all lines of easy communication, but the persistent Mr. Philip has managed to make his quiet and unobtrusive way into most of the quarters. It is his job.

It was Mr. Philip who accompanied the fifty British and French hostages to Gallipoli when the Peninsula was under bombardment by the Allies' fleet. This story has been told, but it will always be interesting and will be repeated many times when the records of this war are under discussion in more peaceful days. It was a happy thought of the German and Turkish authorities that all the noncombatant brothers of the enemy remaining in Constantinople and other parts of Turkey should be placed in exposed positions on the Peninsula for the purpose of discouraging the besiegers and retarding their fire. The American Ambassador worked long and hard to induce them to change or in some way to modify the order for this extraordinary performance. Two thousand men were to go—practically all the English and French subjects left in Turkey; but after repeated efforts Mr. Morgenthau succeeded in getting them to reduce the number to fifty; and he insisted that only young men should go.

The fifty men—twenty-six Englishmen and twenty-four Frenchmen; none of them more than twenty-seven years old—were arrested and preparations were made for transporting them down the Dardanelles. They were not told what was to happen to them; they were not permitted to take with them any extra clothing or supplies; and, as a matter of fact, most of them were practically penniless, it being a time when money was not easily obtained. Their wives and families besieged the American Embassy, imploring intervention, and it was altogether what Mr. Morgenthau would describe as a heartbreaking incident.

American Methods in Turkey

Nothing could be done; the men had to go. Mr. Philip decided to go with them, just to see that they were given the treatment the military authorities so readily promised they should have. He shared with them the breathless suspense of a trip on a Turkish boat across the Sea of Marmora and through the Dardanelles when it was reasonable to expect that they would be sunk by a British submarine at any moment; and when they arrived at Gallipoli he shared with them the thrills of exposure under the French and British guns. They were not told whether or not their brothers on the battleships knew they were there.

No beds, no food, no extra clothes, no fires, and cold May nights! The men will tell you that, if it had not been for Mr. Philip, heaven only knows what would have happened to them. He was the only one among them at liberty to go where he liked, and he was able to obtain, at exorbitant prices, a little food, a few mattresses and sacks of straw for them to sleep on, and some blankets for covering. No arrangements of any kind had been made for them and there was no disposition on the part of the officials to turn a hand for them. Mr. Philip was just about coming to the end of his resources when the authorities at Constantinople had a change of heart and ordered them all back.

It was a foolish piece of business, viewed in retrospect, but it was a minor atrocity, nevertheless, and a minor atrocity that might have developed into something vastly more serious if it had not been for the unceasing remonstrance of the American Ambassador and the self-sacrifice of the first secretary. Mr. Philip's office at the Embassy looks like the sample room of a cheap shoe-and-shirt factory. He is the distributor of all gifts and supplies sent in from the outside to British prisoners.

One of Mr. Morgenthau's interesting accomplishments has been the maintenance of friendly relations with all parties concerned. Though he is a German by birth there is nothing hyphenated in his Americanism. First and foremost, of course, he is a Jew, proud of his race, insistently glorying in it and intensely interested in its welfare; but if he has any sympathetic leanings toward the side of his native land he has been able to conceal them even from his German colleagues. Mr. Morgenthau is an American. Incidentally he is a business

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Consider that a grain of wheat contains 100 million food cells. And that each of those food cells is exploded from within by steam exploded in our puffing process.
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man—real estate, stocks, bonds and such commodities—and he runs his Embassy, under the present pressure, like a well-ordered big business office. It is a sufficient commentary on his Americanism that, German though he be, he has the complete confidence of the nationals of the allied countries he represents in our name, while at the same time his social and diplomatic relations with the German and Austrian Embassies in Constantinople are on an entirely satisfactory footing; and this at a time when every nation is looking for treachery in every direction where there is the slightest chance of its cropping up.

Mr. Morgenthau's methods are ordinarily more persuasive than positive, but right at the beginning of things he established his status with a forceful bit of action that left no point of the American attitude in doubt. There were a thousand or more British, French and Russian subjects, including some diplomatic officers, who were under the immediate necessity of getting out of the country. Verbal arrangements had been made for them to leave on a certain train; so they all packed their belongings, gave up their homes and repaired in a body to the station, where, it was promised, their police passes would be delivered to them.

The American Ambassador and members of the Embassy staff were on hand to do whatever they could to expedite matters; and, though tempers and feelings were running high, it was thought there would be no serious difficulties.

At the last moment, however, the officials decided not to issue the necessary papers, which amounted practically to a decision to hold these people prisoners. They were there at the station, many of them having no other place to go, homeless for the time, and most of them very much frightened. Mr. Morgenthau first requested that the passes be immediately delivered; then he strengthened his request into a demand. He was in a delicate position. He could cable his Government for instructions, but conditions were such that it would have taken from two to three weeks to get a reply.

He waited a reasonable length of time; then in good, old-time American fashion he took the bull by the horns and issued a little private ultimatum. He said if the accepted arrangements were not carried out by a certain hour he would demand his own passports and take the people out on his own private train. The passes came promptly to hand.

Complicated Banking

Since then there has been complete cordiality between the American Embassy and the local authorities, though the Ambassador has had on one or two occasions rather pointedly to assure his Turkish friends that when he is being "used" he knows it, and only permits it because it is to his own interest to do so. "Go ahead," says he; "only understand that I am seeing all round, over and under." A Turk would like this kind of good-natured clash of wits, and it makes for pleasant relations.

Some of the gold in the basement of the Embassy is credited to relief funds and can be drawn on for such purposes, international work of this character being one of America's principal diplomatic activities. Captain R. H. Williams, of the United States Coast Artillery, was detailed to Constantinople to take care of stranded Americans and look after general American relief; and in the beginning he had charge of this work, not only for the United States but for all the other countries represented by our Embassy. It became too much for one man to handle; so now it is divided between secretaries and is attended to in its various national departments, Captain Williams still looking after the American interests. Thousands of victims of war's distress in all corners of the Turkish Empire have been individually reached and assisted, and the Embassy has disbursed more than half a million dollars since the work began.

To understand how difficult this work is, you must look at the map of the Ottoman Empire, including all of Asia Minor and Palestine. The Bagdad Railroad and the line running east from Smyrna touch a few important points; but, for the rest, communication is possible only by caravan or carriage over sometimes all but impassable roads and trails. The funds come not only from the various governments but from individuals in all parts of the world; and they come in every conceivable form and in any and all amounts.

For instance, there was one fairly large draft, dated early in 1914 at Buenos Aires, and drawn on a London bank. It was made payable by indorsement to a man in Palestine, and was sent to the American Embassy in Constantinople with a request that it be cashed and the money, in some easily realizable form, sent to the payee. As direct communication between belligerent countries is impossible, this draft had to be sent to the American Legation in Athens and forwarded from there to the London bank on which it was drawn. The bank then had to get permission from the Foreign Office to send the money to a country with which England was at war; and, this permission being granted, it had to notify the British Legation in Athens to pay the sum to the American Legation in Athens, to be forwarded to the American Embassy in Constantinople for payment to the man in Palestine when he could be located by the nearest American consul. This man got his money within two months after the draft was received here, which was doing pretty well.

Getting Funds to the Needy

I was looking over a long list of American contributions one day, few of which were for more than five dollars and many for as little as a dollar and a half. All the items but three were marked paid, and those were for individuals in or near Jerusalem. One was a gift of fifteen dollars from a man in the United States to his mother, and the greatest pains had been taken to find her. A number of telegrams about the case had been exchanged between Captain Williams and our consul at Jerusalem, and the next to the last one read: "Have you traced Clewroner Street?" The answer that finished the sad little sheaf of official looking papers said: "Found; died a week ago."

Then there were Mrs. Esad and her children, whose address was given as Damascus. A small sum was sent to them by a relative in the United States and every effort was made to locate them. Finally a cablegram to Washington, asking the State Department to make further inquiries, brought the information that Mrs. Esad lived about fifty miles from Damascus—not north, south, east or west; just "from." I do not know how he did it, but the American consul found her. She was reported as being in extreme distress and her little gift was delivered by special messenger just in time to be a life-saver for herself and her children.

As for the missionaries, they are scattered over all the four quarters of the empire, and they must be taken care of. Mrs. Kennedy is stationed at Samsun, a fifteen days' journey by carriage from the nearest port on the Black Sea. Her husband, in Egypt for some reason, sent her a hundred and fifty dollars, to be delivered as promptly as possible. It could not be telegraphed; it had to be sent. And as there are no steamers plying the Black Sea these days it had to be sent overland all the way. No time was lost in getting it out; but one rather hoped that Mrs. Kennedy was not in too urgent need of it.

These are only a few out of thousands of cases, and Captain Williams spends every day in an almost breathless pursuit of them. Ordinarily he would be a military attaché, with no visible occupation but to deport himself as snappily as possible at state functions in the very smart dress uniform of the United States Army; but for this business he wears civilian clothes and an anxious look, his most earnest desire being to catch the exchanges on the various moneys in such a way as to make the funds pay for their own distribution. It is not an easy job. And as for pay for the services of the many people it takes in various places to do this work, there is no pay; it is extra duty, that's all—War Relief.

My maid at the hotel was a Swiss and she had a splendid time, shortly after my arrival, detailing to me in voluble, broken French, with violent gesticulations, the story of the night when war was declared, when every mirror, every window, every bit of glass of any kind and every breakable piece of furniture in the hotel was smashed into smithereens by the mob, just because the place happened to be owned by Russians. She, poor soul, is just one among the hundreds suffering vague fears of what may happen in the terrible, wonderful prize city; and she, among the hundreds, thinks the American Embassy an inviolable refuge.

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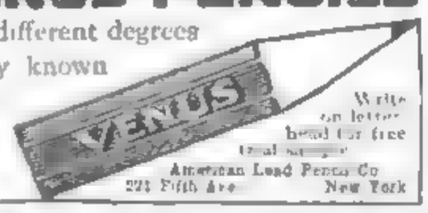
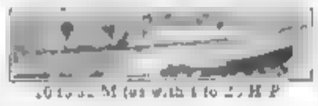


American Lead Pencil Co
211 Fifth Ave New York

Lowest Priced Boat in the World



$25 to $45 for K.D. Boat

$89 for 15-footer with motor installed finished ready to run.

BROOKS MFG. CO., 8303 Rust Avenue, Saginaw, Mich.

"I Start My FORD From the Seat"

30 DAYS' TRIAL
You take no risk, for you are given a 30-day trial period to test it out thoroughly on your own car

with the famous never-fail
SANDBO
2-COMPRESSION STARTER

92,000 SOLD

Agents Dealers Wanted $14

SANDBO STARTER CO., 293 Sandbo Bldg., Rock Island, Ill.

Pathé

The Truest Interpreter of the BEST Music in the World

The Pathephone is *more* than a mere mechanical "machine" —it is an ARTISTIC MUSICAL INSTRUMENT for the discriminating music lovers

THE PATHÉ ACHIEVEMENT

To have perfected the art of sound reproduction is a wonderful accomplishment. This is what Pathé Frères, of moving picture fame, did successfully years ago—abroad. But they did not stop there. They strove for the credit of actually *duplicating* the original renditions of the artists—of bringing out the inspiration of the musical genius with all of the technique and symphonic coloring of the player's soul—of *giving immortality* to the full, glorious tones of a vocal or instrumental masterpiece. They, alone, achieved this result, to the delight and lasting satisfaction of music lovers the whole world over. Not only in Europe, Africa, Asia and South America has Pathé success been heralded, but also in America—where the Pathé Frères Phonograph Company has introduced this most marvelous of instruments, the Pathé Pathephone, which can now be purchased throughout the United States and Canada. The goal of musical accomplishment has been reached. "PATHÉ" spells "finality" in *true* and *natural* sound duplication.

THE PATHÉ METHOD

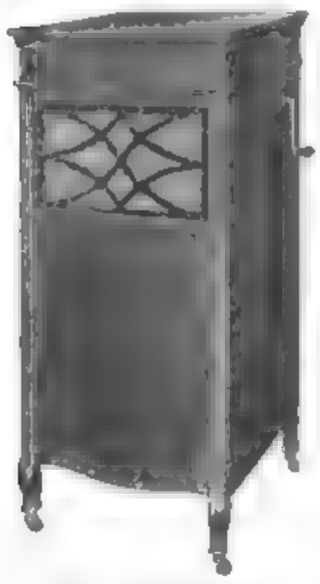
—of bringing out the true, sweet and vibrant tones of a selection in all their richness and without a suggestion of mechanical operation is by means of the *Pathé Permanent, Genuine, Highly-polished Sapphire Ball*, which is used instead of the usual metal needle or point when playing Pathé Discs. This Sapphire Ball *never wears out, does not in any way dig into or rip the surface of Pathé Records*, thereby giving longer life to the latter. A Pathé Sapphire will play *thousands of selections:* the last one equally as well as the first one. Owing to its rounded shape, *it does away with all danger to children* and therefore they may play the Pathé Discs to their hearts' content and cannot injure the surface of Pathé Discs. The Pathé Sapphire travels over the Pathé record grooves with an up-and-down, easy, wave-like motion, catching the sound waves from 40 direct points of constant contact and carrying them to the *PATHE ALL-WOOD SOUND CHAMBER.* Here they are amplified and given forth to the listeners in all their original purity and strength. Pathephones are equipped with simple *tone-control devices* for the modification of *expression and volume.*

The Pathé Discs are all double sided, retailing from 65c. to $2.50, and are the largest made—10½, 11½ and 14 inches. They comprise the most superior repertory in the world —a treasury of musical gems, recorded not only in America but in every other country.

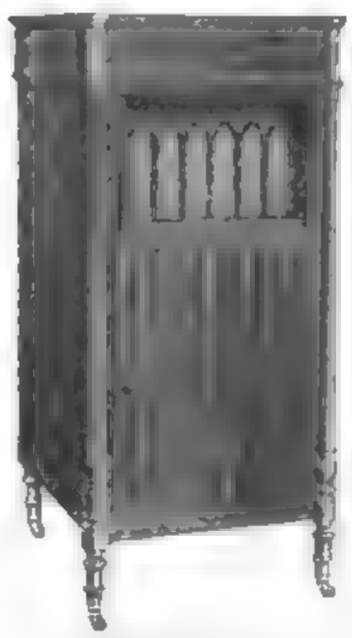
THE PATHÉ FUTURE

—is one based upon sound and scientific principles of both art and business. Pathé success thus far has been the result of satisfying the public not only with what it desired—the reproduction at will of favorite pieces, but with that to which it *aspired*—musical perfection. In every possible way the dealings of the Pathé Frères Phonograph Company and its numerous agencies have been directed towards the end of satisfying the needs and demands of the buying public with the greatest courtesy and the fullest satisfaction. With a Disc repertory eclipsing any other, the many exclusive Pathé advantages for tone-duplication and volume-modification, and the ability to do *better* anything that any other sound reproducing instrument is capable of doing—the future of the Pathé musical products is established in the *present.* There is no reason for anyone doing without the best music of the world's inspired musicians which has been made public property through Pathé ingenuity. Comparison is the true indicator of superiority. Hear the Pathephone now and convince yourself!

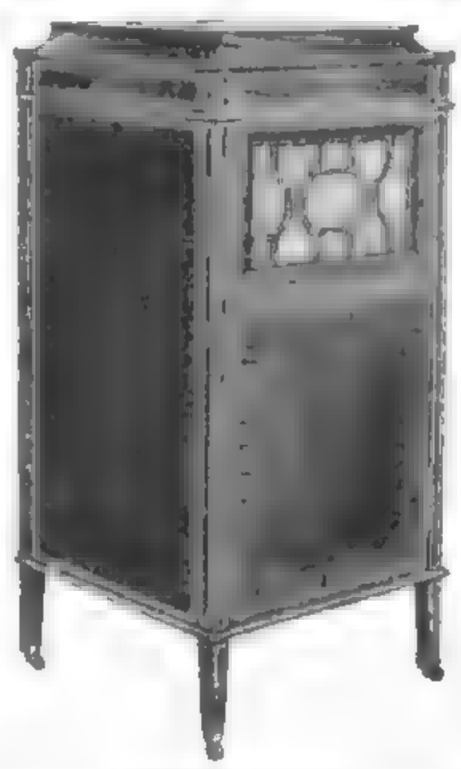
PATHÉ INSTRUMENTS PLAY ALL DISC RECORDS PERFECTLY! When Playing the Wonderful PATHÉ Discs There Are NO NEEDLES TO CHANGE!



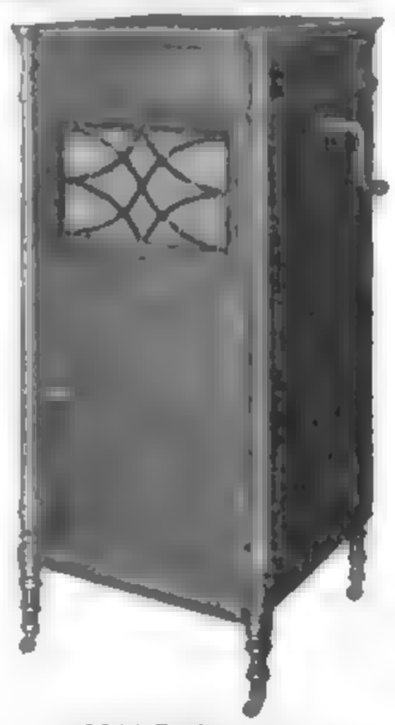
$100 Pathephone



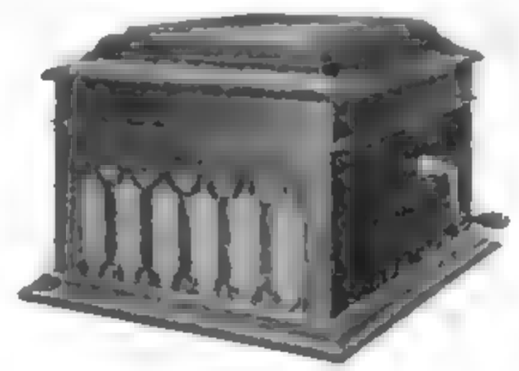
$150 Pathephone



$225 Pathephone



$200 Pathephone



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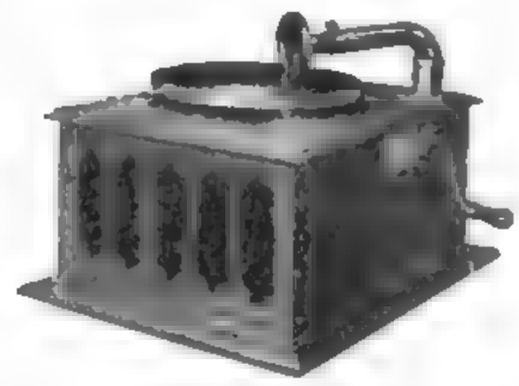


$15 Pathephone

PATHÉ DEALERS—are everywhere reporting enormous and increasing sales of Pathé goods. In a real sense they "speak for themselves," making the work of the salesman easy. They are their own arguments. People prefer Pathephones and Pathé Discs just as they prefer reality to imitation, art to crudeness, perfection to makeshift.

PATHÉ AGENCIES—are becoming more and more valuable franchises. There are a few localities where we are not actively represented. We invite correspondence with responsible merchants who wish to take advantage of the exceptional opportunities afforded through handling the well-known Pathé goods.

Pathé Freres Phonograph Company

NEW YORK — U. S. A.

A Proven Mechanism

The New and Greater

CHANDLER SIX

THE new Chandler bodies, the most beautiful of the season's offerings, are attractive indeed. The New York and Chicago Show crowds admired and purchased in great numbers, the new Chandler touring car and the new four-passenger roadster. At all the shows the country over, the New and Greater Chandler has been the center of greatest attention.

But the vital reason why so many thousands of motor car buyers are choosing the Chandler is the established and known excellence of the Chandler chassis—the Chandler mechanism.

In every essential way it is the same chassis, on which for three years, all Chandler bodies have been mounted, THERE IS NOT A SINGLE HINT OF EXPERIMENTATION.

"The Marvelous Motor," built in the Chandler factory ever since this Leader of Light Sixes was first put on the market, has won its laurels and **still holds them.**

It has always been powerful—powerful enough to do with ease anything that you could ask any automobile to do.

It has always been speedy—speedy enough to go faster than 999 out of every thousand car owners would ever want or dare to drive.

It has always been flexible—slowing down to a snail's pace on high, and jumping away instantly at the touch of the throttle.

Interesting Chandler Features

In the face of higher cost of materials, nothing has been cut out of the Chandler. Highest quality equipment continues to be a feature. Bosch High Tension Magneto, the most expensive and satisfactory ignition. Gray & Davis Separate Unit Electric Starting and Lighting System. Chandler aluminum crank case. Chandler full-floating silent spiral bevel-gear rear axle. Three silent enclosed chains driving motor shafts. Stewart-Warner magnetic speedometer. Stewart vacuum gasoline feed. Non-skid tires in rear. Deep cushioned upholstery covered with long-grained semi-glazed leather. *Seven-passenger touring car and four-passenger roadster, each $1295*

It has always been economical in operation—owners **averaging** 16 miles per gallon of gasoline, 700 miles per gallon of oil, and 7000 miles per set of tires.

For three years it has had, and today has in even greater degree than ever before, **all** of those qualities you rightly demand in a high-grade motor car.

It is a **known quality.**

And, more than ever in the past, automobile buyers this year recognize the security of dealing in known quantities.

Chandler production has been increased to 20,000 cars for 1916, but Chandler dealers say that even this great output will not take care of the demand for the New and Greater Six.

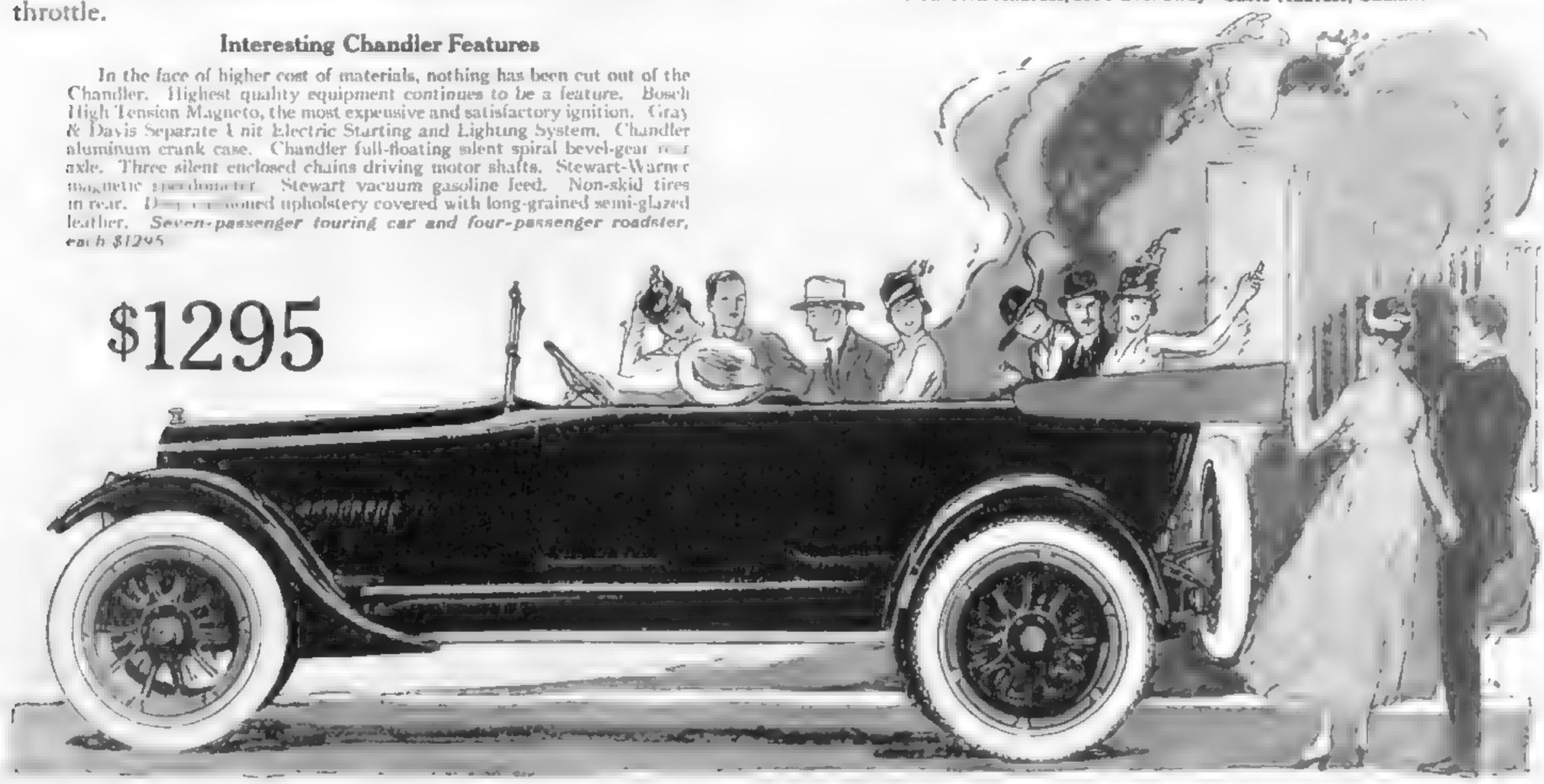
Good judgment will indicate the advisability of finding out for yourself all these things which thousands of Chandler owners **know** to be true of the Chandler, and then placing your order at once.

The New Chandler Catalogue illustrates the New Big Touring Car, the Four-Passenger Roadster, other body types and all mechanical features fully. If you do not know your Chandler dealer write us today.

CHANDLER MOTOR CAR CO.

503-533 E-131st Street **Cleveland, Ohio**

New York Address, 1890 Broadway—Cable Address, Chanmotor



THE MAN HUNTERS

(Continued from Page 21)

the Institute of Legal Medicine at the University of Leipsic or the Institute of Hygiene at Heidelberg or any one of the great scientific departments constantly at the service of the police, to say definitely whether or not a weapon has been recently discharged and to bring to the service of the criminal-investigation department every implement of modern science.

In all questions of disputed documents, forgery or alterations of written instruments and the like, these scientific departments are of inestimable value to the police. The age of a writing can be definitely ascertained. The chemical structure of the ink can be determined, and consequently the time at which the writing was made can be precisely arrived at. In order for a forger successfully to impose on the German authorities he would be compelled to have for his alterations the identical ink in which the original documents were written. Proper chemical tests show a brilliant change in the colors of certain inks. Thus logwood inks treated by the hydrochloric test give purple-red reactions, while iron nutgall inks show a blue-green color under this test. When all the data in respect to commercial inks are assembled and known, any sort of false alteration becomes an exceedingly hazardous business.

The paper used in frauds of this character has also been the subject of elaborate study and experiment.

All watermarks on paper are known, with the dates and issues corresponding to any peculiarity or defect in the mark. So that, though one might be able to obtain paper of identical watermarks corresponding to the original of the forged instrument, nevertheless defects in the issue of the paper of that year might not be known to the forger. These defects of a particular issue, known to the scientific department of the police, would disclose the fraud.

It is well known that watermarks on paper may be imitated by several devices such as the gelatine process and the pressure and grease processes. But such imitations would be quickly detected in the laboratory at police headquarters in Berlin or by any competent expert. A case is cited of an important government document which was pointed out to be a forgery because it bore as a watermark the double eagle of the German Empire. As this symbol was not adopted until after 1870 the forged document antedating that period was consequently a fraud on its face.

Gold Bricks à la Russe

It must not be imagined that the German Empire is free from the operations of the sharper. Our own gold-brick swindle had its origin in Northeastern Europe. The placer mines in Siberia are operated by the government. Individuals are not permitted to wash gold. Nevertheless, exiles and peasants in the regions of placer mining do wash and smuggle out of Russia considerable quantities of gold dust. This is known in the vernacular as "peasant wheat." It cannot be disposed of in Russia and is consequently sold secretly along the borders of East Prussia.

The details of the swindle are strikingly like those of our gold-brick fraud. The victim is approached in Tilsit or Konigsberg by a sharper. Usually some little innkeeper tells him that a peasant has arrived at his inn with some bags of gold dust smuggled out of Russia. He does not know how to dispose of the gold nor has he any adequate idea of its value. The prospective purchaser is requested to prepare a blowpipe and some charcoal in order to test the gold dust. This he does. The peasant goes with the innkeeper at night to the residence of the victim, bringing the bags of gold dust in a trunk, as though he were an engaged servant. The victim selects dust out of the bags as he pleases and prepares to make the test.

At this point the peasant asks for a glass of water. He is awkward and embarrassed, and by accident the water is spilled on the charcoal. The innkeeper undertakes to get fresh charcoal, and returns in a moment with some blocks of it which he has obtained on the street. He is careful to prevent the victim from soiling his hands. He therefore very obligingly places the blowpipe in a correct position over the new blocks of charcoal. The gold dust is sprinkled on the blowpipe and the purchaser conducts the experiment himself. Dust from all the bags is taken at will by the victim and sprinkled on the blowpipe. Intense heat is then applied. The victim knows that if the dust is not gold dust it will be destroyed by the heat; but if the dust is, in fact, gold, globules of that metal will appear. The result is that after the experiment little globules of pure gold are found in the crevices of the charcoal under the pipe. These the victim carries away and has analyzed at his leisure. They are pure gold, and he consequently buys the "peasant wheat"—which of course proves to be mere bags of brass filings.

The sharpers had prepared the charcoal by cutting out crevices in the blocks and inserting the globules of pure gold, after which they filled up the crevices with charcoal mixed with beeswax. The obliging innkeeper, who wished to keep the victim from soiling his hands, was careful to see that the blowpipe was placed precisely over these prepared crevices in the charcoal. This process, described by Krestovski, robs us of the distinction of having invented in this country the immortal Indian and his brick of precious metal.

Perhaps the greatest advance made by the German authorities in man-hunting mysteries has been along the investigation of bloodstains. Our criminal courts used to flounder about with expert testimony on this question. It used to be impossible to tell a blood from a rust stain, and after that it seemed impossible to tell human blood from that of certain animals which it closely resembles in physical structure. The German authorities went seriously at this problem, a thing of the most vital import in almost every murder trial.

Modern Studies in Scarlet

They finally worked out a serum test. Investigators such as Wassermann and Uhlenhuth were able to establish accurate tests by which the origin of a bloodstain could be precisely determined. They were not only able to say whether the stain was of human origin, but, if not, precisely what the origin of it was. There is no longer any doubt about it. If a bloodstain is found by the German police the experts will know precisely the origin of that stain.

The body of a man was found floating in the Moselle. The presumption was that the man had been drowned. The members of the murder squad presently showed that the man died by violence. They began to examine the premises where he had lived, and finally found a bloodstain. The family contended that this stain was chicken blood; but the chemical laboratory reported that it was human blood. The family were now given what we would call the third degree. It finally appeared that the dead man, in fact, had committed suicide, and the family had thrown the body into the Moselle in order to escape the scandal incident to the act.

A young inspector rushed into headquarters with an engaging mystery. He had found a pool of blood in the park and beside it a sheet of music sprinkled with stains. He had constructed a romantic theory of a musician, unrequited love, and a death by violence. It was an engaging romance crowded with dramatic incidents; but it went to pieces when the laboratory experts pointed out that the stains were pig blood.

It used to be true that if a stain was of any age it was practically impossible to determine it. But the age of a stain does not disturb the German inspector. A mixture, five years old, of blood and sand has been determined, as well as dried stains four years old and mixtures of different animal bloods as old as twelve years. These experiments have been continued to show that stains on linen of twenty-five or thirty years' age can be determined.

One of the most puzzling difficulties has been with tiny spots which the accused explains by saying are from a mosquito or other insect which has been killed on the coat. Such a contention would not now give a German inspector any trouble. If the stain is of insect origin a proper microscopical examination conducted in the Berlin laboratory will show traces of bug bristles or some structural evidence of insect origin. No violence sufficient to destroy the insect could be effected without leaving some evidence of the insect's structure in the blood spot, and this evidence the laboratory authority would unfailingly discover.

Those two delicious flavors – M-M-M!

You'd think it simple to choose good Peppermint. But there are some twenty varieties of the mint plant. Which one is most delicious? Which one is coolest? After a great deal of study we have chosen a peppermint from Michigan. We crowd it into the gum. Sterling Peppermint Gum comes in *red* packages.

Then there's Sterling Gum in *blue* packages. That's the *Cinnamon* flavor. This flavor comes from the Cassia bush of the Orient. Its spicy deliciousness has brought it national popularity.

Peppermint in *red* packages, Cinnamon in *blue*. Every delicious stick untouched by hands. Clean, white gloves cover every *hand* in the Sterling Kitchens.

Point 1—Crowded with flavor
Point 2—Velvety body—No Grit
Point 3—Crumble-proof
Point 4—Sterling purity
Point 5—From a daylight factory
Point 6—Untouched by hands
Point 7 What?

PEPPERMINT—IN RED PACKAGE
CINNAMON—IN BLUE PACKAGE

Sterling Gum Co., Inc., New York. Sterling Gum Co. of Canada, Ltd., Toronto

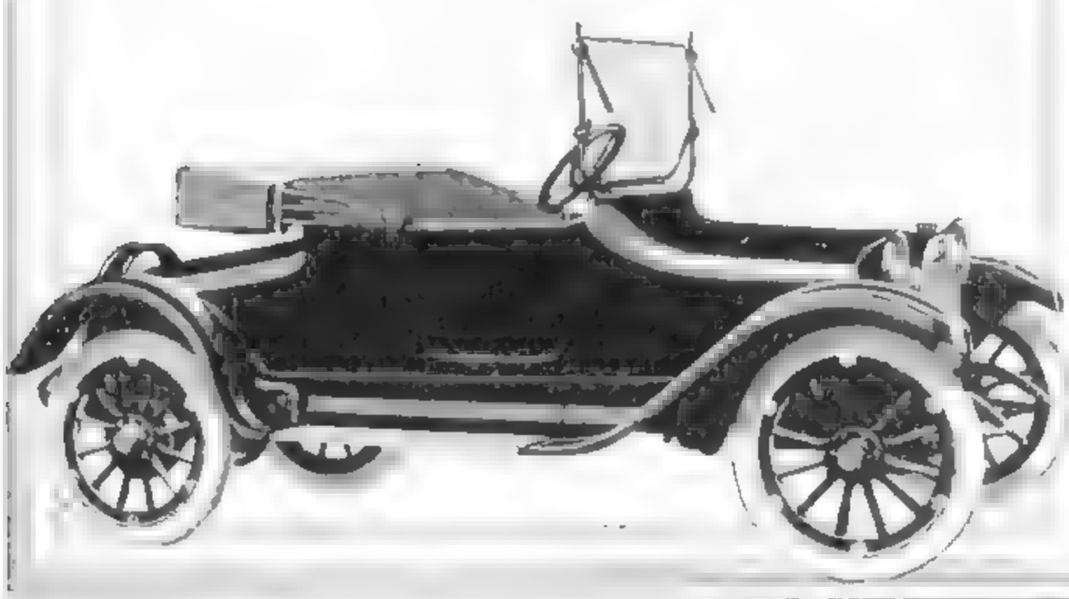
DODGE BROTHERS ROADSTER

The wheels of the car hold fast to the road, but do you know why?

Light, strong steel parts and scientific distribution of weight hold the weight down to 2,200 pounds, and produce a perfectly balanced car. Lightness and balance result in roadability—and also in low gasoline consumption and high tire mileage.

The motor is 30–35 horsepower
The price of the Touring Car or Roadster complete is $785 (f. o. b. Detroit)
Canadian price $1100 (add freight from Detroit)

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT



He's Hit the Winning Combination

The professional man who lands at the top is the one who not only has a thorough technical training, but is equally well grounded in the art of selling his services

An architect may be an artist at his profession and yet be unable to sell his services because of inability to impress people favorably

Allen Erickson, of Chicago, is one of a thousand young men who have discovered an easy way to secure practical experience in salesmanship, professional training, and the money to pay for it, all at the same time.

After graduation from High School, he secured appointment as a subscription representative of *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. He gives his mornings to Curtis work. His profits pay for an afternoon course in Architecture and for all the costly supplies that an Architectural student needs.

Address your request for our booklet, "AN EDUCATION WITHOUT COST," to THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Educational Division, Box 294, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

WE WILL BUY YOUR SPARE TIME

Not only have the scientific authorities at the service of the German police gone to this extent in the examination of stains, but certain European authorities contend that the time is not far distant when their laboratory experimenters will be able not only to show that the stain is of human origin but also to distinguish the individual from whom the blood was obtained. Each individual, under the serum test, will return some phase of reaction peculiar to himself. The test will continue to develop, it is thought, until this peculiarity is sufficiently definite precisely to indicate the individual.

In addition to bloodstains, fragments of other material are sometimes distinguishing evidence in the solution of a criminal mystery. The tiniest thread or fiber picked up under the minute German investigation may become a rope with which to hang the criminal. A fiber of wool, silk or cotton carries its complete history which the expert will be able to translate for the police. Roughly, these fibers may be distinguished by certain characteristics. Silk fiber is cylindrical, long and symmetrical. It has no scales nor little distinguishable structures. Cotton is known by peculiar twists in its structure somewhat like a spiral spring, while the fiber of linen is jointed. Often a tiny fiber not distinguishable to the eye will be found clinging to the nicks in a weapon, and this almost invisible evidence proves sufficient for the criminal investigator to work out the details of the tragedy.

The Tale a Cartridge Tells

For example, in a case of pretended suicide the experts found a fragment of bony structure adhering to a flaw in the blade of the weapon. This minute microscopical evidence annulled the suicide theory, for it was shown that the character of the wound in question could not have been self-inflicted, since it must have gone to the bone, and the force necessary to cause such an injury could not have been used by the presumed suicide.

It has been shown that stab wounds have sometimes been found to be much deeper than the length of the blade of the weapon with which they were inflicted. A wound three inches deep may, in fact, have been inflicted by the blade of a knife two inches long. Such a fact used to be an important element of defense in homicide cases. If the victim bore a wound of a greater depth than the blade of the weapon it seemed conclusive against the presumption of guilt; but the experts have shown that the force of the blow compresses the body at that point. Therefore, when this pressure is released after the blow the wound in the relaxed muscles will appear to be much deeper than the length of the blade of the weapon employed.

The direction of bullet wounds will precisely show the position of the assailant, and their appearance will often indicate the precise distance at which the weapon was fired. Assassins have sometimes fired their weapon from a pocket or covered it with a cloth so as to prevent powder burns.

An elaborate study of the indention on cartridges enables the inspector to say with precision from what make of weapon a stock cartridge was fired. In one instance a cartridge picked up at the scene of the assault showed a peculiar defect in the indention which was known to belong to a make of revolvers turned out at the factory on a certain date, and from this defect the precise weapon was presently located.

It must be remembered that the German police have one great advantage over Scotland Yard or any American detective center. A complete record of everybody is always available in the German Empire. If one changes his place of residence or travels from one point to another, his departure and arrival must be registered with the police.

It is not to be concluded, however, that all dangerous crooks are by this means excluded. Some of the most daring and ingenious sharpers of which we have any knowledge have carried out their fraudulent devices in spite of the elaborate protective system.

A famous international cracksman one night looted the office of a business house in a German village. He expected to obtain a considerable sum of money in cash, but he got instead a small sum and a sight draft on a banking house in a neighboring city for some eight thousand marks. The ordinary cracksman would have gone no further. He would have known the robbery would be discovered in the morning and the banking house telegraphed to stop payment on the draft

But the German swindler was a person of greater resources. He disguised himself as a police commissioner, went in the night to the residence of the owner of the business house, awaked him, told him that his office had been robbed and inquired what the robbers could have taken. The man gave the sum of money on hand. The false commissioner inquired if there were any papers. The man replied that there was a draft for eight thousand marks and gave the address of the banking house on which it was drawn. The swindler called for a sheet of paper and wrote out a telegram to the chief of police in the city in which the banking house was situated, directing him to advise the bankers to stop payment on the draft and to take the proper precautions to arrest anybody who presented it for payment. He read the telegram over to the man. He then directed the tradesman to say nothing about the robbery until the police authorities could lay their hands on the swindler when he came to present the draft for payment.

The thing was so cleverly done that the tradesman believed he had been visited by an agent of the police. He did precisely as he was told. It was a day or two before his suspicions were aroused. Finally, not hearing from the police, he telegraphed the bankers, and received a reply saying they had heard nothing about the robbery and that the draft, properly indorsed, had been cashed. It was a bold piece of strategy impossible to any but the acutest order of criminal intelligence.

The whole postal system is at the service of the German police. They have the right to open and examine anything passing through the post which may seem to them to be important to their criminal investigation department. They are able to do this so cleverly that the average person does not discover that his letter has been tampered with. However, when the police wish to know whether one of their letters has been opened a number of devices are resorted to which will at once indicate any effort to disturb the envelope. Among these is the device of putting a certain chemical in the gum on the envelope flap. If such an envelope is subjected to the least heat, in an effort to steam it open, a stain will appear along the line of the gum border.

Fading Inks in Fraud

The use of sympathetic inks is a favorite device of international swindlers. Checks, notes, and so forth, are sometimes written in these inks, which presently disappear, leaving only blank sheets of paper. Such inks are of various chemical constituents.

Before the German people saw the wisdom of closing all gambling houses in the empire sympathetic inks were very largely in fraudulent use. Obligations prepared in the most clever manner were given for losses in the fashionable clubs. The true amount, usually large, was written in an ink that would fade out, and underneath a nominal amount was written in an ink that would presently appear. Such a method was a decided advance over using merely a sympathetic ink that would fade, leaving a blank piece of paper. The paper itself would be an evidence of fraud. But an obligation in form calling for a small sum instead of a large one would be, on its face, conclusive of the debt of honor.

Anonymous letters written to high officials give the German police a great deal of trouble. But such a pastime has become an exceedingly dangerous one in the German Empire. The suspected person is located within a certain area by the writing materials used or the postmark. The post office in that region is ordered to keep a record of all stamps sold. These stamps are marked, sometimes in a sympathetic ink which will appear only when subjected to heat or chemicals. Such a mark will indicate the day and hour on which these stamps were offered for sale. The record at the post office will show the persons who purchased during that period. Thus when the anonymous letter is received, the mark on the stamp enables the authorities to locate the author among a limited number of persons. From this point the process of further elimination to the guilty individual is simple.

The German system has its disadvantages, but on the whole its results are perhaps superior to any other. It preserves a uniformity of method and insures an accurate and scientific investigation in every instance by persons competent to make it.

Weather Today
RAIN

Dri-Foot Advocate

Circulation
2,000,000 Copies

VOL. I —No. 3. EVERYWHERE—MARCH 9, 1916 PRICE TEN CENTS A CAN

YOU CAN DOUBLE THE WEAR OF ANY BOOTS OR SHOES

Dri-Foot Not Only Waterproofs Them But Greatly Lengthens Their Life

The preservative qualities of Dri-Foot, the liquid shoe dressing, are quite as important as its effect in making shoes absolutely watertight. Dri-Foot, regularly applied to shoes, will double their life. The commonest cause of poor wear in shoes is the drying out of the natural oils of the leather. This results in cracking and crumbling of the leather uppers and rapid wear through the soles.

What Dri-Foot Does to Leather

Dri-Foot, when properly applied, actually soaks into leather and remedies any deficiency in oil. It softens the leather, makes it more pliable and durable and acts as a general preservative. It improves the appearance of both black and tan leather, giving the tan a slightly darker, richer shade.

Among other leather articles that are especially improved by the regular use of Dri-Foot are harness, saddles, leather upholstery, trunks, bags, satchels, suit cases, skate straps, razor strops, gun and golf stick cases, automobile seats, etc.

Dri-Foot is a liquid waterproof dressing for all kinds of leather. Shoes shine as well as ever after treatment.

FOR DEALERS

An Attractive Proposition On a Fast-Selling Line

Three million people have bought Dri-Foot during the past year. Thousands more are learning about it every day. Dri-Foot has a record as a repeater. People who once buy it almost invariably become regular customers. Dri-Foot is now sold by leading shoe, drug, grocery, hardware and 5 and 10 cent stores throughout the country. We have an attractive proposition to offer dealers in other lines, too.

Any dealer who is not now handling Dri-Foot but wants to, may obtain full particulars by writing to the Fitz Chemical Company at Phillipsburg, N. J.

Feet That Never Know It's Raining

Six million feet in this country never know it's raining. They wear no rubbers. They walk at will through rain, mud, slush and snow. Yet these six million fortunate feet are always dry as toast.

What's the secret? Just this—the three million wise owners of these six million comfortable feet use Dri-Foot on their shoes. What's Dri-Foot?

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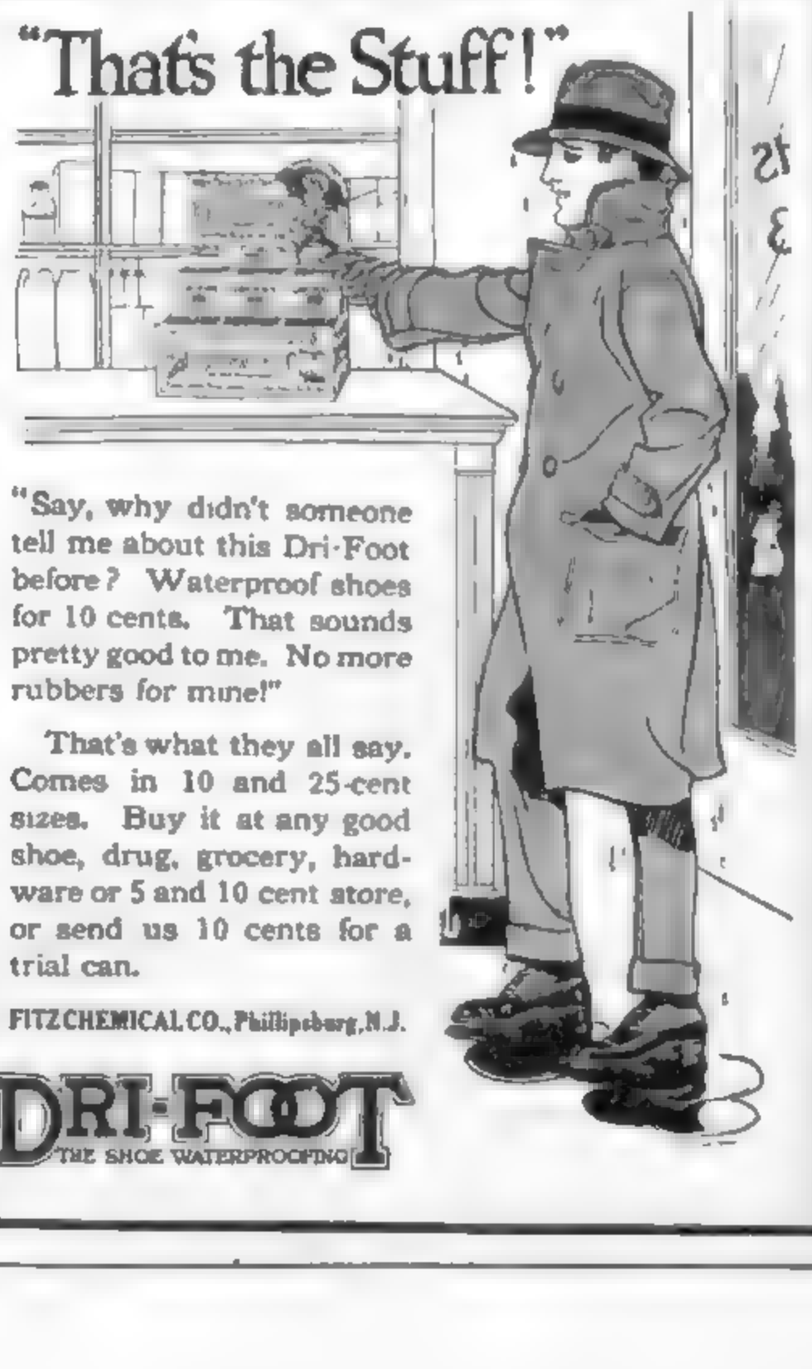

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HIS FOLKS

(Continued from Page 15

the situation to Uncle John and he played up, like the trump he is. Between us we persuaded the old folks to have a bite to eat at the table for four, decorated for the Hickey family reunion; and we told lies enough to fill a book. We fooled the old man, but none of the stuff got over with the old lady. The hardest part of all was to sit there and hear her make excuses for "Elhe," as she called him; and when she told us that she was glad he was getting on in the world, and had married well, I thought I would choke—and not from laughing either. And all the time members of the Reception Committee were scowling through the dining-room door and drawing their own conclusions.

We finally got rid of the old folks by promising them that they would surely see Elmer at the game, and everything would be all right. The old man was sort of stubborn at first. He wanted to wait, but the old lady coaxed him away. She knew, poor soul; but she wasn't going to let the neighbors see that her own boy had shamed her.

"You go up there," says Uncle John to me after they had gone, "and give that miserable rat a calling down!"

"No," says I. "It's your turn now. I was up there once."

"If I'd get in an argument with that woman," says Uncle John, "I'd probably bend a chair over her head."

"If she didn't bend one over yours first," says I.

Elmer cut it just as fine as he could and was careful not to show up at the park until the very last minute. Anyone could see that Aimee had thought the whole thing out in advance and told Elmer what to do. They came in together at the grand-stand entrance. She had on the pretty-near-black-fox furs that put such an awful hole in Elmer's last pay check, and her chin was a mile in the air. She was out to give the yokels a treat, besides lending Elmer moral support. He looked as if he needed it.

The old people were in a box behind the home plate, which they had all to themselves, the committee figuring, of course, that Hickey would leave his wife with his folks during the game. Father Hickey had been wearing the silver case off his watch by jerking it out every minute or so, and I was chatting with him through the wire netting, finding out all about the crops and things, when the crowd spotted Elmer working his way down through the grand stand with his wife.

A cheer went up and the old man jumped to his feet, all excited.

"Here he comes, mother!" says he. "Here comes the boy!"

A fussy little committeeman, with a ribbon badge on his coat, overhauled Elmer halfway down one of the side aisles and pointed over to the old folks. Elmer didn't even look in their direction, but he wavered, and for a second I had hopes of him—though not after his wife took him by the arm. She marched him to an empty box behind our bench, and he climbed over the railing into the field without as much as a wave of his hand to his father and mother! The thing was done so publicly that there wasn't a chance to overlook it; so deliberately that nobody could misunderstand.

The cheering died away into a low buzz of surprised comment; pretty soon that stopped too. And if anybody wanted to know what the old folks thought about it all they had to do was look at Elmer's father. He remained standing, his plug hat in his hands and his eyes fixed on the boy's back. He seemed sort of stunned. Finally the old lady touched his sleeve.

"Set down, father!" says she. "Everybody's looking at you."

The old man slumped into his chair, all the life gone out of him.

"Why—why, mother," says he, "the boy—he—he didn't even ——"

"Well, you see," says I, butting in, "Elmer's late, and he's got to warm up now; but after that ——"

I couldn't alibi for him, though. He had made it so very plain. They knew, and everyone else knew too. I took one more chance with Elmer when I went over to warm him up.

"If you're a man at all," says I—"if you're only part white—go over and speak to your folks! It ain't too late, even now."

"Yes, it is," mumbles Hickey, looking at his wife.

I looked, too, and the signals were set for straight ahead; I could read 'em in her eyes.

"All right, young feller," says I, "and be damned to you! If you won't you won't. Shoot!"

There's no use describing that game. In point of actual time it was a short one, both teams hustling to get it over with; but it seemed like an eternity to me. You know, an old player can feel the spirit of a crowd and tell pretty near what it's thinking about. This one puzzled me for a while. It was quiet—a lot too quiet. Over and over I asked myself: "What are they waiting for? Why don't they cut loose?"

Then all at once I got the answer: nothing was going to happen to Elmer while his father and mother were there to see it. Afterward—well, I could just feel the trouble waiting back there in the stand. Burchell, rightfielder for the All Stars, came to bat along in the sixth inning.

"Looks as if Hickey Day won't really start till after the game," says he. "The bleachers are talkin' tar and feathers. They can hang him for all of me!"

And all this time Old Man Hickey sat hunched down in his chair, his plug hat over his eyes and his wife patting his hand. I didn't even dare to speculate on what they were thinking about.

At the end of the seventh inning the old folks slipped out quietly while the teams were changing sides, and then the crowd broke loose in earnest, hissing and hooting Elmer until Uncle John benched him and sent Carney in to finish the game. The demonstration was so strong that it scared Elmer's wife, and she beat it for the depot, where our cars were sidetracked.

"And if I was you," says Uncle John to Elmer, "I wouldn't wait round here to see what's going to happen after the game. Many's the time I've skinned the bats out of the bags and fought all the way to the depot to protect umpires and other burglars, but there'll be no bats skinned for you after the stuff you've pulled here this afternoon. Get out of here! And if they don't kill you it won't be because you don't deserve killing. Git!"

Elmer had brought a long raincoat with him and a cloth hat in one of the pockets. It's likely his wife thought he might need a disguise. He put them on and sneaked out through the passageway under the grand stand. He told me afterward that he tried to find his folks and square himself—and maybe it was the truth—but some of the hard-boiled townspeople found him, instead, and he had a running fight all the way to the depot.

When we piled aboard the cars, with a howling mob behind us, there was Elmer, spread out on the lounge in the washroom of the Pullman, with the porter putting wet towels on his right shoulder. Somewhere in the fracas Elmer had been hit with half a brick. Maybe the fellow who threw it aimed at his head and had a lot more luck with the shot than he thought. One of the muscles on the point of his shoulder was torn loose and it didn't need more than a glance to see that Mr. Hickey was in for a long lay-off. He wouldn't pitch again for quite a spell, if ever; and the best he got from anybody was: "It serves you darn well right!"

"Yes," groans Elmer, rocking and twisting with the pain; "but what am I going to do? I can't lay off this winter! I figured to pitch a little out West—enough to make expenses. I've got to work, I tell you—got to! O Lord, what am I going to do?"

"Ask your wife," says Uncle John, cold as a clam. "She blew your money and got you into this jam. Let her get you out."

The next day the Hickeys left us, bound East, Elmer with orders to report to a specialist and have his shoulder treated. As a man he wasn't worth anything to anybody; as a pitcher he was valuable, but I think that Uncle John would have canned him off the trip even if his arm hadn't been out of commission. Elmer begged for an advance on his next season's salary, but there was absolutely nothing doing. Uncle John told him about the grasshopper and the ant—a nice little story if you don't happen to be the grasshopper. As a matter of fact, from the look of Elmer's shoulder, it wasn't a cinch that he would ever pitch again.

Nobody said good-by to him; nobody wanted to say good-by to his wife. They were handed return-trip tickets and dropped

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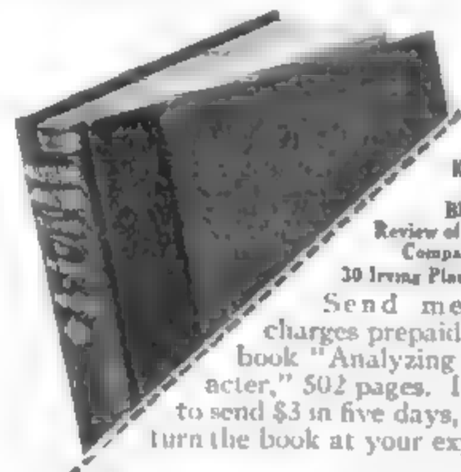

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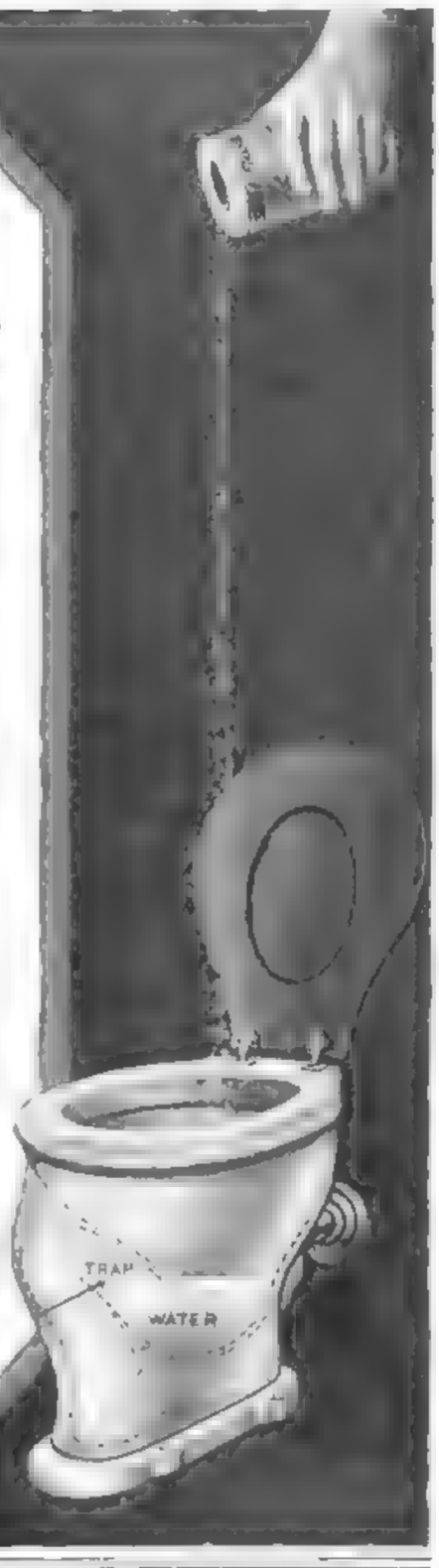

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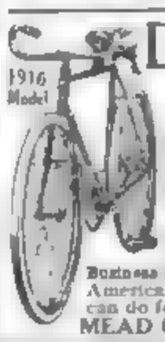

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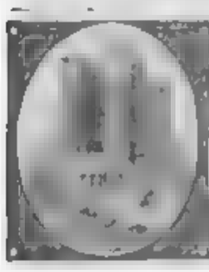

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off at a junction point, and the gang gave three cheers when the train pulled out and left them there.

"Now," says Uncle John, rubbing his stomach, "I know exactly how the whale felt when he got rid of Jonah!"

IV

ELMER was the last of the regulars to show up at the spring training camp the following season. I was loafing on the porch of the Hooper House when he came up the steps, and he would have walked right by me if I hadn't spoken to him. He wasn't anxious to attract attention just then, but he seemed grateful for a nod and a handshake.

"Well," says I, "how goes it?"

"Pretty tough," says he, and he looked it.

He had on one of his last season's suits, but it hadn't been cleaned or pressed in weeks. His collar was wilted down and his cuffs were dirty.

His stickpin was gone and so was his watch-chain. He seemed a lot older, and in his eye was the look of a dog that has been whipped and whipped until he doesn't expect anything else.

"Pretty tough," says he, putting down his suit case.

"How's the wife?" says I.

He flinched, the same as if I had hit him across the eyes.

"She's—she's gone."

"Gone!" says I. "Gone where?"

"I don't know. She—well, last November she quit me."

I tried to lie like a gentleman. I said that I was sorry to hear it. Elmer looked at me for a minute and then put out his hand a second time. I thought he would crush my fingers.

He tried to say something, but couldn't; so he choked a few times, grabbed his suit case and beat it along inside.

Now if Elmer had turned up prosperous and cocky and well dressed, and that woman with him, he would have stepped into the coldest frost that ever hit the sunny South; but he was broke, and down and out, and miserable, and—well, what was the use of making it any worse?

When a man has done wrong and gets a quick comeback on it, human beings can afford to be easy on him. And women—God love 'em!—sometimes they can even forget what the man has done and stake him to a clean sheet and a fresh start. It was Molly Divver who got the whole story out of Elmer and spread it where it would do the most good—Molly, with her fiery Irish temper; and she didn't get it because she was curious either. She was sorry for Elmer, and she used to make him sit and talk with her after dinner. It did him good, I suppose, to have someone to tell his troubles to, and little by little the whole thing came out.

His arm was in bad shape; they were broke and she had to pawn some of her things—after Elmer's were gone, of course. The specialist wouldn't give him any encouragement; so he got a job in a billiard parlor at fifteen dollars a week, and after that they fought a good deal. Elmer told Molly it was mostly his fault. You see, he was afraid he was never going to be able to pitch again and he wanted Aimee to do her own cooking and make that fifteen-per go as far as possible. And, of course, she wouldn't stand for that.

One morning they had it hot and heavy, and when he came back late that night she was gone. Didn't even leave him a letter and no wife ought to quit her husband without doing that much, anyway. It's always done on the stage and in all the novels I've read. But there wasn't a letter or anything, and since that time he hadn't heard a word from her. When I think of those folks, living in one room and getting along like a couple of strange bulldogs, I feel like stringing with the man who says that we get our hell on this earth sometimes.

After Molly handed that story round the boys began to warm up to Elmer—not too much, you understand. It wasn't that we thought any more of him or that he deserved any kindness, but we felt that if Molly Divver could stand for him and stick up for him—oh, confound it! What would you have done in a case of that kind? Would you kick a yellow dog that knew he was yellow—and couldn't look you in the face?

Elmer's arm was bad to begin with, but it slowly rounded into shape. He worked in a few of the practice games at camp, but the recruits hammered him all over the lot. The big trouble was that Elmer didn't seem to care a whoop whether he got right again or not, and he had Uncle John guessing.

"He's got as much stuff as he ever had, eh?" says Uncle John to me.

"Almost," I says—"almost; but he ain't trying."

"The heart is knocked plumb out of him," says the boss. "I wonder, now, could we put it back again? We're going to need him bad this year."

"We might find Aimee for him," says I.

"Don't be more of a fool than God made you!" says Uncle John; so I knew he was thinking about the same thing that I was.

"Go and have a talk with Molly Divver," says I. "She's got the best line on Hickey. Maybe she knows a way to put the heart back into him."

Uncle John looked at me and rubbed his nose.

"I'll go you if I lose," says he. "In case of heart trouble a woman is always the best doctor. I'll ask Molly what to do."

And, considering that I gave him the tip, the least he might have done was to let me in on the surprise party.

After spring training we hiked North, playing exhibition games in the tank towns along the route.

Elmer warmed up good every day and we tried him twice on bush teams, but we had to bat our heads off to win for him each time. The country boys hammered him all over the lot.

"If you're going to try any cure on Elmer," says I to Uncle John, "you'd better get busy."

"Elmer's going to pitch the opening game next week," says Uncle John.

"You're crazy!" says I.

"Even so, he pitches the opening game. That's Molly's idea."

"Then Molly's crazy. They'll knock him out of the box in the first inning."

"Bet you a hat they don't!"

"I've got you; and let's make it a suit of clothes he doesn't finish the game!"

"Righto!" chuckles Uncle John. "And you've made a couple of bets that you'll be tickled to death to lose!"

V

ON THE opening day all our pitchers were out on the line in front of the bench, limbering up and joshing their friends in the boxes—all but Elmer. He was working away solemn as a judge and never opening his mouth. I was catching him, and out of the corner of my eye I noticed a little commotion in a box close by; some folks were coming in.

"For heaven's sake!" says Pete Potter to me. "Look what Molly Divver's bringing in with her!"

I looked, and to save my life I couldn't help letting out a yell:

"Whoopee! Elmer! See who's in the grand stand!"

Yes; Molly Divver knew something about heart trouble and where to send to get the cure for it. You bet she knew! She was smiling over the railing at me; and on one side of her was Mother Hickey and on the other was the old man, both of 'em scared stiff by the size of the crowd and both seeing nobody else but Elmer.

He was just starting to wind up when he heard me yell. He turned his head and the ball fell out of his hands—for a second all he could do was stare at his mother as if he didn't know whether to go to her or run away and hide.

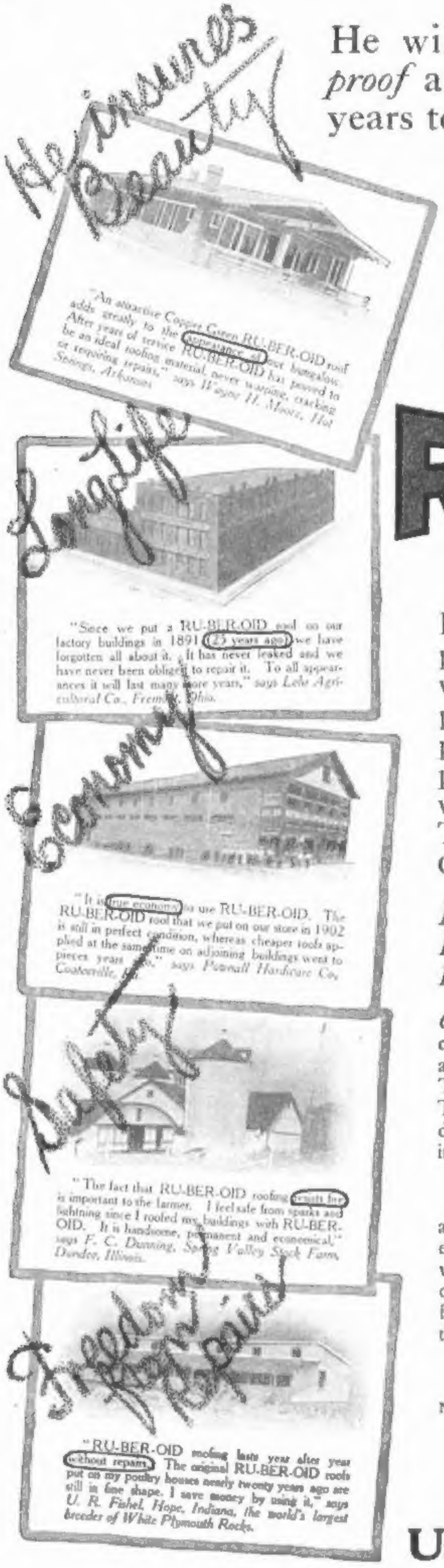
Then she stood up and held out her arms to him—and in about four jumps Elmer was over the railing, into the box, and the Hickey family was reunited, with all the trimmings. Molly told me afterward that it reminded her of the return of the Prodigal Son and the last act of the Old Homestead rolled into one.

"He shook hands with his father about fifty times," says Molly, "and he cried all over the front of his mother's new black silk dress; and he was so excited that he hugged me too—but I guess Jim won't mind. It was lovely—perfectly lovely!"

The only real trouble we had was to get Elmer away from his folks long enough to warm up and get ready to pitch the game. He didn't want to leave 'em at all, but we finally dragged him out on to the field; and after he had heaved a few at me I went over to Uncle John and called off the bets. And a darned good thing for me that I did!

"What did I tell you about a woman being the best doctor for heart trouble?" says Uncle John, rubbing his nose and grinning. "I asked Molly, and she says to me: 'Stupid! Send for his folks!'"

It will pay you to see this man before you buy Roofing—


He insures Beauty
"An attractive Copper Green RU-BER-OID roof adds greatly to the appearance of our bungalow. After years of service RU-BER-OID has proved to be an ideal roofing material, never warping, cracking or requiring repairs," says Wayne H. Moore, Hot Springs, Arkansas
Long life
"Since we put a RU-BER-OID roof on our factory buildings in 1891 (25 years ago) we have forgotten all about it. It has never leaked and we have never been obliged to repair it. To all appearances it will last many more years," says Lehe Agricultural Co., Fremont, Ohio.
Economy
"It is true economy to use RU-BER-OID. The RU-BER-OID roof that we put on our store in 1902 is still in perfect condition, whereas cheaper roofs applied at the same time on adjoining buildings went to pieces years ago," says Pennell Hardware Co., Coatesville, Ind.
Safety
"The fact that RU-BER-OID roofing resists fire is important to the farmer. I feel safe from sparks and lightning since I roofed my buildings with RU-BER-OID. It is handsome, permanent and economical," says F. C. Dunning, Spring Valley Stock Farm, Darden, Illinois.
Freedom from Repairs
"RU-BER-OID roofing lasts year after year without repairs. The original RU-BER-OID roofs put on my poultry houses nearly twenty years ago are still in fine shape. I save money by using it," says U. R. Fishel, Hope, Indiana, the world's largest breeder of White Plymouth Rocks.

He will keep your roofs *weather-proof* and *waterproof*—for years and years to come.

He will make them *fire resisting* without extra cost.

He will save you repair bills.

HE is the RU-BER-OID Man. You will find him on every roll of

Pronounced "RU" as in RUBY

RU-BER-OID ROOFING

COSTS MORE - WEARS LONGER

RU-BER-OID is the original prepared roofing. It is *permanently* watertight, and practically wear-proof. It contains no coal tar, no petroleum oils, no wood fibre, no paper, nor any other substance that will crack, run, rot, warp, rust or leak. Thousands of 20-year-old RU-BER-OID Roofs are still giving satisfaction.

Make sure that you get the real RU-BER-OID. Look for the RU-BER-OID Man on every roll.

Colored RU-BER-OID (Ka-lor-oid)—made in two colors, Tile Red and Copper Green—can be adapted to many handsome and artistic effects. The colors are *permanently built into* the roofing. Time and the weather, instead of dimming or damaging Colored RU-BER-OID, only add to its beauty.

RU-BER-OID Shingles

are the perfect rigid roofing shingles. They can be laid exactly like wooden shingles, but RU-BER-OID Shingles will not warp, curl, rot or split. They are made in two colors—Slate Gray and Tile Red, making it possible for you to secure the same architectural effect as slate or tile, *at a very low cost.*

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The Paraffine Paint Co., San Francisco (under license)
The Standard Paint Co., of Canada, Limited, Montreal

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☐ Building a Barn
☐ Building Your Own Garage
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☐ Artistic Roofs

If you are a dealer check here ☐

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Address _____

Dealer's name _____

LISTERINE

The Safe Antiseptic

IN THE HOME

Listerine—whether used in the care of the teeth, for the prevention of infection of small wounds, or for personal hygiene—is an effective antiseptic.

CARE OF THE TEETH

Listerine is a superior dentifrice. It is liquid and antiseptic and therefore can protect those surfaces of the teeth which the brush cannot reach, and which are most subject to decay.

PERSONAL HYGIENE

Listerine is excellent for purposes of personal hygiene. It is an acceptable deodorant in cases of offensive perspiration. After bathing a refreshing feeling of cleanliness is imparted to the body by applying Listerine with a sponge or cloth.

AFTER SHAVING

Listerine used as a lotion after shaving, guards against infection and neutralizes the harmful effects of free alkali in shaving soaps.

OTHER USES

Many uses of Listerine are described in the Listerine book. There also is a children's book, entitled "General D. K. Germ," containing many amusing pictures. In a pleasing and attractive way it teaches children the proper care of their teeth. Either or both of these books will be mailed free upon request.

The original package *The original bottle*

Listerine is sold everywhere in original packages. Round bottles in brown wrappers.

Four sizes, 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00

Manufactured only by

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY

St. Louis, Mo.

Performance

"Saxon 'Six' alone—among cars of like price—approximates in actual performance the records made within the past year by the newly-designed multi-cylinder type, highspeed motors of the costly-priced cars."

SAXON

Strength · Economy · Service

Top place in its price class must be accorded Saxon "Six." That conclusion seems unavoidable. The proof is only too plain.

For more than a year, now, the evidence has been piling up, till there's no room for doubt. The certified records of actual performances preclude that.

First—a stock model Saxon "Six" sped 490 miles from Los Angeles to San Francisco in 13 hours, beating the "Lark"—the Southern Pacific's fastest train—by fifteen minutes.

Then—a Saxon "Six" won a notable victory from a field of five other entries in the famous hill climb at Stamford, Conn., making this hill—a mile long, with a 15 to 18 per cent grade—in the remarkable time of one minute and 2 seconds.

Next—105 Saxon "Sixes" were driven by dealers from Detroit to their home towns. The distance averaged 252 miles per car. The gasoline consumption averaged 21 miles per gallon. *(Many made as high as 26 miles per gallon although the roads were heavy with mud.)* And the oil consumption averaged 152 miles per quart.

Next—a stock model Saxon "Six" accelerated from a standing start to 45 miles per hour in 23.6 seconds.

Next—a stock model Saxon "Six" in a test for minimum speed—idled a full one-half mile "on high" at the rate of 1½ miles per hour.

This is appreciably slower than the ordinary walking speed. The test was completed without the motor stopping.

Clearly, these achievements establish the supremacy of Saxon "Six." For the verdict of performance is final.

And the motor wise have been quick to grasp the significance of these records.

This new series Saxon "Six" at $785 has already won wide popularity. Buyers are fairly flocking to it.

For they see in it a class car at a record price. A "Six" that measures merit with the costly cars, at half the price you would have been forced to pay but a short time past.

The demand has already forced an increase in our production plans.

So if you hope to own a Saxon "Six" this spring we urge you to place your order at once.

"Sixes"

Touring Car	$785
Roadster	785

"Fours"

Roadster	$395
Delivery Car	395

Saxon Motor Car Company, Detroit

(319)

Victor Record of "Lo, Here the Gentle Lark" sung by Melba

Melba

© Brootharn

Both are Melba

The Victor Record of Melba's voice is just as truly Melba as Melba herself.

To hear Melba on the Victrola is as thrilling as hearing her on the concert or operatic stage.

Both ways you actually hear Melba, with all the wonderful power and brilliancy, the captivating ease of execution, the warmth and beauty of voice, which make the famous diva the beloved of three continents.

The proof is in the hearing. Any Victor dealer in any city in the world will gladly play for you any of the thirty Melba records, or Victor Records by any other of the world's greatest artists.

There are Victors and Victrolas in great variety of styles from $10 to $400.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Important Warning. Victor Records can be safely and satisfactorily played only with *Victor Needles or Tungs-tone Styles* on Victors or Victrolas. Victor Records cannot be safely played on machines with jeweled or other reproducing points.

Victrola